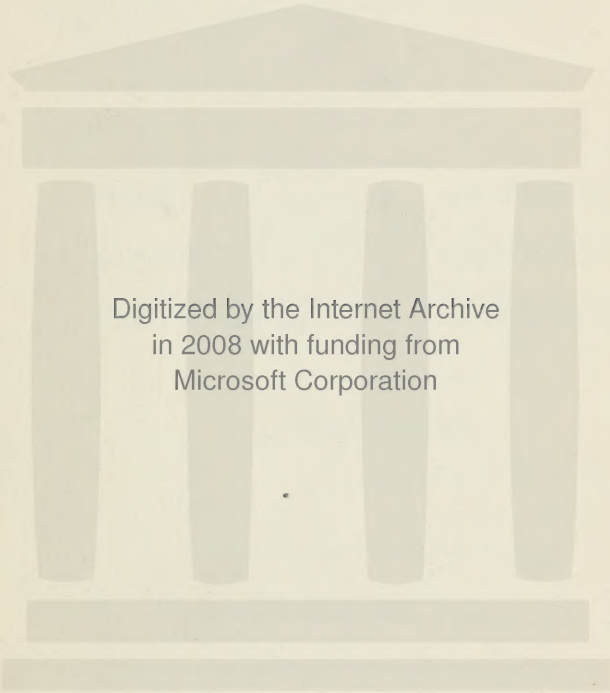


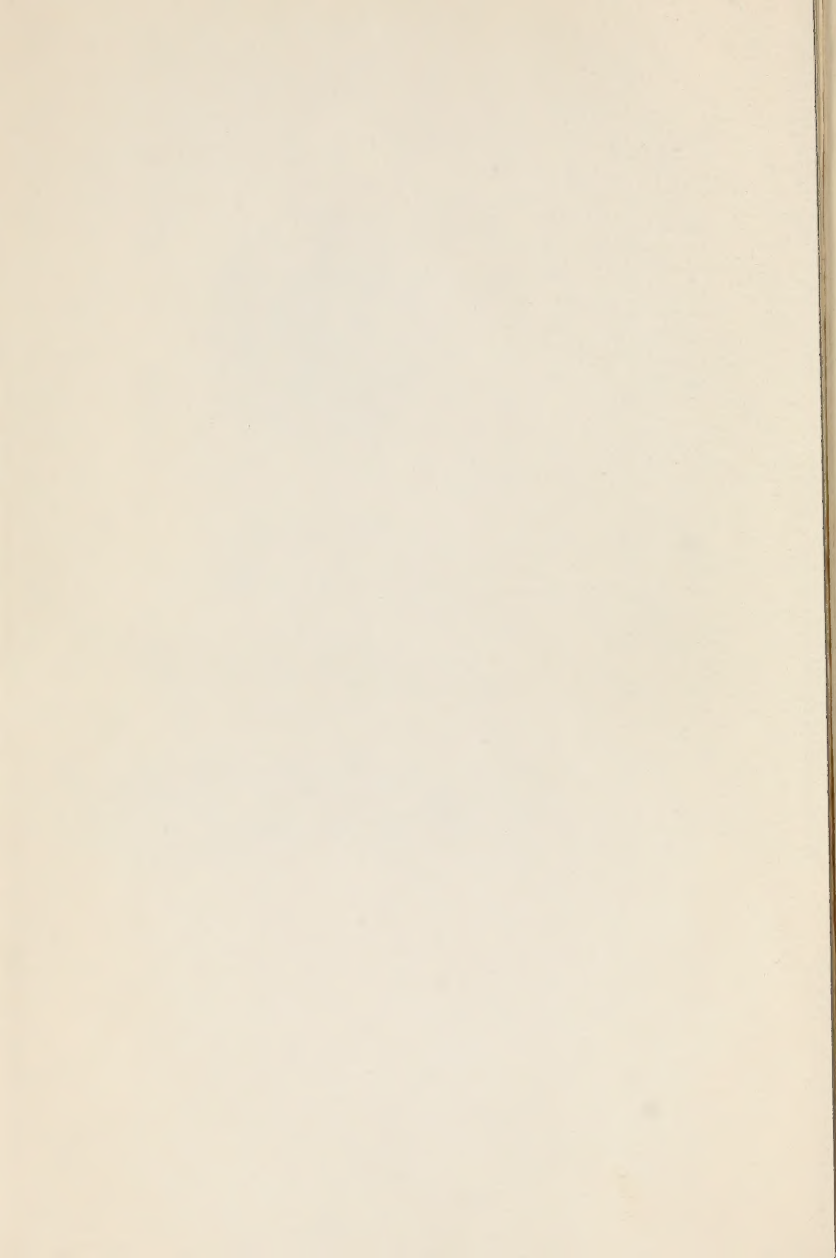


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THE

BRITISH CRITIC,

NEW SERIES;

FOR

JULY,	}	OCTOBER,
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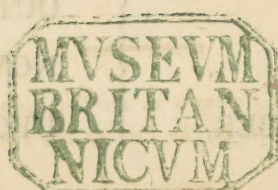
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1817.

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VOL. VIII OF THE NEW SERIES
OCTOBER



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THE
BRITISH CRITIC,

FOR JULY, 1817.

ART. I. *The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.* By the Rev. John Lingard. 2d Edit. 8vo. pp. 528. Keating and Co.

IF any impartial person should set himself to enquire *à priori*, what was likely to have been the creed, and what the ecclesiastical polity of the Anglo-Saxon Church; he would, without any great difficulty, arrive at a conclusion very near the truth. His enquiry would naturally take some such form as this; from what Church were the chief propagators of Christianity, amongst the Anglo-Saxons, derived? Was there any sect of Christians already existing in the country in such numbers, or such weight, as to be likely to produce any modification of the sentiments or system of the new missionaries? Were the Anglo-Saxons a sufficiently civilized and enlightened people to be able to discriminate between the truths delivered to them by these teachers, and the errors which had been gradually engrafted upon those truths, but which would be taught to them at the same time and by the same persons. If the two last questions should both be answered in the negative, he would next proceed to enquire: What was, at that time, the creed and system of the mother Church? And he would have a right to assume, that the answer, to this last enquiry, would supply him with an accurate account of the doctrines in which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors believed, and of the regulations submitted to, or enforced by the Clergy. Nor would this assumption be at variance with historical facts, whether we take our account from Parker, Stillingfleet, L'Isle, and Mr. Turner, or from the zealous Roman Catholic, who has undertaken to describe and prove, in the volume before us, the orthodoxy of that dark and barbarous age.

When the torrent of Saxon invaders had overspread that por-

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tion

tion of this island, which has, consequently been since distinguished by the name of England, the same brutal ferocity which swept away churches, towns, and villages, all the works of art, and all the remains of Roman grandeur; overwhelmed all knowledge and civilization; and obliterated even the memory of religion. But the predatory habits of the Anglo-Saxons were not satisfied with the pillage of any single country; and as, in their marauding excursions, their hands were raised against every man, so was every man's hand against them, and English captives were to be seen exposed to sale as slaves even in the distant markets of Rome. Some young men were observed in this unhappy situation by a monk; who, struck with their fair complexions and pleasing countenances, enquired who they were. He was informed that they came from a heathen country, and exclaimed with a sigh: "Why should the prince of darkness be allowed to retain possession of such a handsome race. Where the countenance is so beautiful, shall the soul be left in deformity?" When the slave-dealer added, that they were Angles, the sound immediately associated itself with their personal appearance, and his own religious impressions; "Angles! That is to say angels. They have the faces of angels, and ought to join the angelic choir." The name of their province, Deira, (now Yorkshire,) was caught up in the same tone; "De Ira, from wrath! Yes, from the wrath of God they must be delivered, and brought to the grace of Christ." While this benevolent idea, (and let us not censure the harmless quibbles in which he took pleasure,) was floating on his mind, he heard that their king's name was Ella, and converting it into an omen of success, exclaimed: "Alleluia! There must Alleluias be sung in praise of the Creator."

His wish to embark immediately in a project for the conversion of these remote barbarians, was opposed; but when the monk became Pope Gregory, he did not forget the generous plan which he had formed for the benefit of our Saxon ancestors. Such is the story which ushers in the final establishment of Christianity in this island, on the preaching of Augustine and his companions, under a commission from, and at the solicitation of Gregory I. But a monk could only teach the doctrines of that Church, which *departing from the faith*, had begun in those *latter times to give heed to deceiving spirits, and to doctrines concerning demons; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God had created to be received with thanksgiving* *. The Church, which had existed in

* 1 Tim. iv. 1, 3.

Britain from the Apostolic age, was exterminated, or exiled from the provinces subject to the Saxons, and the conquerors were illiterate soldiers and free-booters. These circumstances enhance the merit of the exertions of the missionaries; but but it also follows from them, as a natural consequence, that such Saxons as were converted, would adopt the doctrines of these teachers, without any emendations or distinctions. The Saxons would, indeed, when Augustine procured an interview with the heads of the Cambro-British Church, be made aware, that there were controverted points in his religion; but the dispute related rather to matters of ecclesiastical authority than of faith. The Saxons, with the feelings of conquerors, would think with Augustine, that he had a right to dictate in questions of ceremony, and to claim the authority of a metropolitan, over the clergy of a people, who had fled before their arms. The representatives of the British Church, however, refused submission; and Augustine, irritated by their refusal, prophesied, or threatened, that the Saxons should punish their disobedience with death. Soon after this, the abbot of Bangor, who had been amongst the foremost of Augustine's opponents, was, with eleven hundred of his monks, slaughtered at the conclusion of a battle by Ethelfrith, the King of Bernicia. It has been suspected that Augustine contributed to the fulfilment of his own prophecy; but Mr. Turner joins with Mr. Lingard, in placing the destruction of Bangor, and defeat of Brocmail, after the death of Augustine. The question has been considered as turning principally on the authenticity of a clause in Bedæ, p 51, which immediately follows his detail of the massacre: "*ipso Augustino jam multo ante tempore ad cœlestia regna sublato.*" Now certainly the expression "*multo ante,*" gives rather a suspicious air to this passage; since it is not probable, that Augustine had been dead more than two years. Mr. L. indeed fixes the battle so late as 613, which would give an interval of eight years, as Augustine died in 605. But Mr. L. has produced no antient authority for thus contradicting the majority of the chroniclers, as quoted by Mr. Turner; of whom the Welsh chronologer assigns 602, as the date of the battle; Matt. Westm. and Flor. Wig. give 603, the Saxon Chronicle assigns 607; and the Annals of Ulster stand alone in placing it so late as 612*. If we farther consider, that this passage wants the confirmation of any parallel expression in Alfred's version of Bede, we shall see rather strong ground for thinking it, both unreasonable and presumptuous in Mr. Lingard to charge such scholars, as Bishop Godwin and Whelock, with

* Turner's Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. i. p. 134. note.

inventing and supporting "a baseless calumny," because they held, that the passage had been "added to the original text of Bede, by the officious solicitude of some admirer of the missionary." We do not know, whether Mr. Langard will thank us for hazarding an opinion, unfavorable to those, who would argue for our establishing the intentional corruption of Bede's text to the guilt of Augustine: but yet, equally unfavorable to the purity of that text. We are, however, inclined to believe, that a monkish transcriber would not have thought it very criminal in Augustine, to procure the death of any number of heretical priests: and would, therefore, have felt no inclination to commit a forgery, for the sake of clearing him from such an imputation: he might be tempted to increase the reputation of Augustine as a prophet, by dwelling upon the interval which passed between the denunciation, and the execution of the punishment, and so throwing the fulfilment of the prediction out of the reach of mere common foresight: and this wish would be accomplished by the insertion of the words "multo ante tempore," or it may have led to the fabrication of the whole sentence, as suspected by Bishop Godwin. The innocence of the missionary may be tested more safely, on this ground: that Ethelfrith was a pagan, and therefore, not likely to look for directions as to his conduct in war, from a priest in the more peaceable court of the king of Kent. Christian teachers were not admitted into Bernicia till some time after Ethelfrith had been killed, and his kingdom subdued by Edwin, whose rights he had usurped in Deira. The account of the mission of Paulinus is satisfactory evidence, that the Northumbrians were idolaters as late as 634: but we may be allowed to observe, as we pass on, that we can give no credit to the genuineness of the speeches of Coifi, or, the thane, as found in Bede. A single phrase, or a characteristic expression may be correctly preserved in history, as received from tradition: but who was careful to note down with accuracy, for future historians, the speech of a rude Saxon to his illiterate countrymen? We are surprised to find Mr. Turner prefacing his translation from Bede, of the oration of one of Edwin's chieftains, with this formal notice:

"The next speaker, an ealdorman, displayed a noble and contemplative mind: and his speech, as coming from an illiterate Saxon witan in that rude age, and with no other knowledge than such as his barbarous idolatry afforded, is peculiarly interesting."

When Bede composed the speech of this "worthy alderman," he imitated the classical historians, who have displayed their own skill in stating what a person, under certain circumstances and feelings, might be expected to have uttered.

To return to the intercourse between the Saxon Missionaries and the ancient British Clergy. In the South and the West, this communication was so soon broken off, as to preclude all chance, that the doctrines of Augustine or his followers should receive any modification from the possibly less corrupt theology of the Britons. We say possibly less corrupt, because the native Clergy having had but little intercourse with their brethren on the continent, for nearly two centuries, might be expected to be so much behind-hand in superstitious additions to the religion taught by our Lord. In the North, the monks of Iona met the Saxon converts and their teachers on a more equal and friendly footing. Their tenets were not, indeed, exactly the same; but the time of celebrating Easter, and clerical tonsure, seem to have considered as the most important points on which they differed. The religion introduced by the emissaries of Pope Gregory suffered, therefore, no alteration from the influence of any pre-established sect of Christians in this country. It was still less likely, that the corruptions, which time had incorporated with it, should be detected and avoided by the Saxons, in consequence of any thing like discrimination on their part, when they embraced Christianity. Some tincture the purest religion would be in danger of imbibing from the barbarous habits, and cruel prejudices of a people hastily converted, and who had previously believed, that "if the soul were fated to survive the body, to quaff ale out of the skulls of their enemies was to be the great reward of the virtuous." Lingard, p. 20. The less spiritual the form under which Christianity was presented to them, the better it would be suited to their tastes. Whatever errors, therefore, the Church of Rome had adopted, when she sent forth Augustine, or subsequently engrafted upon her former doctrines during the prevalence of the Saxon power in this country, such errors must we expect to find, displaying themselves in the tenets of the Saxon Clergy. In the first part of this assertion, Mr. Lingard's authority is with us.

"The converts among the northern nations were more simple and less inquisitive 'than the orientals:' without suspicion they acquiesced in the doctrines taught by their missionaries; and carefully transmitted them as a sacred deposit to the veneration of their descendants. When Athelard, Archbishop of Canterbury, demanded from the Prelates in the Council of Cloveshoe, an exposition of their belief, they unanimously answered:—'Know, that the faith, which we profess, is the same as was taught by the holy and apostolic see, when Gregory the Great sent missionaries to our fathers.' " P. 184.

To us, therefore, who believe, that the self-called "Holy and Apostolic see" had already, in the time of Gregory, departed
very

very widely from the faith delivered to the first Christians, it is a mere matter of antiquarian curiosity, what was the precise point in error, to which our Saxon ancestors attained. But, in arguing with Roman Catholics, the question assumes more importance.

“It is the vital principle of the Reformation,” says Bishop Marsh, “to admit no doctrine or article of faith, unless it can be proved by Holy Scripture; whereas with the Romanist, Apostolical tradition is declared to be a rule, by which the truth of doctrines is supposed to be established, and established independently of Scripture. The Romanist appeals to Apostolical tradition in *proof* of the doctrines which he learns from tradition; he receives them on its sole authority, which he considers as equal, in all respects, to the authority of Scripture *.”

But then the traditions must be either proved to be Apostolical, or at least the belief, that they are derived from the Apostles must be implied. The doctrines of an infallible Church must be, at least, supposed to be uniform and consistent. Infallibility can never declare that to be false, which infallibility has once declared to be true.

To prove to the Roman Catholic the uncertainty of the authority to which his Church appeals, and to shew him that some, at least, of her tenets are not, in fact, corroborated by tradition, different Protestant writers have been at the pains of tracing and pointing out the discrepancies between the doctrines taught by the Saxon and by the modern Romish Clergy. Their discoveries entitled them to say to the Romanist, You assert, that certain opinions, which we think errors, have prevailed in the true Church ever since the time of the Apostles, and ought, therefore, to be believed, as derived from the Apostles. We can prove, that your assertion is not true; and thus we destroy the chain on which your faith is suspended. For it appears, from evidence which we lay before you, that some of these opinions were not held: nay, that decidedly contrary doctrines were taught in a Church which was under the management, and which received its faith from authority, which you declare to be infallible. But these learned Protestants were too well aware of the early corruption of the Western Church, to allow them to imagine, that the practices and creed of the Saxon Clergy

* Bp. Marsh's Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome. Chap. vii. §. 2. We might appeal to the express words of the Council of Trent; but Mr. Lingard will, probably, be the last person to deny the importance, which his Church attaches to apostolical traditions. He has even gone so far, in his answer to Dr. Marsh, as to depreciate the Holy Scriptures, most indecently, for the sake of elevating the authority of traditions.

would be found militating against every error of the modern Roman Catholic.

Their argument, therefore, was confined to particular tenets; though they, very properly, pressed on the Romanist the general consequence; that the foundation, on which he built so many points of faith, was not of rock but of sand. That the Saxon Church was free from corruption, they not only never pretend, but positively deny; and so far they deny, by implication at least, the identity of its tenets and practices with their own. Mr. Lingard allows, that such is the language of Parker and Bale; but he charges several of our Saxon scholars, and particularly Whelock, Elstob, and Hickes, with claiming our Saxon forefathers as true and orthodox Protestants; and sarcastically adds,

“ A reader must be credulous indeed, to believe with them, that a translation of the Pater-noster, and of a few books of Scripture, an exposition of the Apostles' Creed without any mention of purgatory, an observation that God alone is to be adored, and that the body of Christ, though it be really present in the Eucharist, is there after a spiritual and not a corporal manner, are proofs sufficient to establish the existence of a Protestant Church more than ten centuries ago.” P. 186. Note.

That a Church existed more than *seventeen* centuries ago, whose creed was the same as that of our Protestant Church, these able scholars would have been prepared to prove. Their opinion of the Saxon Church shall be given in a passage from Dr. Hickes; which we offer to Mr. Lingard, as the most favourable to his assertion which can be produced.

“ Theologorum, præsertim nostrorum, est versari,” (in libris nempe Saxonis) “ ut quid docuit, quid decrevit Ecclesia Anglo-Saxonica suis oculis cernentes, felicius iniquas Pontificiorum calumnias in ipsos repellant, qui nobis falso intentant hoc criminis, quod a fide majorum defecimus, quum tamen eadem circa fidem Catholicam, et S. Eucharistiæ mysterium statuisset majores nostros ex vernaculis illorum scriptis constat, ac Ecclesia nostra etiamnum decernit. Multa quoque exstant in Saxonis membranis, quæ se curioso rerum indagatori quasi observanda offerunt de Monachismo indies crescente, de Clero Cœlibatui reluctante, de falsâ miraculorum opinione, de ingravescente superstitione; et, ut verbo dicam, de *adolescente pro more temporum Papismo*, eo usque dum sub Normannis præsulibus pervenerit veluti in virum adultum, in mensuram plenitudinis Antichristi.” Præf. ad Hickesii Inst. Gram. Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Lingard is too intimate with his subject, and with the valuable works of Hickes, to allow us to suppose, that this pas-
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sage had wholly escaped his notice; and though a very raw Divine might have been misled by the words "fidem Catholicam," Mr. L. is not so ignorant as to misapprehend them. "The Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity; neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance." In that part of the above quotation, in which Dr. Hickes speaks of Popery as making continual advances amongst the Saxon Clergy, but as not attaining to its full growth till a period subsequent to the Conquest, his language is, most evidently, very different from that of a person endeavouring to deceive the world into an opinion, that the Saxon Church was purely Protestant. The justness and historical accuracy of the information conveyed in this brief but expressive clause, "*adolescens pro more temporum Papismo,*" we are ready to defend; as precisely coinciding with the fact, and with what we have endeavoured to shew, might have been assumed *à priori* to be the fact.

Every Protestant, who is tolerably versed in ecclesiastical history knows, and is ready to acknowledge, that previous to the mission of Augustine, monastic exclusion and abstinence from marriage had been elevated to the rank of eminent virtues in the popular estimation; that numerous legends had been superadded to sacred history, and many absurd and useless rites to the simple observances of the early Christians; that relics, pictures, and images were already regarded with superstitious veneration; and that departed saints were too frequently adored or invoked. The industrious researches of ecclesiastical antiquaries have enabled the Protestant farther to ascertain, that, in the course of the present period which the Anglo-Saxon history embraces, the doctrine of transubstantiation was first proposed in set terms; and, though strenuously opposed by several eminent Divines, was finally adopted by the Romish Clergy.

Mr. Lingard, as a conscientious Roman Catholic, is bound to know of no such gradation in the creed and practices of his infallible guides; but he, at least, knows, that Protestant historians have assigned stated dates to the introduction of particular changes in the ritual and creed of his Church, if no such changes have taken place. If the belief and the rites of the Apostolic Church were and have continued, in all practicable and important points, the same as they are now seen in the Church of Rome, the plan which a writer, anxious to prove this identity, has to pursue, is sufficiently obvious. The history of a Church, which attaches so much importance to continued traditions, the authority and defence of whose laws is alike built upon precedents, must be expected to be at once clear and accurate; indisputable as to its authenticity, and extending to
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those minutiae in detail, which are found so necessary, where reference is to be made for the direction of important and yet daily ceremonies. From the documents which such a history would abundantly supply, a controversial writer (as Mr. Lingard is), ought to be able to prove most satisfactorily, that those points now in dispute between his Church and ours, and which the Protestant writers assert to be innovations, of a date contemporary with, or *subsequent* to the period under discussion, formed an acknowledged part of the creed, or ritual of the Catholic Church, at the commencement and during the whole of that period. Let him prove this, or he proves nothing. Let him bring forward such arguments as may convince us, that the Councils of the 7th century would have had as little hesitation as the Council of Trent, in declaring it heretical to forbid the use, and deprecate the religious veneration of relics and images; to claim for the Clergy the right of marrying; to warn communicants against imagining the bread and wine to be actually metamorphosed into flesh and blood.

But Mr. Lingard's extensive acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon Divines obliged him to see, that such an attempt would only lead to an exposure of the weakness of his cause; it has dictated to him a more cautious mode of proceeding. He has shewn the existence of certain customs and tenets in the Saxon Church, and has asserted or assumed their existence at a much earlier period. And where these articles of religious faith or practice are rejected by our Church, Mr. L. affects to consider himself as forcing an unpleasant conviction on his Protestant reader; when he has, in fact, proved nothing more, than the Protestant was, on other authority, previously ready to have admitted.

Thus Mr. Lingard is able to bring forward quotations, which show that the invocation of saints, the veneration of their relics, and "an honorary worship given to images," may be traced amongst the usages of the Saxon Church. It would have been difficult to prove, that these errors were carried at that time to the same height, as in subsequent ages; for, though the Saxon Homilist certainly speaks of calling on the saints to intercede for us, yet in the forms of prayer for the use of the ignorant, attached to the end of a regular series of doctrinal discourses, there is not the least notice taken of any saint whatsoever; and Whelock pledges himself, that not a single invocation of any saint, male or female, occurs in the whole of this theological course*.

But,

* In corroboration of Whelock's assertion, we may observe, that
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But, not content with assuming, that the Saxons went as far as the later Romanist on these points, Mr. L. lays claim to that farther antiquity, necessary for his argument, in such sweeping assertions as these :

“ The invocation of the saints is a religious practice, which may be traced back to the purest ages of Christianity.” P. 271.

“ Before the death of the author of the Apocalypse, we behold the Christians of Rome offering the sacred mysteries on the tombs of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul.” P. 281.

That the first of these assertions is utterly unfounded, has been proved too often to need any additional remarks from us. The second paragraph seems to announce an undisputed historical fact ; but, on reference, the authority dwindles away to an assertion of Julian, preserved by Cyril, in his answer to the objections of that bitter enemy to Christianity.

When the works of Cyril were under Mr. Lingard's eye, it would have been as well if he had looked a little further ; for Mr. L. has ventured to affirm the orthodoxy of the rule*, which assigns to images τιμητικὴν προσκύνησιν ; whilst Cyril (who did not live in the purest ages of Christianity) declares that the word προσκυνεῖν is not applicable to the respect shewn to any thing except the Deity. Μαλιστα μὲν ἐν, says that Father †, ἐν τῇ καὶ φύσει καὶ κατὰ ἀληθείαν οὐτὰ Θεὸν, ἡ θεοπνευστος ἡμῖν διηγορεῖται γραφή, ἕτερον δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸ παντελῶς οὐδενὰ προσκυνεῖν εἰθισμεθα. So far from conceding the truth of Julian's accusation, he defies him to prove, that such superstitions formed a part of our religion. Οἱ γὰρ μὲν θεοπεσινοὶ μαθεῖται ὡς παρέδωκαν ἡμῖν, ἐλεγχέτω παρελθὼν, ὅτι καὶ μνημασιν ἐγκαλινδεσθαι χρῆν, καὶ τὰς περὶ τῶν τεθνεώτων ὁρῶσεις αἰτεῖν, ἦγον τὰ ἐνυπνιά. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν εἴποιτο. πεφρακτικὸν δὲ καὶν τῷ ‡.

in the Saxon Homily for All Saints Day, after saying, “ The honour of this day is given by the congregation of the faithful to all these holy persons aforesaid, that is to the angels and to the elect people of God ; for their honour, and for our help ; that we by *their intercession* might be made like them ;” when, if on any occasion, some invocation of these saints might have been expected to be introduced, the next words are, “ May the merciful Lord grant this, who by his precious blood released both us and all of them from the chains of the devil.” Hom. in Natali Om. SS. p. 228, l. 20. seq.

* Lingard, p. 293, l. 5, and note.

† Cyril cont. Julian. f. 338. tom vi.

‡ Ibid. Tom. vi. f. 340,

This, at least, shews, that Cyril did not think so highly, as Mr. L. of

“ The testimony of the emperor Julian. He probably possessed more authentic information than the modern writers, who date the veneration of relics from the commencement of the fourth century.” P. 281. Note 24.

It might teach our author, that “ modern writers,” are not the first persons who have held, that in all religious controversies, the only important question is, *Οι δεσποται μαθηται πη παρδοσαν ημιν ταυτα.*

The question as to the necessity of imposing vows of celibacy on the Clergy, is treated in a similar manner. On this subject Mr. Lingard says :

“ Though the first teachers of Christianity were accustomed to extol the advantages, they do not appear to have imposed the obligation of clerical celibacy. Of those who had embraced the doctrine of the Gospel, the majority were married previously to their conversion. Had they been excluded from the priesthood, the Clergy would have lost many of its brightest ornaments : had they been compelled to separate from their wives, they might justly have accused the severity and impolicy of the measure. They were, however, taught to consider a life of continency, even in the married state, as demanded by the sacredness of their functions ; and no sooner had the succession of Christian princes secured the peace of the Church, than laws were made to enforce that discipline which fervor had formerly introduced and upheld. P. 69.

Here we have a candid acknowledgment, that celibacy was not originally required from the teachers of Christianity ; but then it is, without any foundation, represented as a temporary indulgence ; and the modification recommended to accompany this indulgence, rests only on the authority of Origen, who certainly took considerable pains to preserve the correctness of his own conduct, but was never looked up to as a very sound guide. As for the last clause in the passage quoted above, it has rather too much the appearance of an attempt to mislead the reader into an opinion, that the laws enjoining celibacy were immediately subsequent to the age of the Apostles ; whereas neither the princes alluded to in the text, nor the councils referred to in the note, were of an earlier date than the fourth century.

We cannot understand how Mr. L. would allow himself to say, as he does in the next page :

“ After a patient, and, I think, impartial investigation, I hesitate not to say, that the marriages of the antient Saxon Clergy must be classed

classed with those imaginary beings, which are the offspring of credulity or prejudice. Had they been permitted, they would certainly have claimed the notice of cotemporary writers, and have been the object of synodical regulations: but to search for a *single trace of their existence in the writings of contemporaries*, or the regulations of synods, will prove an ungrateful and a fruitless labor."

And again in note 67, p. 71.

"Among the writers who contend that the Saxon Clergy were permitted to marry, I am acquainted with no one besides Inett, who has ventured to appeal to any contemporary authority."

Would any of Mr. Lingard's readers expect after this to find in L'Isle, (one of the earliest writers on these disputed points, and to whom Mr. L. has himself elsewhere referred,) not merely traces that marriages occasionally took place among the Saxon Clergy, but that the laws against such marriages were in many instances virtually, in others formally suspended?

"Lanfranke made first this law of priests, in the council he held at Winchester, A. D. 1076. *Decretum est, ut nullus Canonicus uxorem habeat: Sacerdotum vero in castellis, vel in vicis habitantium habentes uxores, non cogantur, ut dimittant: non habentes interdicanter ut habeant. Et deinceps caveant Episcopi, ut sacerdotes vel diacones non præsumant ordinare, nisi prius profiteantur ut uxores non habeant.* Now albeit; this and many other councils, held from time to time, by the space more than of an hundred years after this did little avail; but that the priests did both marry, and still keep their wives, because as writeth Gerardus, Archbishop of York, to Anselme; 'Cum ad ordines aliquos invito, dura ceruice renituntur ne in ordinando castitatem profiteantur.' Or as is reported in the Saxon story of Peterborow Church, speaking of the Councils of Anselme, of John of Cremona, and of William, Archbishop of Canterbury. Ne forstod nolit ealle tha bodlaces. Ealle heoldon here wifes be thes cininges leaf swa swa hi ear didon. All these decrees availed nothing; they all kept their wives still by the King's leave as they did before. Yet it came to pass upon this decree of Lanfranke, that the form of words, wherein the priests should vow chastity, was *now first put* into some Bishop's pontifical." L'Isle's Monuments in the Saxon Tongue. Preface to the Sermon of the Paschall Lamb."

But Mr. Lingard must himself have forgotten, what he had written, about the impossibility of finding any traces of the existence of marriage amongst the Saxon Clergy, when, in giving an account of the arguments used by Ælfric to enforce celibacy, he tells us:

"The marriage of the Clergy he treated as a late and profane innovation,

innervation, derogatory from the sanctity, and repugnant to the functions of the priesthood." P. 426.

He must equally have forgotten his former language, when he transcribed the following quotation from a charge of Archbishop Wulstan to his Clergy :

" We ne magon eow nu neadunge nýdan to clænnesse ac we mýngiath eow swa theah. that ge clænnesse healdan swa swa Cristes thegnas seulon."

That is, " we have not now the power to compel you to chastity, (meaning celibacy,) yet we admonish you, that ye preserve your chastity, as Christ's servants should." What is this, but an acknowledgement, either that the laws in existence did not positively require celibacy, or that those laws were become a dead letter from some cause or other?

(*To be continued in our next.*)

ART. II. *The Life of Haydn, in a Series of Letters written at Vienna. Followed by the Life of Mozart, with Observations on Metastasio, and on the present State of Music in France and Italy. Translated from the French of L. A. C. Bombet. With Notes, by the Author of the Sacred Melodies. 8vo. pp. 508. 12s. Murray. 1817.*

THE lives of those who have attained the highest eminence in any art or profession, cannot fail of exciting an interest in the minds of all, even of such as are uninformed in the technicalities and mysteries of the profession itself. With the merits of Haydn and Mozart, the English nation are well acquainted; in no part of Europe has their music been performed with greater ability, or received with more flattering applause. They may indeed, with justice, be termed the great masters of the modern school, the former as its founder, the latter as its finisher.

To bring to sudden perfection an art either in its infancy, or in its revival, is a privilege granted only to a few; it is a work which the genius of a Raphaël or an Angelo alone could accomplish. But if this be a task of difficulty, how much greater must be the effort, and how much more exalted the talent, which can strike out a new and magnificent line of legitimate excellence, in an art already matured by talents the most powerful, and crowded with productions the most brilliant. Had Haydn and Mozart never existed, music might have been thought to have been brought

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to the highest perfection of which it was capable. The works of Handel, of Purcell, of Corelli, and of various other great masters, both of the Italian and the English school, will never be surpassed, and will probably never be equalled. To open a road which none before him had trod, to invent a style which gave to his genius a full and commanding scope, without interfering with the superiority of his predecessors in the art, appears to have been the great object of Haydn's ambition; and the brilliancy of his success was commensurate with the boldness of his design. He was the inventor of *symphony*, of that style of music, which brings every instrument at once into play, assigning to each its proper place, and securing to each its full effect. Before the time of Haydn neither the provinces of the separate instruments, nor the mode of uniting their powers, was at all understood. The field which such an union, when invented and perfected, would open to superior genius can readily be imagined. Of the opportunities which his talent had afforded him, Haydn took full advantage; nor did he only introduce a new style into music, but he brought it to such a height of excellence as will probably never be surpassed. In applying the powers, which Haydn had first invented, to vocal music, Mozart was superior to his master, but in the symphony Haydn will ever stand without a rival.

The memoirs before us appear in the form of letters, and are translated from the French of Bombet, to which are added notes explanatory and illustrative by the author of the Sacred Melodies. The accuracy of the relation, as far as it respects Haydn, is confirmed by its agreement in all the principal facts, with an historical Notice of his Life and Works, read before the French Institute in October, 1810.

Haydn was born in March, 1732, at Rohrau, a small town near Vienna. From thence he was removed at eight years old to the Cathedral of the capital, to the quire of which his voice rendered him a considerable acquisition. At the age of thirteen, he composed a mass, which does not appear to have contained any thing extraordinary. Without patronage, and almost without support, he picked up the elements of musical composition in the best manner that he could. The following is the account of the first dawn of his reputation.

“ His first productions were some short sonatas for the piano-forte, which he sold at a low price to his female pupils, for he had met with a few. He also wrote *minuets*, *allemands*, and *waltzes*, for the *Ridotto*. He composed, for his amusement, a serenata for three instruments, which he performed on fine summer evenings, with two of his friends, in different parts of Vienna. The theatre of Carinthia was at that time directed by *Bernardone Curtz*, a celebrated

brated buffoon, who amused the public with his puns. Bernardone drew crowds to his theatre by his originality, and by good operabuffas. He had, moreover, a handsome wife; and this was an additional reason for our nocturnal adventurers to go and perform their serenade under the harlequin's windows. Curtz was so struck with the originality of the music, that he came down into the street, to ask who had composed it. 'I did,' replied Haydn, boldly.—'How! you; at your age?'—'One must make a beginning sometime.' 'Gad this is droll; come up-stairs.' Haydn followed the harlequin, was introduced to the handsome wife, and redescended with the poem of an opera, entitled, '*The Devil on Two Sticks.*' The music, composed in a few days, had the happiest success, and was paid for with twenty-four sequins. But a nobleman, who probably was not handsome, perceived that he was ridiculed, under the name of *the Devil on Two Sticks*, and caused the piece to be prohibited.

"Haydn often says, that he had more trouble in finding out a mode of representing the motion of the waves in a tempest of this opera, than he afterwards had, in writing fugues with a double subject. Curtz who had spirit, and taste, was difficult to please; but there was also another obstacle. Neither of the two authors had ever seen either sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about? If this happy art could be discovered, many of our great politicians would talk better about virtue. Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room, where the composer was seated at the piano-forte. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain, and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow one after the other, with rapidity; and at every moment, alps and abysses succeed each other.'

"This fine description was of no avail. In vain did harlequin add the thunder and lightning. 'Come, describe for me all these horrors,' he repeated incessantly, 'but, particularly, represent distinctly these mountains and valleys.'

Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key-board, ran through the semi-tones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsichord, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed 'The devil take the tempest!' 'That's it, that's it,' cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him. Haydn added, that when he crossed the Straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage, on thinking of the storm in *The Devil on Two Sticks*.

"'But how,' said I to him, 'is it possible, by sounds, to describe a tempest, and that *distinctly* too?' As this great man is indulgence itself, I added, 'that by imitating the peculiar tones of a man in terror, or despair, an author of genius may communicate

to an auditor the sensations which the sight of a storm would cause in him; but,' said I, 'music can no more represent a tempest; than say, 'Mr. Haydn lives near the barrier of Schönbrunn.' 'You may be right,' replied he, 'but recollect, nevertheless, that words, and especially scenery, guide the imagination of the spectator.' " P. 43.

His reputation began to increase with extraordinary rapidity. Before the age of twenty he composed his six trios, which, from the extraordinary genius which they displayed, became the subject of conversation at Vienna, where, under the reign of Charles VI. the passion for music was now at its zenith. Soon after he entered the family of the Esterhazies, where he was placed at the head of a grand orchestra, in the service of a patron both powerful and rich. Before his advancement he became much acquainted with Metastasio, who was at that time poet in ordinary to Charles VI.; from the society of such a man our musician received many advantages in the improvement and cultivation of his mind. Haydn indeed appears to have been possessed of a poetical as well as of a musical mind, and he was often accustomed, while composing a piece purely instrumental, to imagine himself relating a story or a romance in a new language. From this circumstance we account for the names by which he frequently designated his symphonies. "The Fair Circassian," "Roxalana," "The Poltroon," &c. were titles expressive of some story which was in the imagination of the composer, and which he supposed himself to relate in the language of music.

Haydn appears to have been a man of a cheerful and a lively turn of mind. In his comic pieces he embodied much humour, and what may appear somewhat extraordinary, even a practical joke. There is a well known symphony of our author, in which the instruments disappear one after another, till the first violin concludes the piece alone. This symphony was performed, without a rehearsal, before his patron, who was in the secret. The embarrassment of the performers, who each thought that he had made a mistake, and especially the confusion of the first violin, when at the end he was found playing by himself, afforded much amusement to the audience.

In 1790, Haydn first came to England, and in four years after he repeated his visit. He was received here with the highest respect, and as an especial mark of the esteem in which his character was held, he was presented by the University of Oxford with a Doctor's diploma, an honour which Handel himself did not obtain. The customary exercise was in this case dispensed with; but as a specimen of his musical learning,
Haydn

Haydn sent to the University a sheet of music in three parts, and so composed, that whether read backward or forward, beginning at the top, or beginning at the bottom of the page, it presented a pleasing air and correct harmony.

At the age of sixty-three, our composer undertook his great work, the oratorio of the Creation, and two years after this was finished, he produced another oratorio, entitled *the Four Seasons*. The music of the first partook of the sublimity of the subject. The opening is excessively grand; it commences with all the known instruments, played in twenty-three distinct parts, representing chaos. There is no perceptible melody, all is harshness and confusion. The instruments at length appear to struggle into order, and gradually to emancipate themselves from the general discord; this effect continues to increase, till at the fiat of the Almighty, "Let there be light, and there was light," the whole band bursts forth in the most splendid and thrilling harmony. Great, however, as the composer has shewn himself in many parts of this sublime oratorio, he suffers his genius occasionally to descend to silly triflings, such as a musical imitation of the bounding of the stag, the creeping of the worm, &c. &c. As long as musical imitation is general and distant, the effect is good; but when it descends to particulars, it is always trifling, often absurd. The general conception of a storm may be conveyed in the grandest music, but any attempt to give the lightning and the thunder in particular imitations will always be ridiculous.

In his private life, Haydn appears to have been both a moral and a religious man. At the age of seventy-eight, he died at Vienna, during the attack of that capital by the French in 1809. The account of his death is not without interest.

"On my return to the Austrian capital, I have to inform you, my dear friend, that the larva of Haydn has also quitted us. That great man no longer exists, except in our memory. I have often told you, that he was become extremely weak before he entered his seventy-eighth year. It was the last of his life. No sooner did he approach his piano-forte, than the vertigo returned, and his hands quitted the keys to take up the rosary, that last consolation."

"The war broke out between Austria and France. This intelligence roused Haydn and exhausted the remnant of his strength.

"He was continually enquiring for news; he went every moment to his piano, and sang, with the small thread of voice which he yet retained:

' God preserve the emperor!'

The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length, on the night of the 10th of May, having reached Schönbrunn, half a leagues distance from Haydn's little garden, they fired, the next morning,

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morning, fifteen hundred cannon-shot, within two yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him, full of terror. The old man, rousing himself, got up from his easy chair, and with a dignified air, demanded: 'Why this terror? Know that no disaster can come where Haydn is.' A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. On the 26th of May, his strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sung thrice, as loud as he was able:

' God preserve the emperor !'

It was the song of the swan. While at the piano, he fell into a kind of stupor, and, at last, expired on the morning of the 31st, aged seventy-eight years and two months.

" Madame de Kurzbeck, at the moment of the occupation of Vienna, had entreated him to allow of his being removed to her house in the interior of the city: he thanked her, but declined leaving his beloved retreat.

" Haydn was buried at Gumpendorff, as a private individual. It is said, however, that prince Esterhazy intends to erect a monument to him.

" A few weeks after his death, Mozart's *requiem* was performed in honour of him, in the Scotch church. I ventured into the city, to attend this ceremony. I saw there some generals and administrators of the French army, who appeared affected with the loss which the arts had just sustained. I recognized the accents of my native land, and spoke to several of them; and, among others, to an amiable man, who wore that day the uniform of the Institute of France, which I thought very elegant.

" A similar respect was paid to the memory of Haydn at Breslau, and at the Conservatoire of Paris, where a hymn of Cherubini's composition was performed. The words are insipid, as usual; but the music is worthy of the great man whom it celebrates.

" During all his life, Haydn was very religious. Without assuming the preacher, it may be said, that his talent was increased by his sincere faith in the truths of religion. At the commencement of all his scores, the following words are described:

In nomine Domini,

or,

Soli Deo gloria,

and at the conclusion of all of them is written:

Laus Deo.

" When, in composing, he felt the ardour of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insurmountable difficulty, he rose from the piano-forte, and began to run over his rosary. He said, that he never found this method fail. ' When I was employed upon

upon the Creation,' said he, 'I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that, before I sat down to the piano-forte, I prayed to God with earnestness, that he would enable me to praise him worthily.'

"Haydn's heir is a blacksmith, to whom he has left 38,000 florins in paper, deducting 12,000, which he bequeathed to his two faithful servants. His manuscripts were sold by auction, and purchased by prince *Esterhazy*.

"Prince *Lichtenstein* was desirous of having our composer's old parrot, of which many wonderful stories were told. When he was younger, it was said, he sung and spoke several languages, and people would have it, that he had been instructed by his master. The astonishment of the blacksmith, when he saw the parrot sold for 1,400 florins, diverted all who were present at the sale. I do not know who purchased his watch. It was given to him by admiral Nelson, who called upon him, when he passed through Vienna, and asked him to make him a present of one of his pens, begging him to accept, in return, the watch he had worn in so many engagements." P. 312.

The remainder of the volume before us, contains the life of that second great genius of the modern school of music, Mozart. He was born at Salzburg, in January, 1756. His father was an excellent violin player, and was sub-director of the Prince's chapel. At the age of three, his love for music began to appear, at four he could play minuets, and at five he invented little musical pieces, which he would play to his father. When he was six years old, he was exhibited at the principal courts of Germany as a musical prodigy. In April, 1764, Mozart came to England, and during his residence here, when he was only eight years old, he composed six sonatas, which were engraved in London, and dedicated to the Queen.

While a boy he was taken to Rome, where he heard the celebrated *Miserere* in the Sixtine chapel, which is performed once on Ash-Wednesday, and twice in Passion week. The Pope's musicians are forbidden to give copies of this extraordinary composition under pain of excommunication. Mozart however was determined to commit it to memory, and on his return to the inn, actually wrote it down. He attended afterwards on Passion week, and corrected his copy. This circumstance excited much conversation at Rome, and by many was thought wholly incredible, till they were convinced by the boy's singing the whole piece through at a public concert. The difficulty of this task will be esteemed the greater, when the peculiar ceremonies attending the performance of the *Miserere* are taken into consideration.

"In this chapel, there are usually not less than thirty-two
c 2 voices,

voices, without an organ, or any other instrument to accompany or support them. The establishment reached its highest perfection about the commencement of the eighteenth century. Since that time, the salaries of the singers at the pope's chapel having remained nominally the same, and consequently being really much diminished, while the opera was rising in estimation, and good singers obtained premiums, before unknown, the Sixtine chapel has gradually lost the talents it originally possessed.

"The *Miserere*, which is performed there twice in passion-week, and which produces such an effect upon strangers, was composed, about two hundred years since, by Gregorio Allegri, a descendant of Antonio Allegri, better known by the name of Correggio. At the moment of its commencement, the pope and cardinals prostrate themselves. The light of the tapers illumines the representation of the last judgment, painted by Michael Angelo, on the wall with which the altar is connected. As the service proceeds, the tapers are extinguished, one after the other, and the impression produced by the figures of the damned, painted with terrific power, by Michael Angelo, is increased in awfulness, when they are dimly seen by the pale light of the last tapers. When the service is on the point of concluding, the leader, who beats the time, renders it imperceptibly slower; the singers diminish the volume of their voices, and the singer, confounded before the majesty of his God, and prostrated before his throne, seems to await in silence his final doom.

"The sublime effect of this composition depends, as it appears, on the manner in which it is sung, and the place in which it is performed. There is a kind of traditional knowledge, by which the pope's singers are taught certain ways of managing their voices, so as to produce the greatest effect, and which it is impossible to express by notes. Their singing possesses all the qualities which render music affecting. The same melody is repeated to all the verses of the psalm, but the music, though similar in the masses, is not so in the details. It is accordingly easy to be understood, without being tiresome. The peculiarity of the Sixtine chapel, consists in accelerating or retarding the time in certain expressions, in swelling or diminishing the voice according to the sense of the words, and in singing some of the verses with more animation than others." P. 337.

All these circumstances, as M. Bombet justly remarks, increase our astonishment at the exploit of young Mozart, in so rashly committing the music of this celebrated piece to his penury. After this, at Milan, when only fourteen, Mozart composed an opera, called *Mithridates*, which was so great a favourite in that city that it was performed twenty successive nights. At this early age, musical honours descended in profusion on the young composer. He was elected member of musical Academies, and the Pope conferred upon him the knighthood

knighthood of the "Golden Militia." In 1780, he repaired to Vienna, and there fixed himself for the remainder of his life.

Mozart wrote nine Italian and three German operas. The most celebrated of the former is *Don Juan*, which has recently been performed with so much applause in this metropolis. The overture was composed under very remarkable circumstances. Mozart was much addicted to trifling amusement, and was accustomed to indulge himself in that too common attendant upon superior talent, procrastination. The general rehearsal of this opera had taken place, and the evening before the first performance had arrived, but not a note of the overture was written. At about eleven at night Mozart came home, and desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. Accordingly, when he began to write, she began to tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh, and by the very exertion preserved him from sleep. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only write while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased. He was at last so fatigued by these unnatural efforts, that he persuaded his wife to suffer him to sleep for an hour. He slept however for two hours, and at five o'clock in the morning she again awakened him. He had appointed his music copiers to come at seven, and when they arrived, the overture was finished. It was played without a rehearsal, and was justly applauded as a brilliant and a grand composition. We ought at the same time to say, that some very sagacious critics have discovered the passages, in the composition of which Mozart dropt asleep, and those where he was suddenly awakened.

The bodily frame of Mozart was tender and exquisitely sensible; ill health soon overtook him, and brought with it a melancholy approaching to despondency. A very short time before his death, which took place when he was only thirty six, he composed that celebrated *Requiem*, which, by an extraordinary presentiment of his own dissolution, he considered as written for his own funeral.

"One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak to him. A person was introduced, handsomely dressed, of dignified, and impressive manners. 'I have been commissioned, Sir, by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you.'—'Who is he?' interrupted Mozart.—'He does not wish to be known'—'Well, what does he want?'—'He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a *Requiem*.'" Mozart was forcibly struck by this dis-

course,

course, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the *Requiem*. The stranger continued, 'Employ all your genius on this work; it is destined for a connoisseur.'—'So much the better.'—'What time do you require?'—'A month.'—'Very well: in a month's time I shall return.—What price do you set on your work?'—'A hundred ducats.' The stranger counted them on the table, and disappeared.

"Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. This rage for composition continued several days; he wrote day and night, with an ardour which seemed continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm: one morning, he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her abruptly: 'It is certain that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself; it will serve for my funeral service.' Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

"As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advanced slowly. The month which he had fixed, being expired, the stranger again made his appearance. 'I have found it impossible,' said Mozart, 'to keep my word'—'Do not give yourself any uneasiness,' replied the stranger; 'what further time do you require?'—'Another month. The work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed.'—'In that case, it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more.'—'Sir,' said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, 'who, then, are you?'—'That is nothing to the purpose; in a month's time I shall return.'

"Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed for want of skill, and returned without being able to trace him.

"Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being: that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end. He applied himself with the more ardour to his *Requiem*, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius. While thus employed, he was seized with the most alarming fainting fits, but the work was at length completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed, the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

"His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year; but in this short space of time he has acquired a name which will never perish, so long as feeling hearts are to be found." P. 404.

It appears from his Letters, that with Haydn M. Bombet was personally acquainted. The accuracy, therefore, of his statements

ments may generally be relied upon. A few trifling errors are pointed out by the author of the notes, who appears to be a person of considerable knowledge in the science of harmony. Both the Professor and the Amateur will find in these memoirs a source of considerable amusement and information. We could have wished that some irrelevant matter had been omitted, which is too much of the sentimental order to suit an English reader. To bring the sister Arts of Music and Painting into a still closer union, M. Bombet draws an ingenious comparison between the merits of the celebrated Musicians and Painters. He first classes Haydn with Tintoretto, and then proceeds to draw the parallel through the remainder.

"Pergolese, and }
Cimarosa..... } are the Raphaels of music
Paesiellois..... Guido
Durante Lionardo da Vinci
Hasse..... Rubens
Handel..... Michael Angelo
Galuppi Bassano
Jomelli..... Lewis Caracci
Gluck..... Caravaggio
Piccini Titian
Sacchini..... Correggio
Vinci..... Fra Bartolommeo
Anfossi..... Albano
Zingarelli..... Guerchino
Mayer..... Carlo Maratti
Mozart..... Dominichino." P. 301.

To this comparative view of the Painters and Musicians we should be inclined to add one pair more, between whom, both for boldness of conception, and for an union of natural sublimity and tenderness, the parallel will completely hold—Purcel and Poussin.

We cannot omit a rather ingenious, though fanciful, enlargement of the idea of the blind man "that scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet," which the author of the notes has brought forward. He carries the analogy between the senses of sight and hearing through all the colours and all the instruments.

<i>" Wind Instruments.</i>		<i>Stringed Instruments.</i>	
Trombone	Deep Red	Violin	Pink
Trumpet	Scarlet	Viola	Rose
Clarionette	Orange	Violoncello	Red
Oboe	Yellow	Double bass	{ Deep crimson red
Bassoon (Alto)	Deep Yellow		

Wind

Wind Instruments.

Flute	Sky Blue
Diapason	Deeper Blue
Double Diapason	Purple
Horn	Violet

"The *sinfonia* in the Creation, which represents the rising of the sun, is an exemplification of this theory. In the commencement of this piece, our attention is attracted by a soft streaming note from the violins, which is scarcely discernible, till the rays of sound which issue from the second violin, diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour as the violas and violoncellos steal in with expanding harmony.

"At the fifth bar, the oboes begin to shed their yellow lustre, while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violin. As the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange, the scarlet, and the purple, unite in the increasing splendour; and the glorious orb at length appears refulgent with all the brightest beams of harmony." P. 256.

If there be no truth, there is certainly some little ingenuity in this table of parallels. Its author appears indeed desirous, in more instances than one, of carrying the power of Music beyond their usual sphere, and suffers his imagination to get the better of his sense. If he would engage the attention of the Amateur, or secure the respect of the Professor, he must indulge himself less in these ingenious vagaries.

ART. III. *Christian Unity doctrinally and historically considered, in Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1816, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. J. Bampton, M.A. Canon of Salisbury.* By John Hume Spry, M. A. Vicar of Hanbury, Staffordshire, and Minister of Christ Church, Birmingham. pp. 465. 10s. 6d. Oxford printed; Rivingtons, London. 1817.

THE subject of these Lectures would at any time have excited a great degree of attention, among those who take interest in theological discussion. Christian unity is in itself so completely essential to the preservation of Christian faith;—it has so powerful an influence both on the form and substance of religion; that intelligent men must have been always desirous to examine its true nature and extent, and to define it with clearness and precision.

But

But in these days of confusion and schism, when all correct and primitive notions of Church-government are utterly discarded by a large proportion of the world, the subject assumes an unusual degree of dignity and importance. It is one, which ought to be pressed on the serious consideration of every professor of the Gospel, not merely as a matter of expediency and decorum, but as affecting the very existence of true Religion upon earth, and by consequence, involving both the temporal and eternal interests of mankind. In this light the subject has been treated in the volume before us. The author has examined the nature of Christian unity as a point of doctrine, and as a principle of practice. He has confirmed his observations and arguments by historical testimony, and by a valuable body of quotations from the most distinguished writers: and has applied the whole discussion, in the happiest manner, to the instruction of the younger part of his audience, for whose benefit, unquestionably, the Lecture was principally designed. The work, however, may be studied by proficients in divinity with improvement and delight. It exhibits the operations of a clear and sober understanding, engaged in explaining a subject which it has completely mastered, and endued with no ordinary powers of composition, illustration, and argument. It abounds with a certain spirit of gravity, temperance and discrimination, no less congenial to the feelings of a Philosopher, than to those of an intelligent Divine; and the application of the whole to the present state of religious sentiment in England, is so just and natural, and calculated to obviate so many destructive errors, that we cannot too strenuously commend the book to the respect and attention of the world.

In the first Lecture, which is of course an introduction to the rest, some leading principles and distinctions are laid down. Mr. Spry maintains that as, on the one hand, Christian unity implies much more than a tie of mutual affection, so, on the other, it does not require an entire conformity of opinion. For this could never be obtained. The fundamental doctrines of Christianity *must* indeed be preserved, or unity is at once destroyed; but on minor points, it is manifest, some variety of opinion may be allowed. In order to give the clearest view of the subject, the author then refers us to the original establishment of the Church. The congregation of one hundred and twenty persons, who met together after our Lord's ascension, and were increased on the day of Pentecost by the addition of "three thousand souls," constituted the first Christian Church. From this Church the Apostles went forth, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to establish other churches on the same model.

"There

“ There was then, from the first, a common bond of union, by which Christians, in every part of the world, were formed into one society. Each individual was a member of some particular congregation, under its own pastor; that congregation was connected with others in the same Church, by the superintending authority of one bishop; and all these episcopal Churches were subordinate to one head, even Jesus Christ; the author of that faith, which they all professed; the founder of that kingdom, of which they considered themselves to form a part; the fountain of that spiritual power, ‘ by which the whole body of the Church is governed.’ ” P. 16.

Having thus very judiciously directed our attention to the primitive Church, as affording a perfect example of Christian unity, in the proper sense of the words, the author proceeds to lay down certain characteristics by which the true Church of Christ may be distinguished. These are, the preservation of that form of government which was established by the Apostles, and the maintenance of that peculiar system of faith and worship, which our Lord and his Apostles taught. These points are essential to Christian unity: and by virtue of these, the whole body of Christ is to be accounted *one*, although scattered throughout the world in national or provincial churches. A difference may exist in that part of their ritual which is of human authority only, or in the interpretation of such doctrines and opinions as do not affect the fundamental principles of Christianity. But in all essential points they must be perfectly joined together in “ the same mind, and in the same judgment,” or Christian unity is not preserved.

The evils that have arisen from a false conception of Unity, and the necessity of understanding distinctly what is meant by that expression, as applied to religious matters, cannot be better explained than in the following passage of the first Lecture:

“ Where the Lord of the vineyard has sowed wheat, the enemy has contrived to scatter tares; and so artfully has the work of disorder and destruction been carried on, that every motive to charity has been made an occasion of dissention; the gracious plan, which was intended to secure the interchange of brotherly love and kindness between every individual, and every congregation of Christians throughout the world, has become itself the subject of controversy, and the cause of division; and the fiercest contentions have arisen out of the discussion of those very essentials of unity, which were ordained to be the ties of mutual harmony and peace. So far has the evil proceeded, that the true nature of Christian unity has been lost sight of; men have disputed about the different component parts of the common bond of Christians, till its character, as a whole, has been forgotten; and the subject itself has been deemed rather matter of speculation, than of practical utility. The
golden

golden chain, by which the great Author and Finisher of our faith intended to connect every individual who bore his name with each other, and with himself, has been removed, link by link, until what remains of it is wholly incompetent to the purpose for which it was framed ; while the very persons, who, with fretful impatience, have cast away the bonds of their Master and Lord, as if conscious of the necessity and importance of the union thus rashly dissolved, have endeavoured ineffectually to supply its place by inventions of their own.

“ The miserable inefficacy of these efforts fully proves the vanity and danger of interfering with the ordinances of God ; they have hitherto produced nothing, but a mixture without concord ; a combination, without harmony ; a seeming agreement, without a single point of real union. The utmost which has been effected, has amounted only to a short-lived dissimulation of cherished antipathies ; a cloak of friendship, assumed to conceal opinions, views, and interests never to be reconciled ; which those, whom some temporary object induces to suppress for the moment, appear to compromise, only that they may be able ultimately to enforce them, with increased authority. If this be Christian unity, how shall the earnest prayer of Christ be accomplished by its establishment ? or wherein will his Church have attained to that singleness of views and interests, of principles and affections, of nature and of essence, which must have been the object of its Divine founder, when he intreated, that, as he was one with his Father, and his Father with him, even so all his disciples might be one also. The question may be left to answer itself. But since the great adversary of our holy religion has so far prevailed, as to introduce dissension under the semblance of unity, and mutual disagreement under that of peace ; it becomes us to be aware of his devices, prepared to resist them, and, if it please God, to check their progress. This cannot be effectually done, until we have obtained a clear view of that entire system of harmony and love, which our Lord himself intended to establish ; that we may distinguish the spurious union, which it becomes every one, in his own place and station, strenuously to combat, from that genuine blessing, which should be the object of our earnest wishes, our continual pursuit.”
P. 28.

In furtherance of this important design, the author proceeds, in his second Lecture, to consider the utility and importance of the Christian Priesthood, as an instrument of Unity. He proves that the Church originally possessed a form of government peculiar to itself, and perfectly independent of the civil institutions of the countries in which it might happen to be established. He proves also that the authority of the Apostles, as pastors and guardians of the Church, was quite distinct from their miraculous powers, and was designed to be perpetual. That they took cognizance of the opinions and practice of their disciples ; punished them

them, if occasion required, by spiritual censures, and by exclusion from spiritual privileges. That in addition to this judicial authority, they performed the offices of the priesthood; and assumed the power of confirmation and ordination, as peculiar to their own order. Such, exclusive of especial gifts and graces, was their ordinary authority as rulers of the Church of Christ; and this authority they committed to others, who were to act as their successors. The Episcopal form of government, therefore, was of Apostolic institution; and nothing has occurred since the promulgation of the Gospel, to invalidate the authority of that government, or to diminish its necessity. At the close of this Lecture, the author, with great temperance and judgment, repels that imputation so frequently cast upon the English Clergy, that they endeavour, after the example of Popish priests, to inculcate a blind submission to themselves, as to infallible guides.

“The Church of England,” says Mr. Spry, “makes no pretence herself to such infallibility; she requires no such submission. Her priesthood is composed of men, who far from presuming to lord it over God’s heritage, are well aware that they also are compassed with infirmities; and, if they desire to be highly esteemed in love, of those whom they are appointed to teach, seek not this tribute as due to their personal merit or holiness, but for the sake of that work, to which they have been ordained.

“But though ready to confess that their treasure is committed to them ‘in earthen vessels,’ and that ‘the excellency of the power is of God,’ and not of themselves, they know from whom they have received it: and while they deeply feel the awful responsibility under which they are bound to dispense it, for the edifying of those entrusted to their superintendence, they claim to be considered as the ‘ambassadors of Christ.’ They desire to be obeyed no farther than their directions are founded upon the revealed word of God; but they fearlessly declare, that, within these limits, they have a legitimate authority, which no man can disregard or disobey, but at the fearful hazard of his displeasure from whom it is derived.

“They therefore deem themselves empowered, nay bound, to ‘reprove, rebuke, and exhort,’ with all authority; to preserve, as far as in them lies, ‘the faith once delivered to the saints’ in all its primitive purity; to persuade their flocks to mutual love and to good works, to maintain ‘the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,’ and to dwell together as brethren, in the profession of one common religion, in the nourishment of one common hope, in dutiful obedience to those who have the rule over them, as commissioned by him, who alone is ‘head over all things to the Church,’ even Christ Jesus.

“Considering themselves to be the appointed guardians of Christian unity, they must labour to support it; but while, in imitation

tion of those from whom their authority has been transmitted, they 'fight the good fight of faith,' as soldiers of Jesus Christ; it is to be hoped, that they will ever remember, that 'the weapons of their warfare are not carnal.'

"They are the ministers of him, who was not sent 'to destroy men's lives, but to save them;' and therefore, although it behoves them patiently to argue with the doubting, firmly to remonstrate against error, and boldly to reprove the gainsayer and the blasphemer; still there is a point, beyond which they have no license to proceed; and they who, unconvinced by their arguments, or uninfluenced by their exhortations, prefer to walk in the way which their own conscientious, though, as we believe, mistaken views of Christianity incline them to pursue, must be left to his judgment, who 'knoweth whereof we are made, and considereth that we are but dust.'" P. 66.

We cannot, however, dismiss the second Lecture, without directing the attention of our readers to Notes xxvi. and xxx. The latter of these consists of two very clear and argumentative passages from "*Hobart's Apology for the Apostolic order, and its advocates*," a book which deserves the diligent examination of every student in Theology. The twenty-sixth note comprises an admirable view of the argument against the validity of presbyterian ordination, which has frequently been defended on the authority of a passage of St. Paul, 1 Tim. iv. 14. We have never seen this argument so neatly compressed, and placed in so clear a light, as by Mr. Spry in the note before us.

In the next Sermon it is maintained, that agreement in Faith and Doctrine is essential to Unity. If it be granted that God has revealed his will to mankind, it follows that this revelation admits only of one precise and definite meaning. For nothing discordant, or in any degree equivocal, can proceed from a Being of infinite perfections. However, then, either from ignorance or prejudice, men may differ from each other in the interpretation of Scripture, the sense of that Scripture can be but one. As there is "one Lord," so is there "one Faith." To affirm that men professing different articles of Faith, can be joined together in Christian unity, is an absolute contradiction. They may entertain towards each other the most cordial sentiments of affection and good will, but this alone will not constitute Christian unity. No unity existed between the good Samaritan and the wounded Jew, but the Jew was not the less an object of benevolence and compassion.

"It is indeed impossible to conceive, that real unity can exist without the one faith is preserved; and all attempts to promote it by stifling controversies, and concealing breaches which we cannot heal; by unwarrantable compromises, or mere external conciliation;

ciliation; will either wholly fail, or will produce, at best, a temporary union, by the permanent sacrifice of truth. The history of eighteen centuries has sufficiently proved to all who are inclined to learn wisdom from experience, that there can be no real concord among Christians, but that which is built, as the unanimity of the first converts at Jerusalem was, upon a steadfast adherence to the doctrine and fellowship of the Gospel." P. 97.

In the fourth Lecture, Mr. Spry inquires how far agreement in modes of worship is essential to unity. The first mention, he observes, which is made in St. Luke's narrative of Christians, as a connected body, is accompanied by a clear indication of the principles of their union. "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." Hence it appears, that the use of the same sacraments, and of the same public devotions, prevailed among the first professors of the Gospel; and the conclusion is obvious, that they must also prevail in all subsequent ages, if Christian unity is to be preserved. Every Church possesses authority to decree rites and ceremonies for the regulation of its own worship, but this does not extend to the enactment of any thing contrary to God's written word. Where this limitation is scrupulously observed, the members of each Church are bound to conform to the rules laid down for their observance; and every wilful and systematic departure from such rules, involves a breach of Christian unity. "If men break the bond of unity," says Hooker, "whereby the body of the Church is coupled and knit in one. as they do which wilfully forsake all external communion with saints in holy exercises, purely and orderly established in the Church, this is to separate themselves by schism." [See Note Lx.] In this sermon, also, the argument for an established form of prayer is clearly stated, and brought home, we should think, to the comprehension of every one, who is disposed to give the subject an impartial hearing. Some slight alteration in the arrangement of this discourse, might perhaps render the whole more regular and perspicuous. As the Sacraments are ordinances which every Christian Church is bound to maintain, it would seem natural to consider them in the first instance, and then to explain the authority of the Church to decree rites and ceremonies in matters of inferior moment. According to this suggestion the latter part of the Lecture, from page 124 to 137, would be placed first, and the former part from page 112 to 124, would follow in its course. This point, however, may reasonably admit of a question; and we have so high an opinion of the clearness of Mr. Spry's conceptions, and the solidity of his judgment, that we feel very diffident in attempting to correct him.

The fifth Lecture is highly important. It relates to the causes
of

of disunion, and presents such a view of the subject, as can hardly fail to carry conviction to the minds of sober and intelligent men. The favourite topics, we know, of those who dissent from our established Church, are the corruption of her doctrine and the negligence of her clergy. It appears, however, from the records of the Apostolical Church, that schism has reared its head, where no such causes could possibly exist. The Church of Corinth was disturbed by schismatical teachers, when it was under the personal superintendence of St. Paul himself. The causes of disunion, therefore, will not be found in the nature of Christianity, nor in the frailties and defects of its teachers, but rather in those haughty and carnal propensities of human nature, which it is the object of the Gospel to rectify and restrain. It is to the pride of superior wisdom, and to the conceit of super-eminent holiness, that schism may for the most part be ultimately ascribed. Hence men are led to imagine that they are doing God service, while in reality they "are carnal, and walk as men."

"The proper line of discrimination however must be carefully drawn, that due credit for conscientious motives may be given to many who have separated from the Church; that ample allowances may be made for prejudices of education, and for all the various circumstances which give a tone and colour to human opinion, and often imperceptibly bias the judgment, and prevent the free exertion of the reasoning faculty. We may humbly hope that a merciful God, who knows whereof we are made, and alone can mark the operation of those secret springs which actuate the conduct of individuals, will look with an eye of mercy upon all who so wander from his fold; and thus hoping, we shall remember that he who taught us 'not to judge or set at nought our brother,' taught us also to desire and to seek the *good* of all. In our conduct therefore and demeanour towards individuals, whatever may be their religious opinions or profession, we are to hold the truth in love; neither compromising it from tenderness to those by whom it is rejected, nor tempted by our zeal for its support to forget the great duty of charity. For though the Scriptures declare that all divisions among Christians *originally* spring from the same evil root of pride, yet divisions once produced may be perpetuated upon less reprehensible principles; and however the first authors of heresies or schisms may be amenable to that fearful woe denounced by our Saviour himself against those who *cause* offences; yet we trust that many, whom their persuasions or example may have led into error; many, who have received it as an hereditary possession, and seem scarcely to have possessed the opportunity or the means of emancipating themselves from those prejudices, in which education and habit have involved them; may be exempted from much of their guilt and their condemnation. But be this as it may, *our* duty cannot be mistaken; 'as far as lieth in us, we must live peaceably' with such

such persons, though we condemn their errors; and while we contend earnestly for the discipline as well as doctrine of the Church, as becomes its appointed guardians; in the true spirit of Christian charity, we should never cease to pour forth our earnest prayers to God, that he would be pleased to recall them to the truth." P. 152.

Disdaining, then, all intention of censuring the *motives* of others, Mr. S. proceeds to consider the circumstances which have produced so many divisions in the Church, since the Reformation. The foreign Reformers, he justly observes, were in the first instance impressed with an high veneration for the Church of England; but being compelled, as they thought, by circumstances to deviate from it, they soon became enamoured of their own work. In their zeal against Popery, they thought it necessary to abjure every rite, ordinance, and institution, which had ever existed in the Church of Rome. Thus episcopal government was superseded; Calvin's Catechism was substituted for that of the Church of England; the Liturgy was hastily renounced; and a rooted opinion was formed that in "Geneva alone God's word was truly preached." Multitudes of English Protestants, who had fled to the Continent during the reign of Queen Mary, returned from exile on the accession of her sister, fraught with all the doctrines and sentiments of the Genevan school, and soon began to disturb the peace of that "soundest portion of the Reformation," which had been established by Cranmer and Ridley.

"Such was the origin of that fatal discord, which from that time continued to trouble the Church, and had once nearly effected its destruction. The introduction of a purer doctrine, of a more scriptural liturgy, and a more efficient discipline, were the professed objects of its first promoters; and in charity we must suppose that they were persuaded, that the alterations for which they contended were real improvements; we must believe them to have been sincere in their intentions, though mistaken in their conduct. But had their zeal been tempered by discretion, had they duly weighed the value of that humble mind, which thinks soberly of itself and its own attainments, surely they would not have refused to sacrifice their own private fancies to the collective wisdom of those who had the rule over them. Had they considered, that the peace of the Church is not to be wantonly disturbed, and that the guilt and punishment of strife and division will ever attach to those who unnecessarily resist established authority, would they not at least have hesitated, before they suffered their intemperate opposition to appointments confessedly lawful, to involve them in a responsibility so tremendous." P. 166.

We should extract all the remaining pages of this admirable Lecture, if we were only to consult our own inclination and taste

taste. It displays, within a short compass, a profound and extensive knowledge of history, and is singularly adapted to the edification of the present age. If men were better acquainted with the annals of their religion; if they were accustomed to trace up heresy and schism to their very source; and to examine the conduct of those, who in various ages have exerted themselves in the subversion of religious harmony and peace; much would already be effected towards the restoration of unity, and the correction of delusive opinions on the subject. For whether we look to that false apostle who opposed St. Paul at Corinth, or to Arius, who divided the Christian world; whether we contemplate the character of Cartwright, of Brown, or of Baxter: whether we listen to the rhapsodies of Hugh Peters, or of George Whitfield, the result is still the same. Under whatever modifications the spirit of schism has appeared, it may be traced up to a conceit of superior holiness and wisdom; which, assuming its peculiar colour from the circumstances of the age, and the situation of individuals, has so frequently seduced the minds of men, and carried desolation into the Christian fold.

The next point which Mr. Spry undertakes to prove, is, that our own Church is entirely innocent of the schism by which her peace has been disturbed. This discussion seems to involve the main question between the Church of England and the Dissenters, and it is managed by our author with his usual temperance and judgment. If it were probable that our journal should fall in the way of any candid and intelligent Dissenter, we would recommend this Lecture to his most attentive perusal, not from an ostentatious desire of shewing what a mass of evidence and argument we can produce, but from an affectionate regard to his spiritual interest, and from a sincere wish to liberate the minds of men, as far as possible, from unreasonable prejudice on the most important of all subjects. If Mr. Spry's observations in this discourse should not have the desired effect, the most violent Dissenter would, perhaps, give credit to the testimony of Ellis, Sprint, Sparke, and that great subverter of all establishments, Richard Baxter* himself. These men exerted them-

* The learning and ability of this celebrated man, seem to have obtained a much higher degree of reputation for him than his real character can justify. We have no great veneration for those worthies, who sanctify rebellion and murder with the name of religion. Of these Mr. Baxter was one of the most distinguished; and if our readers wish for satisfaction on the point, we beg to refer them to Sikes's Discourse on Parochial Communion, page 132, &c.

selves, with no common industry and zeal, in promoting separation from the Church of England, but they also deplored the evil consequences of division. Of this fact very curious evidence may be found in Mr. Spry's Appendix, particularly in the *cvi*, *cxv*, and *cxviii* notes. From such confessions, and from a minute examination of the history of our Church, it will be found that her innocence, and the guilt of her rebellious children is fully established.

“ With that temperate spirit of true charity, which becomes the moderation of her character, she has ever been ready, as far as a due regard for her own security would allow, to promote every measure of toleration proposed for the benefit of those, who must now be considered as formally separated from her fold. To the candid and impartial among this class of Christians we may confidently appeal for the full confirmation of this truth. The sense of political inferiority may irritate the ambitious, or the decent splendour of our national establishment mortify the envious; the tongue of the adversary may be sharpened by occasional controversy, or temporary clamour may be excited by the firmness with which every attempt to remove the barriers of our ecclesiastical constitution has been resisted: but the wisest and the best of our dissenting brethren have never been unwilling to acknowledge, that they have always felt themselves most secure under its tolerant supremacy; and that, if political power or influence must be bestowed exclusively on any one class of Christians, to the Church of England alone it can be safely confided.” P. 209.

In the next Lecture, a very correct and luminous view is taken of those ineffectual schemes for the promotion of unity, which have been adopted at various periods since the Reformation. The *first* of these are such as have had for their object the reunion of Protestants and Papists. Under the *second*, are ranked the attempts to restore unity among the different classes of Protestants in foreign countries. The *third*, comprise the various plans which have been proposed, for the reconciliation of the Church of England and her dissenting brethren. It is then shewn that these various schemes have failed, not because unity itself is a mere illusion, and can never be attained, but because its true principles have not been understood. The third of these topics is perhaps the most interesting, inasmuch as it applies most immediately to the circumstances of the present time; and to this part of the 7th Lecture we would especially invite the attention of our readers*. We have perused it with

* The notes upon this Lecture are particularly important. They seem to have been selected from a very extensive range of authors, with singular felicity, and to throw the strongest light upon the subject of discussion.

the highest satisfaction, and are really happy to find that our own notions of this matter are in perfect unison with those of Mr. Spry. On the subject of the comprehension, we have always thought that the views of Archbishops Sancroft and Wake, were far more sound, temperate, and apostolic, than those of Burnet and Hoadley. The latter prelate, indeed, has departed so entirely from every principle of Christian unity, that if his plans had been accomplished, the Church of England must have fallen to the dust: and even Burnet, in our opinion, is a very dangerous guide in matters of ecclesiastical government, particularly in the article of subscription. The letters of Mr. Law will for ever exist as an antidote to the theory of Hoadley; and every thing which Burnet has urged to encourage and justify a loose subscription to the articles, is confuted in Dr. Binckes's Prefatory Discourse, and in Dr. Waterland's Case of Arian Subscription. The latter treatise, indeed, was not written expressly in confutation of Burnet; but, like every other production of the same hand, it is matchless in its kind. It probes the question to its very foundation; confutes every objection that deserves an answer; and proves most completely, that an honest man can only subscribe to the articles in their real and unsophisticated sense.

The concluding Lecture contains some judicious remarks on the means which ought to be adopted, in the present state of things, for the promotion of unity; and many salutary cautions, that we do not injure the cause we are desirous of serving, from mere want of judgment and deliberation. Having already given a full view of the author's opinion on the nature and constituent parts of Christian unity, it cannot be necessary to analyse the recapitulation of his argument; but we must be allowed to extract one more passage, rather for the gratification of our own feelings and taste, than with a view to display the style and sentiments of the author.

"It is our peculiar blessing to have been educated in a Church, where the doctrine which flowed from the mouth of our Saviour, and was explained and recorded by his Apostles, still continues to be preached. Her confessions, her liturgy, her hierarchy, all have been tried in the fire, and all have stood the test with undiminished brightness. In this Church then, if any where in the world, the purity of apostolic truth and order yet remains. This is not, I trust, the language of vain confidence, but of sober conviction: it speaks an opinion, not founded merely upon the eulogies of her friends; but on the acknowledgments of many who are independent of her authority, and wholly unconnected with her by local situation. It affirms no more than her most inveterate enemies, even in the rage and fury of their controversial warfare,

have been unable to disprove. Some of these, while they disturbed her peace, never ventured to impute to her fundamental errors in doctrine, nor sinful terms of communion; while they hazarded her very existence, for the sake of a speculative purity, some even bore testimony against the sin of dividing from her; and allowed that the points in which they urged improvement, were such as neither affected her title to be reckoned a true and sound Church of Christ, nor, if they were retained, would justify separation. Nurtured then in such a Church, called, as many of us already are, and as many more will be, by profession, to teach and defend her doctrines; and bound as we all are, even by the laws of self-preservation, to uphold that society, of which we form a part; shall we hesitate to determine how we are to seek for peace; or can we find a surer road to it, than by maintaining that truth, of which the Church of England is the bulwark? We may indeed earnestly endeavour to remove the prejudices and conciliate the affections of those, who now are leagued against her; but if to accomplish this be beyond our power, what remains, but to preserve concord within her walls? to look well to her defences, that no adversary overpass them in the guise of friendship, and sow dissension even in her palaces and in her streets? From external attacks she has, comparatively, little to apprehend; but if the time should come, when her own internal harmony is disturbed; when differences arise among her defenders; and the faith, which she is called upon to preserve, is evil spoken of, and corrupted by her own children; then will the pillars of truth be undermined, and the sanctuary of peace will be brought to desolation. Happy indeed would it be for the whole Christian world, if all who profess the common faith could love as brethren: and what, it may be asked, can be devised, more likely to promote an object so universally desired, than the example of one Church at least, 'built as a city which is at unity in itself?' or how can we contribute to raise such an edifice more securely, than by adhering, with the steadiness and sincerity of conviction, to the faith, the worship, and the discipline, which we have solemnly bound ourselves to support?" P. 281.

Having trespassed so long on the attention of our readers, we hardly feel justified in making further observations. To those who are well acquainted with the history and constitution of the Christian Church, these Lectures will give the most ample satisfaction. To others, who from ignorance of antiquity, or from the prejudices of education, have imbibed a dislike to ecclesiastical discipline, we cannot recommend a more temperate and instructive volume. No parade of learning, indeed, is here to be found; no high pretensions to superior wisdom; but for this reason the work is more learned, and more wise; far better adapted to carry conviction with it, and to take its place among
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the higher productions of modern theology. The argument of these Lectures obviously applies to the prevailing errors of the day; but Mr. Spry has also written for posterity. He has taken up an unpopular subject; and has most successfully endeavoured to distinguish the true principles of unity, from those wild notions of universal philanthropy with which they are so frequently confounded. The principles here maintained, we are well persuaded, are those which can alone tend to the honour of God's name, the stability of his Church, and the edification of his creatures. They may be unpalatable to the morbid taste of the times, but they *must* be maintained, or the name and the substance of Christianity will perish together. We honour the writer who disdains to court popularity, at the expence of principle and truth: and who labours, with unaffected zeal, to enforce those doctrines which he well knows are essential to the preservation of true religion. We are alive, as we humbly trust, to the dictates of Christian charity, in the fullest extent of the words; but we do not carry our tenderness towards man to such an extravagant height, as to forget the frailty of his heart, or the fallibility of his understanding. Charity, we believe, requires no such conditions. She distinguishes always, to the best of her ability, between truth and falsehood, virtue and vice: she promotes the one, and discountenances the other, with equal energy and zeal. She is conspicuous at once for firmness and moderation; on the one hand, defending her own principles against the errors of the weak, and the designs of the wicked; on the other, exercising towards all mankind a spirit of candour and mildness, unpolituted by malice, duplicity, and revenge. She is gentle without weakness, and resolute without animosity. Charity, then, in the scriptural sense of the word, is a much more exalted and definite principle than mere philanthropy. It must be founded on religion, and regulated always by those laws and limitations which the scriptures prescribe. If it is otherwise constituted, it will be more like the dictate of ignorance and fanaticism, than of a sober understanding and a virtuous heart. We close the present article in the language of that illustrious ornament of our Church, Bishop Sanderson*.

"I should require and charge my brethren of the clergy, as they will answer the contrary to God, the Church, and their own consciences, that they would approve their faithfulness in the ministry, by giving their best diligence to inform the judgments of God's people aright; and, as in love to their souls they are bound,

* Sermon XI. Ad Aulam,

that they would not humour them in their pernicious errors, nor suffer them to continue therein for want of their rebuke, either in public teaching, or otherwise, as they shall have opportunity, in private discourse."

ART. IV. *Manfred, a Dramatic Poem.* By Lord Byron.
Svo. 5s. 6d. pp. 80. Murray. 1817.

ECCE iterum Crispinus; or, what is the same in plain English, "Lord Byron again." In his last publication, the noble Lord informed us, that he was holding converse with a race of superior spirits, but we little thought that he would so soon have acquainted us with the particulars of his interview. As may readily be imagined, in the production before us, we have the old story over again in a form somewhat novel—a sort of dramatic romance, or romantic drama—with new scenery and machinery—but with dresses and decorations rather ancient. We have Mungo, as usual, in his black cowl—"weary and dreary"—"maddening and saddening"—"disdaining and complaining." But lest our remarks should grow as tedious and stale as the subject which has so often produced them, we shall loiter no longer on the beaten ground, but proceed to the examination of the noble Lord's first offering to the tragic muse, in all laudable anxiety to witness the effect of Don Bilioso in buskins, or of the dumps dramatized.

"ACT I.

"SCENE I.

"MANFRED *alone*—*Scene, a Gothic gallery*—*Time midnight.*

"MAN. The lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed, and in my mind there is

A power

A power to make these subject to itself—
 But they avail not : I have done men good,
 And I have met with good even among men—
 But this avail'd not : I have had my foes,
 And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
 But this avail'd not :—Good, or evil, life,
 Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
 Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
 Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
 Now to my task.—

“ Mysterious Agency !

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe !
 Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
 Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
 In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
 Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
 And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
 I call upon ye by the written charm
 Which gives me power upon you——Rise ! appear !

[*A pause.*

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
 Who is the first among you—by this sign,
 Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
 Who is undying,—Rise ! appear !——Appear !

[*A pause.*

If it be so—Spirits of earth and air,
 Ye shall not thus elude me : by a power,
 Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
 Which had its birth-place in a star condemned,
 The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
 A wandering hell in the eternal space ;
 By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
 The thought which is within me and around me,
 I do compel ye to my will.—Appear !” P. 7.

The opening lines have little in them to please and little to offend. In the invocation our readers will clearly perceive, that Lord Byron had the Prospero of Shakespeare in his view, but we cannot compliment him on the success of his imitation. How can a “ spirit dwell in subtler essence ?” The essence of a spirit may perhaps be called subtle ; but how a spirit, or any thing else, can dwell in essence (except it be of anchovies), we are at a loss to comprehend. And again, after having described the tops of inaccessible mountains as the haunt of his spirit, when he tells us, that to them “ earth's and ocean's caves are familiar things,” he indulges in what is commonly

monly termed an *anticlimax*. We rather imagine that earth's and ocean's caves are equally familiar to a very inferior order of beings, unless smugglers are supernatural agents, and their spirits a-kin to those of his Lordship. After this invocation, however, seven spirits are heard to sing and demand his pleasure. They are invisible, and the appearance of a distant star is the only signal of their presence. He requires of them forgetfulness of himself and of his crimes.

" SPIRIT. If, as thou says't, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

" MAN. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

" SPIRIT. Say;
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days—

" MAN. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

" SPIRIT. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee
service;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

" MAN. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustomed forms.

" SPIRIT. We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

" MAN. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting.—Come!

" SEVENTH SPIRIT. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

" MAN. Oh God! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,

I yet might be most happy.—I will clasp thee,
And we again will be——

[*The figure vanishes.*
My heart is crush'd!

[*MANFRED falls senseless.*] P. 15.

The whole of this is well conceived, and displays more real originality than any other part of the drama. After this an incantation

cantation is heard, in which all the curses within the power of man to conceive, are pronounced upon the head of Manfred. The noble Lord's inventive powers never appear to better advantage than when they are employed in execration.

The second scene carries us to the mountain of the Jungfrau, where we find Manfred again solitary and sulky. A soliloquy ensues, which concludes with the wish, that his soul had been "the spirit of a lovely sound," born and dying with the tone that made it. After this very sentimental, but somewhat silly wish, a chamois hunter appears, who rescues him from suicide, by seizing him in the act of precipitating himself from the rocks, and thus ends Act the first. The second Act brings us to a cottage amidst the Bernese Alps, where we encounter again both Manfred and his preserver. The ravings of the former, somewhat alarm the simplicity of the latter, who considers him, and with some justice, as a little cracked. In the course of the dialogue, however, a few pretty lines occur, which we willingly present to our readers.

<p>" C. HUN. That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon ? " MAN. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps— Thy humble virtues, hospitable home, And spirit patient, pious, proud and free ; Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts ; Thy days of health, and nights of sleep ; thy toils, By danger dignified, yet guiltless ; hopes Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave, With cross and garland over its green turf, And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph ; 'This do I see—and then I look within—'</p>	<p>What is it P. 29.</p>
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In the second scene we have Manfred still—and talking more nonsense than ever.

" SCENE II.

" *A lower valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.*

" Enter MANFRED.

" It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness ;

I should

I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
 And with the Spirit of the place divide
 The homage of these waters.—I will call her.” P. 31.

To this passage a note is added, explaining the peculiar appearance of the Iris, formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents, which descend so low, that a man may walk into it. The two first lines give a fair description of this appearance; but surely never was there in language an inflation more empty and unintelligible than in the verses which succeed. The noble Lord has contrived to burlesque, whether intentionally or not we cannot say, one of the grandest images in Holy Writ. Among other lessons which his Lordship might learn from the Scriptures, he might be taught at least a little taste; a quality of which, in common with many others which those aforesaid Scriptures inculcate, he appears to stand in no little need. In a former part of his drama, his Lordship has taken an idea from Milton, and spoilt it. Milton, after Virgil, has described the fallen spirits on the shores of the infernal lake,

“ who lay intranc’d
 Thick as autumnal leaves which strow the brooks
 Of Vallombrosa.

But what says Lord Byron of the ocean of hell,

“ Whose every wave breaks on a living shore
 “ Heaped with the damn’d like pebbles.”

A happy improvement upon Virgil and Milton. We will give him free leave however to engraft his own brilliant ideas upon Virgil and Milton, but we must protest against a burlesque upon Holy Writ, even though it be bad taste alone which advises the indulgence.

But to proceed with the drama. Manfred calls up the witch of the Alps, and informs her, that his misery arises from having broken the heart of a beloved object; he requires her assistance; she demands in return a promise of obedience to her will. This is refused, and she disappears, and the scene ends with a soliloquy of the usual length and of the usual matter. The third scene carries us to the Jungfrau mountains, where we are introduced to three new personages in the drama, the three Destinies. Here was a happy opportunity to express the usual indignation of *the party*, at any attempt to secure the tranquillity of Europe, and the noble Lord has not neglected it.

“ Enter

“ Enter NEMESIS.

“ FIRST DES. Say, where hast thou been?—
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

“ NEM. I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away.

We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds!

[*Exeunt.*” P. 43.

In the fourth scene we are dazzled with a blaze of new and brilliant light.

“ SCENE IV.

“ *The hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his throne, a globe of fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

“ *Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

“ Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!—

Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear

Themselves to chaos at his high command!

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;

He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;

He gazeth—from his glance the sun-beams flee;

He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanos rise;

His shadow is the Pestilence; his path

The comets herald through the crackling skies;

And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

To him War offers daily sacrifice;

To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,

With all its infinite of agonies—

And his the spirit of whatever is!” P. 44.

Now the whole of this idea is taken almost word for word from a very silly and disgusting tale, entitled *VATHEK*, which for various reasons we have omitted to notice: and in the window of more shops than one in Bond-street, our readers may see displayed a gorgeous engraving of this aforesaid monarch upon his throne, this globe of fire, and these attendant spirits; with which display we advise them to be contented; nor as they value their

their equanimity and good temper, to attempt the purchase, much less the perusal of the tale. Of this Vathek, if we remember rightly, Lord Byron has spoken with approbation in some former work, and he is now indebted to it for the idea of the scene before us. With respect to the hymn of the spirits, whether it be most conspicuous for sublimity or blasphemy, we shall leave our readers to determine. As to the mighty Arimanes himself, he appears like the Indian Brahma, to be lost in the contemplation of his own attributes. Like Lord Burghley, his business appears to be little more than to shake his head, with all due dignity and mystery. During the whole of this long scene, he opens his oracular lips but twice; first to ejaculate the Quaker-like monosyllable of YEA; and secondly, to command a rebellious phantom:

“ *Arim.*— Spirit, obey this sceptre !”

This phantom is that of Astarte; who by the desire of Manfred, is conjured up. The address of Manfred to the spirit of him whom he had treated with such cruelty when alive, is not without considerable merit:

“ MAN. Can this be death? there’s bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish’d leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

“ NEMESIS.

“ By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall’d thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call’d thee!

“ MAN. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answered.

“ NEM. My power extends no further. Prince of air!
It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

“ ARI. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

“ NEM. Silent still!
She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.

“ MAN. Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—

Look

Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
 Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
 Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
 To torture thus each other, though it were
 The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
 Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
 This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
 One of the blessed—and that I shall die,
 For hitherto all hateful things conspire
 To bind me in existence—in a life
 Which makes me shrink from immortality—
 A future like the past. I cannot rest.
 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
 I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
 And I would hear yet once before I perish
 The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
 For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
 Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
 Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
 Which answered me—many things answered me—
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
 Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
 Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
 Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
 I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
 This once—once more!

“ PHANTOM OF ASTARTE. Manfred!

“ MAN. Say on, say on—

I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

“ PHAN. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
 Farewell!

“ MAN. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

“ PHAN. Farewell!

“ MAN. Say, shall we meet again?

“ PHAN. Farewell!

“ MAN. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

“ PHAN. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

“ NEM. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;

Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.” P. 49.

In the third Act, we have an interview between Manfred and the Abbot of St. Maurice, in which the latter attempts in vain to administer the balm of religious comfort to his soul. Next to this

this we have an address of our hero to the sun; but not quite in the style of Satan. We should have thought that the noble Lord would have felt some little shyness in wrestling with Milton upon his own ground.

Perhaps however, the noble author need not be alarmed at any comparisons which may be made to the detriment of himself, as it is more than probable that to the warmest admirers of Lord Byron, Milton is as much a stranger, as if he had never written. If *Manfred*, however, has failed in his invocation of one of the heavenly bodies, he has certainly succeeded in his apostrophe to another. His description of the Colosseum at Rome, in a still night, the thoughts engendered by the scene, and the concluding address to the moon, is the most beautiful, and perhaps the only scrap of real poetry in the volume. To convince our readers that we have greater pleasure in commending excellence, than in exposing error, we shall give them the passage at considerable length:

“MAN. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn’d the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum’s wall,
’Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar’s palace came
The owl’s long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell’d battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel’s place of growth;—
But the gladiators’ bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar’s chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries."

P. 68.

As the concluding lines are both feeble and obscure, and as we were unwilling to spoil so pleasing a passage with a weak and imperfect termination, we have omitted them altogether.

Upon this non-descript species of drama our observations will be but few. Of incident it has but little, of plot it has none. There is nothing to interest attention, nothing to raise expectation. Of the hero we know nothing, we are taught nothing, and therefore we care nothing. In the characters there is nothing remarkable, except a strange jumble of all the mythologies which ever existed. The fire worship of the Persians, the Nemesis of the Greeks, the fairy tales of our nursery, are brought into action, and what is worst of all, are combined with the appearance of Christianity. The least that can be said of this *Olla Podrida* is, that in taste it is execrable, in execution absurd.

The poetry is sometimes pretty, but very unequal. Had this drama been the first of Lord Byron's productions we might have thought some of the eccentricities original, but as it is the last, we profess that we can see nothing in it but what we have seen fifty times before in the writings both of himself and of others. Whatever faults are chargeable upon the noble Lord, we certainly cannot accuse him of ever having changed his language, his sentiments, or his characters. Novelty is a vice, in which he does not suffer either himself or his readers to indulge.

ART. V. *The Sexagenarian; or the Recollections of a Literary Life. In Two Volumes.* 8vo. 11. 1s. Rivingtons. 1817.

FROM the great interest which this work appears to have already excited in the literary world, we are desirous of giving our readers an early account of its contents. It is generally understood to have been written by the late Mr. Beloe, and to contain an account of his literary life, and the anecdotes of his time. The Postscript indeed informs us of a circumstance of a very singular kind attendant upon its publication, which is of a romantic, almost indeed of an awful nature. It appears, that its author had not only prepared the work for the press, but had actually corrected and revised the proofs, even to the last sheet but

but one, when by a sudden visitation of Providence, he was called out of the world, and left it to a friend to put a finishing hand to the latter volume, and to usher it into the world. Now throughout the whole work, and especially towards the conclusion, the author appears to have had a sort of presentiment of the fatal event, which would prevent him from being himself a witness to the completion of his labours. He has supposed that the manuscript of *THE SEXAGENARIAN*, after his death, had descended to a friend.

“ To engage the attention more deeply in his narrative, and to relieve it of the egotism attached to self-biography, the Sexagenarian had adopted the third person instead of the first in many parts of the work. He had supposed that after his death a friend had discovered a number of scattered materials, from which these volumes were to be formed, and had so supplied the connecting links as to make the history complete. In adopting this plan, he was enabled to give the narrative many little lively turns, which the natural playfulness of his mind suggested. In this manner he had proceeded, sustaining the character of himself and his friend, within a few pages of the conclusion of his work, and had even corrected the press down to the present sheet. Little perhaps did he think how prophetic was his plan, and that on his own death-bed he should in reality entrust to a friend to that office, which in fiction he had supposed to have been committed to his care. To present these Memoirs to the world, and explain the peculiar circumstances under which they are published, was the dying request of the Sexagenarian to one who knew and who valued his worth.” *Postscript*, Vol. II. P. 383.

So singular a circumstance attending its publication would of itself create an interest in the work before us, even if it had not higher claims upon our notice. The very form indeed into which the narrative is thrown, independent of the presentiment which it displays, is altogether the best which could have been chosen. Self-biography is always a very difficult, often a very tedious task. To preserve any narrative of a man's own history and life, especially if it shall have been passed in a literary circle, from the appearance of vanity or affectation, is wholly impossible. Even in the pains which are often taken to avoid the imputation, there is betrayed a latent self-concern, which is often more disgusting than ostentation of a simpler and more open nature. It is perhaps a difficult matter to account for our general dislike to the vanity of another, unless we refer it in a great measure to our own. We listen with satisfaction to those very anecdotes, when told by a third person, from which we turn with disgust when related by a man's self. In all self-history, indeed, there must be

some proportion of personal presumption, to which, in every case but our own, we never fail to discover a considerable aversion. We cannot brook to set aside our own pretensions to listen to those of another, when that other has no advocate but himself.

Thus to relieve his work of egotism, and the reader of the aversion which is infallibly engendered by it, the third person is uniformly adopted throughout the whole.

Approving then of the mould in which our author has cast his narrative, we now proceed to consider the materials of which it is composed. There are few men who have led a literary life, who have not been thrown among those whose characters and conversation are fertile in entertainment and interest. The author of the work before us did not pass his days in the solitude of retirement, but in the full bustle of a London life. The circle in which he moved appears to have been a wide one. There are few, indeed, among the literary men of his day, with whom our Sexagenarian was unacquainted. We are accordingly presented with a series of biographical sketches and entertaining anecdotes, which appear to have arisen within the sphere of the Sexagenarian's own observation. He appears to have enjoyed a considerable intimacy with Porson, who, from the eccentricities of his strange and wayward genius, would naturally furnish ample material towards the composition of a biographical *melange*. There appears, indeed, to have been, in this extraordinary man, a certain pride in talking, thinking, and acting differently from other people. In conversation he affected a certain quaintness which passed current among his friends and admirers, his *bon mots* are, therefore, like scarce coins, held in high value by a few collectors, though their intrinsic worth be but small. The same character may be applied to his *jeu d'esprits* both in prose and verse; we are willing to believe that they are witty and elegant, because we know that they proceeded from the pen of Porson; but had they been the production of any other hand, they might have floated down the stream of time undisturbed in the papaverous pages of a Gentleman's Magazine. As posterity, however, will be anxious to know something of the private life and conduct of one, whose acuteness and depth in every branch of Greek literature have never been surpassed, and but seldom equalled, we are pleased to see the following character drawn by the hand of a friend, whose only fault appears to be personal partiality and predilection.

“ His character will now be given, as it impressed the judgment of one who studied it much, and knew it well; but the undertaking is somewhat arduous. There were blended in him very opposite qualities. In some things he appeared to be of the most un-

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shaken

shaken firmness; in others he was wayward, capricious, and discovered the weakness of a child. Although in the former part of his life, more particularly, he would not unfrequently confine himself for days together, in his chamber, and not suffer himself to be intruded upon by his most intimate acquaintance, he hardly ever could resist the allurements of social converse, or the late and irregular hours to which they occasionally led.

"That he was friendly to late hours, and generally exhibited Dr. Johnson's reluctance to go to bed, might naturally arise from the circumstance of his being from a child a very bad sleeper. Porson frequently spent his evenings with the present venerable Dean of Westminster, with Dr. Wingfield, with the late Bennet Langton, and with another friend in Westminster, with respect to whom, the following line used to be facetiously applied from Homer.

ΡΙΨΕ ΠΟΔΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΓΩΝ ΑΠΟ ΒΗΛΟΥ ΘΕΣΠΕΣΙΟΙΟ.

Yet he hardly ever failed passing some hours afterwards, at the Cyder-Cellar, in Maiden-lane.

"The above individuals being all of them very regular in their hours, used to give him to understand, that he was not to stay after eleven o'clock, with the exception of Bennet Langton, who suffered him to remain till twelve; corrupted in this instance perhaps, by Dr. Johnson. But so precise was Porson in this particular, that although he never attempted to exceed the hour limited, he would never stir before. On one occasion, when from some incidental circumstance, the lady of the house gave a gentle hint, that she wished him to retire a little earlier, he looked at the clock, and observed with some quickness, that it wanted a quarter of an hour of eleven.

"In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis, the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the harbinger of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company, when he knew that he had been sitting up the whole of the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sate up the second night also till the hour of sun-rise.

"What shall we call it—waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness? but it is a well known fact, that he spent the day of his marriage with a very learned friend, now a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or without attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family, obliged him to depart.

"The following anecdote he would often relate himself, with the greatest good humour. It is sufficiently notorious, that our friend was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person; indeed

deed, he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion, he went to visit the above-mentioned learned friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting in anxious and impatient expectation of the barber. On Porson's entering the library where the gentleman was sitting, he started up, and hastily said to Porson, 'Are you the barber?' 'No, Sir,' replied Porson, 'but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service.'

"When there was considerable fermentation in the literary world on the subject of the supposed Shakspeare Manuscripts, and many of the most distinguished individuals had visited Mr. Ireland's house to inspect them, Porson, accompanied by a friend, went also. Many persons had been so imposed upon as to be induced to subscribe their names to a form, previously drawn up, avowing their belief in the authenticity of the papers exhibited. Porson was called upon to do so likewise. 'No,' replied the professor, 'I am always very reluctant in subscribing my name, and more particularly to articles of faith.'

"The story of his pertinacity in twice transcribing the perplexed and intricate manuscript of the Lexicon of Photius, has been well detailed in the Athenæum, and is perfectly true.

"An intimate friend of the Professor had a favourite old dog, whose death he exceedingly regretted, and asked Porson to give him an inscription, for the place in the garden where he was buried. After a time, Porson brought him the following, which was afterwards neatly cut in the antique manner, without stops, on a white marble stone, and remained for many years where it was first deposited.

‘ ΤΗΝΤΡΙΒΟΝΟCΠΑΡΑΓΕΙΧΝΠΙΩCΤΟΔΕCΗΜ-
ΑΝΟΗCΕΙC
ΜΗΔΕΟΜΑΙΓΕΛΑCΗCΕΙΚΥΝΟCΕCΤΙΤΑΦΟC
ΕΚΛΑΥCΘΗΝΧΕΙΡΕCΔΕΚΟΝΙΝCΥΝΕΘΗΚΑ-
ΝΑΝΑΚCΤΟC
ΟCΜΟΥΚΑΙCΤΗΛΗΤΟΝΔΕΧΑΡΑΞΕΛΟΓΟΝ.’

"A great many people, and learned people too, thought it an ancient inscription, and so it is, but the Professor omitted to say where he met with it. It is however to be found among the *Επιγραμματα ἀδοσπιστα* of Brunck and Jacobs, No. 755, and has been published in many other collections; but first by J. Vossius on Pomponius Mela, p. 129.

"He was not easily provoked to asperity of language by contradiction in argument, but he once was. A person of some literary pretensions, but who either did not know Porson's value, or neglected to show the estimate of it which it merited, at a dinner party, harassed, teased, and tormented him, till at length he could endure it no longer, and arising from his chair, exclaimed with vehemence, 'It is not in the power of thought to conceive or words to express the contempt I have for you, Mr. * * *.'

“On his being appointed to the Greek Professorship, a gentleman who in his boyish days had shewn him great kindness, and who indeed being the agent of his first patron, was the dispenser also of that personage’s liberality to Porson, wrote him a kind letter of congratulation. At the same time, not being acquainted with the nature of such things, he offered, if a sum of money was required to discharge the fees, or was necessary on his first entrance upon the office, to accommodate him with it. Of this letter, Porson took no notice. A second letter was dispatched, repeating the same kind offer; of this also, no notice was taken. The gentleman was exasperated, and so far resented the neglect, that it is more than probable, his representation of this matter was one of the causes of Porson’s losing a very handsome legacy intended for him, to which allusion has before been made.

“It is exceedingly difficult to explain the motive of Porson’s behaviour on the above occasion. He was not insensible of the kindness, for he mentioned it to him who has recorded the fact, in terms of respect and thankfulness, and as an act which merited his gratitude. It might arise first from his extreme reluctance to letter-writing, which induced him to defer his reply till the time was past, and notice of it might seem unseasonable; or he might not exactly like the terms in which the offer was conveyed, for it is more than probable that the letter commenced with something like reproach, for the long and continued neglect of his earlier friends. Whatever might be the cause, it did him incalculable injury; the person in question never forgave the neglect, nor would he ever afterwards endure to hear his name mentioned. He was moreover the legal adviser of the old lady, Mrs. Ann Turner, of whose early impressions in Porson’s favour, mention has already been made.

“It must be acknowledged, that there was an occasional waywardness about Porson, which defied the utmost sagacity of his friends to explain. No example of this can perhaps be more striking, than his behaviour with respect to Sir G * * * * B * * * *. Sir G * * * * was among his earliest as well as warmest friends. He was trustee for the money raised for his education at Eton and the University; his house was always open to him, and being an excellent scholar himself, he naturally watched, incited, and encouraged the progress of him whom he protected. Nay, Porson himself would always and willingly render his patron ample justice in all these particulars; yet all at once he ceased to go to his house. From what motive, Sir G * * * * always avowed himself entirely ignorant, nor in all probability was it ever known. The writer of this memoir had once a conversation with Sir G * * * on the subject; he spoke of Porson without the smallest asperity or reproach, but declared that his behaviour in this respect was perfectly unaccountable.” Vol. I. p. 228.

The partiality of the Sexagenarian to his friend, will not allow him

him to refer these unaccountable incidents to their proper source. Pride and perversity were the curse of this most accomplished scholar; they were his darling passions, they were rooted so deeply in his mind, that they converted the milk of human kindness into the gall of bitterness and of malignity. His contemptuous neglect of the patrons and protectors of his youth, especially of Sir George Baker, to whose active exertions he owed his very existence in the University, deserves a title, if there be one, worse than that of ingratitude. We could add more upon this point, which either the Sexagenarian did not know, or if he did, he chose in mercy to the character of his friend to conceal, but we are unwilling to disturb the ashes of the dead. All that is attached to the private life and character of Porson will soon be forgotten, and nothing will then remain, but those monuments of penetration and skill which shall only perish with the literature and the language which called them forth. In the Appendix we find a collection of his lighter productions, especially of his charades, in which he would frequently indulge.

I.

"If Nature and Fortune had plac'd me with you,
On my first, we my second might hope to obtain;
I might marry you, were I my third, it is true;
But that marriage would only embitter my pain.

II.

"My first is the lot that is destin'd by fate,
For my second to meet with in every state:
My third is by many philosophers reckoned,
To bring very often my first to my second."

III.

"My first, though your house, nay your life he defends,
You ungratefully name like the wretch you despise;
My second, I speak it with grief, comprehends
All the brave, and the good, and the learn'd, and the wise.
Of my third I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it tells the departure of day."

IV.

"The child of a peasant, Rose thought it no shame
To toil at my first all the day;
When her father grew rich, and a farmer became,
My first to my second gave way.
Then she married a merchant who brought her to town;
To this eminent station preferr'd,
Of my first and my second unmindful she's grown,
And gives all her time to my third."

V. "My

V.

“ My first is the nymph I adore,
 The sum of her charms is my second,
 I was going to call it my third,
 But I counted a million and more,
 Till I found they could never be reckoned;
 So I quickly rejected the word.”

VI.

“ My first in ghosts, 'tis said abounds,
 And wheresoe'er she walks her rounds,
 My second never fails to go,
 Yet oft attends her mortal foe.
 If with my third you quench your thirst,
 You sink for ever in my first.” Vol. II. p. 306.

The solution of these enigmatical obscurities we leave to the ingenuity of *Ædipi*, male or female; we shall proceed in the mean time to give the reader a copy of a more valuable paper. Porson, it appears, was once requested to write down, for a young friend, who was preparing to make a collection of classical and philological books, a list of such works as he conceived to be indispensable in a well chosen library. The following list, which we are told is but a part of the books which he recommended, appears to comprehend those works which he considered of the highest value in criticism and philology.

“ Euripidis *Hippolytus* Valckenærii cum *Diatribæ in perditas Tragædias*, &c.

“ Euripidis *Phœnissæ* Valckenærii Ursini *Collatio Græcorum cum Virgilio*, cui accedunt Valckenærii *Epistola ad M. Röverum et Dissertatio de Scholiis in Homerum ineditis*, &c.

“ Ammonius de *differentia Vocum et oliæ ad Grammaticam spectantia cum Animadversionibus Valckenærii*.

“ Thomas Magister Bernardi, Oudendorpii et aliorum.

“ Gregorius Corinthi Episcopus de *Dialecticis per Gisbertum Koënum*.

“ B. Brissonius de *Formulis et solennibus verbis populi Rom.*

“ Dion Cassius J. A. Fabricii et H. S. Reimari, 2 vol. fol. *Hamburgi*.

“ Fax *Artium Gruteri*, 7 vol.

“ *Selecta Theocriti Idyllia*, a Valckenærio.

“ Gatakeri *Opera Critica Trajecti ad Rhen*, 2 vol. fol. interdum in 1.

“ Dion Chrysostomus Reiskii, 2 vol. 8vo.

“ Arnobius Heraldii, 4to.

“ Clemens Alexandrinus Potteri.

“ Eusebii *Præparatio* } Evangelica a Fr. Vigero.

“ ——— *Demonstratio* }

“ Ecclesiasticæ

"*Ecclesiasticæ Historiæ Scriptores a Valesio*, 3 vol. fol. (ed. opt. Reading).

"*Pollux Hemsterhusii*.

"*Philostratus Olearii*.

"*Libanius*.

"*Miscellanæ Observationes a Britannis cœptæ, a Belgis continuata*.

"*Aristides Jebbii*, 2 vol. 4to.

"*Beausobre Histoire du Manicheisme*, 2 vol. 4.

"*Menagiana*, 4 vol. ed. opt. 1729.

"*Mœris Atticista*, 1759, *Piersoni*.

"*Ursini Fragmenta Lyricorum*.

"*Artemidorus Rigaltii*, Par. 1603. 4to."—Vol. II. P. 296.

We much wish that our author had given us the whole of the list thus recommended, as to the rising scholar it might have proved of considerable value.

The Sexagenarian supplies us with some curious anecdotes of another, whose pride was not less malignant, though his scholarship was far inferior to that of his rival. Poor Gilbert Wakefield had indeed enough to try a temper, which was naturally none of the sweetest. By the world he was neglected, by scholars despised, by his party abandoned, and by the laws incarcerated. "Rest, rest perturbed spirit."

In a succeeding chapter we find a laughable history, in which our Sexagenarian bore a part. He had undertaken, as he informs us, a work of considerable magnitude, under the protection of the booksellers. Desirous, however, of procuring a better patron for his labours, he cast his eye over all the literary lords, till at last it was fixed on Horace Walpole, the late Earl of Orford. The Sexagenarian solicited permission to dedicate the volumes to his lordship, which was graciously and readily conceded. Unwilling, however, to trust to his maiden pen for so nice and difficult a task as that of composing a dedication to a personage so elevated, he applied for assistance to a friend, who supplied him with the following neat and delicate inscription:—

"DEDICATION.

"My Lord,

"Men of learning will see at a glance, and men of sensibility will strongly feel the propriety of the permission which I have requested, to dedicate such a work as * * * * to such a nobleman as the Earl of * * *.

"From the curious researches into antiquities, and the elegant disquisitions in criticisms which adorn the work I have now the honour to lay before the public, under the protection of your exalted name, their minds will naturally be turned towards those numerous writings, with which you have enlightened and charmed your contemporaries,

temporaries, and in which posterity will acknowledge, that the most various erudition is happily united with judgment the most correct, and taste the most refined.

"Like the worthies of whom we read in Greek and Roman story, you find in old age a calm and dignified consolation from the continuance of those studies, which, with the lustre of high birth, and amidst the fascinating allurements of ambition, you, my Lord, have devoted a long and honourable life to the calmer and more ingenious pursuits of literature.

"Perhaps, my lord, you feel new affiance in the wisdom of your choice, when you reflect on the peculiar circumstances of the times, which, big as they have been with awful events, and fatal as they may be to the fairest forms of society, leave * in the sacred retreats of science some shelter to the human mind, disgusted with the view of human crimes, and damped with the prospect of human woes.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c."—Vol. I. P. 267.

Aut diabolus aut—Dr. Parr—our readers will probably exclaim, on reading this exquisite *morceau* of classical compliment. The Sexagenarian indeed has left our ingenuity to discover the name of its author; but be he who he may, he does not appear to have hit the taste of the noble Lord, who returned in answer the following letter.

"I do beg and beseech you, my good Sir, to forgive me, if I cannot possibly consent to receive the Dedication you were so kind and partial as to propose to me. I have, in the most positive and almost uncivil manner, refused a Dedication or two lately. Compliments on virtues which the persons addressed, like me, seldom possessed, are happily exploded, and laughed out of use.

"Next to being ashamed of having good qualities bestowed upon me to which I should have no title, it would hurt me to be praised for my erudition, which is most superficial, and on my trifling writings, all of which turn on most trifling subjects. They amused me while writing them, may have amused a few persons, but have nothing solid enough to preserve them from being forgotten with other things of a like nature.

"I would not have your judgment called in question hereafter, if somebody reading your work should ask, 'What are these writ-

* "*Aliter.*

"Leave in the sacred retreats of science some shelter to wise and good men, disgusted with the view of surrounding crimes, and alarmed at the prospect of impending woes.

"*Or thus,*

"Leave some shelter to the contemplative scholar and the dispassionate philosopher."

ings

ings of Lord Orford which this author so much commends? Was Lord Orford more than one of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease?' Into that class I must sink, and I had rather do so imperceptibly, than be plunged down to it by the interposition of the hand of a friend, who could not gainsay the sentence.

"For your own sake, my good Sir, as well as in pity to my feelings, who am sore at your offering what I cannot accept, restrain the address to a mean (*sic*) inscription. You are allowed to be an excellent * * * *. How unclassic would a Dedication in the old fashioned manner appear, if you had published * * *, and had ventured to prefix a Greek or Latin Dedication to some modern Lord, with a Gothic title!

"Still less had these addresses been in vogue at Rome, would any Roman author have inscribed his work to Marcus, the incompetent son of Cicero, and tell the unfortunate offspring of so great a man of his high birth and declension of ambition. It would have excited a laugh on poor Marcus, who, whatever may have been said of him, had more sense than to leave proofs to the public of his extreme inferiority to his father.

"I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

"Your much obliged,

"[And I hope by your compliance with my earnest request to be your much more obliged]

"And obedient humble servant."—Vol. I. P. 269.

If we doubt the modesty of his Lordship, we must at least approve his taste. Vanity was a principal feature in the character of Lord Orford, he loved to be the patron of literature and of literary men. In the communication of his knowledge, which was far from contemptible, he appears to have been very liberal, but the same liberality does not seem to have extended either to his purse or to his larder.

With all the blue stockings of his day, the Sexagenarian enjoyed a considerable intimacy, and appears to have duly appreciated their respective values. In the work before us, we have many very interesting sketches of Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs. H. M. Williams, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Trimmer, and of others who in their several lines, contributed either to the sense or the nonsense of the age.

From these good ladies our attention is turned to a character of a very different nature, with whom our Sexagenarian in his earlier days was occasionally thrown. This is no less a personage than Wilkes. The following portrait of this lively and eccentric man appears to be equally faithful and spirited :

"He was really a sad dog, but most delightfully amusing, facetious, witty, well-informed, and with much various, though not profound learning.

"He

"He was sometimes so intolerably sarcastic, and more particularly at the expence of his friends in the city, that the wonder is, how he could so long continue in their good graces. He never put any restraint upon himself, when in company, on the other side of Temple-bar, but indulged in all the satire of his wit, at the citizens' expence. A few examples, among a hundred that could easily be given, may suffice.

"When confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, when the office of Alderman was vacant. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, they who were deputed, undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace, which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, 'Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the sense of the ward.' 'With all my heart,' replied Wilkes, 'I will take the non-sense, and beat you ten to one.'

"Upon another occasion, Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city-honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner-room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who certainly was a high-bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length, the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? 'O! Yes, Sir,' replied Wilkes, 'but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face.'" Vol. II. P. 5.

Our limits will not permit us to follow the Sexagenarian through all his Biographical Sketches. Many of those whose history he relates have long since paid the debt of nature; many are now living, and out of these not a few, we suspect, of those whose advancement has been rapid, and whose beginnings humble, will be somewhat offended at these unwelcome recollections of their former origin. As we descend in the ladder of rank, we find a chapter or two dedicated to the lives and characters of a race of men, with whom our Author from his numerous literary engagements, must have been tolerably conversant—**THE BOOKSELLERS**. Under the titles of the *Queer Bookseller*—the *Cunning Bookseller*—the *Godly Bookseller*—the *Superb Bookseller*—the *Opulent Bookseller*, &c. we meet with some curious anecdotes of these patrons of paper and print. As a specimen of them, let us take the last.

"Come

"Come we now to the *OPULENT* Bookseller.—Our friend's connection with this personage was but slight, and rather amounting to a skirmish about terms, than to any serious engagement. The house of which this bookseller was the head, had been singularly fortunate in their purchases of copyright, and there were certain books of which they were the sole proprietors, and of which a large impression was annually called for, and which thus entailed a perpetual and hereditary opulence upon the establishment.

"Among the authors, of whose works they were the publishers, were numbers of the Great, and Rich, and Powerful, from many of whom they had obtained the reputation of being very liberal. But let it be remembered, that the sum which appears considerable, when paid as a remuneration to Noble or Episcopal gentlemen, who write for amusement only, becomes relatively small when apportioned to an author by profession, whose comforts and conveniences of life are obtained principally by the labour of his brains.

"With this latter description of writers, this opulent personage had a great deal more to do, and with such he invariably attempted to drive a hard bargain. Our friend once, it appears, was about to enter into an engagement with him of no inconsiderable magnitude: great labour and perseverance were required on one part, with the employment of three years at least, whilst a scanty and parsimonious remuneration was held out by the other. However, as the intellectual powers were then in full vigour, the ardour of literary ambition progressively increasing, and what perhaps had no small weight, a number of little people incessantly crying out for "*Crowdy*," the terms, though hard, were acceded to. A professional gentleman was employed to draw up the agreement, and a time was fixed for the signatures of the different parties. But when the agreement was produced, the reader may guess the *Sexagenarian's* astonishment, at perceiving a clause of which no warning had been given, purporting, that if any other publication, or rather translation, of the same work, should appear before the final completion and printing of the present, then the agreement was to be null and void.

"A most notable example of liberality truly! A poor author was to beat his brains, confine himself to one arduous labour for two years or more, and then if a similar work, no matter whence or where, should steal from its retirement on the eve of the publication of that in question, there was to be no compensation, acknowledgment, or reward, for so much time irretrievably lost. It cannot be a matter of wonder, that the poor author left the worshipful bookseller in disgust, (for worshipful he afterwards became) and never afterwards sought a renewal of his acquaintance.

"It may perhaps in some degree satisfy the reader's curiosity, to be informed, that what was thus prudently guarded against by the cautious man of wealth, actually took place. In the course of the two years which immediately succeeded, a precisely similar work had silently advanced to its accomplishment, and was suddenly and

and unexpectedly announced. Whether this would have superseded the necessity of the other, or have claimed a larger share of public approbation, is a matter which cannot be determined." Vol. II. p. 256.

The Sexagenarian has left us to guess how far Messrs. Cadell would be willing to own their resemblance to the portrait. We must not forget, however, that to the risks which are often run, and to the hazard encountered by these literary accoucheurs, often with a very distant prospect of reimbursement, we owe the possession of the most celebrated works both of the present and of the former age. In no body of men is the spirit of speculation stronger, or the abandonment of immediate profit more generous and disinterested. When we farther consider the fretful, fractious, conceited and capricious race of beings, called authors, with whom their business is transacted, we shall wonder the less at their occasional harshness and severity. It may, perhaps, be remarked, that in this profession, contrary to all others, in proportion to the increase of wealth and prosperity, there is a decrease of candour and generosity. The reasons we shall not now discuss, but the fact is indisputable. This will probably account for the grinding conditions imposed upon our author by the *opulent* bookseller.

It is now time to enquire into the character of the Sexagenarian himself, and the more so, because he but seldom obtrudes himself upon our notice, or makes himself the theme of his own discourse. In the early part of the volume, he has given us a very amusing account of his school and college life, and of his first *essais* in the province of letters. In the following sentences we find the description of his latter days.

"His earlier years have been pourtrayed by himself in a preceding part of the work, but ah! how changed was he in his latter days! his characteristic of mind was an extraordinary quickness; his characteristic of temper was cheerfulness. The first of these qualities he retained as long as we knew him. He could compose any thing in prose or in verse, as the physicans say, '*pro re nata*,' with a facility which seemed hardly credible, and with an accuracy which excited surprise. He has been known to write a sermon in the evening, which he preached on the following morning. In four mornings he wrote a book, which he intended as an amusement for his children. Some friends recommended him to print it, and though many years have elapsed since it was written, it still continues so great a favourite with younger readers, that an edition is every year published.

"In one morning, indeed in a few hours, he turned into verse that beautiful chapter of Ecclesiasticus, in which Wisdom praiseth herself, and expatiates on her accomplishments. Whoever is desirous of examining with what effect this task was performed, has
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only to refer to the translation of Bishop Lowth's Lectures on Isaiah, by Dr. Gregory, at whose request he so employed himself. Other examples might be specified, but these seem enough.

“ With respect to his characteristic cheerfulness, sooth to say, he had some hard trials; he had such an unsuspecting frankness of temper, that there could not be an easier task than to impose upon him. In more than one instance, he was defrauded of large sums of money, eventually to have been deceived, by a hasty confidence in plausible manners and fallacious representations. Knavery was greatly aided in every artifice and stratagem against his interest, by two things. The first was his necessities. He had a large family, and nothing to educate and maintain them, but what his activity and abilities provided. Consequently, he had never any thing in store, but as he used to say of himself, was obliged to scramble on in life as well as he could. Under such circumstances, a smaller immediate benefit was caught at, than one which, though splendid, was only visible at a distance.

“ The other auxiliary of knavery, was our friend's impatience of temper. He could not endure delay, or any thing in the shape of procrastination. Whatever was to be done, was to be done quickly. He considered any thing like a process, as insupportable tediousness. There are many subtle spirits on the watch for individuals of such infirmities; and of such spirits he was more than once the victim.

“ One other trial was bitterness itself, but as he himself has detailed it with no ordinary pathos, the circumstances need not here be revived. This also originated in a too easy disposition to believe every man honest who appeared so, and from his never exercising his mind to discover, beneath the veil of vivacity and good humour, the most nefarious intentions, and most abominable dishonesty.

“ This last event certainly preyed upon his mind, broke his spirits, impaired his health, and materially deteriorated his circumstances. Yet through this dark and oppressive gloom, rays of cheerfulness would often penetrate, enlivening himself and his connections with hopes of better days to come.

“ As life continued to wear itself away, he appears to have had his full share of those dark days, which, however, afflicting from their pressure, tend to render the prospect of the grave less formidable. As was before remarked, he abruptly withdrew himself from the ken of those, to whom his society had been familiar, and not undesirable.

“ Where or when, or under what circumstances, he ultimately paid the last awful tribute of nature, are not known with sufficient accuracy to admit of being introduced in our narrative. He does not, however, appear to have been altogether without consolation. Where a tree shoots out into many branches, some will be goodlier, more vigorous, and more productive than others. Some will bear fruit which is sweet and nutritious; some will bear none at all. In this respect he shared the common lot of humanity, but where
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he had cause he was, nevertheless, uncomplaining, except in the soft whispers of family confidence. He used, however, a bolder and a louder tone to one lofty personage, who volunteered to be the instrument of obtaining for him compensation for one of the greatest injuries and afflictions, which can either be encountered or sustained. Great, certain, and immediate loss, as to property, was not the sorest of the evils; this was exasperated by the sneers of the envious, the insinuations of the invidious, the taunts of the malignant,

‘ The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.’

“ Conscious integrity, however, ere long, armed him with a dignified confidence, but he never spoke without indignation of the great man above alluded to, who after raising his hopes to the highest pitch, smiled, and smiled, and smiled, and deserted him.

“ Of his talents and attainments, it is necessary to say but little. The productions of his pen again and again appeared before the public, on various occasions, and in a great multitude of shapes. Most of his works were received with respect, and many are still popular. Some unfinished things remained among his papers, and there are a few scattered memoranda in our Recollections, from which it appears that he had others in contemplation.” Vol. II. P. 127.

In this melancholy and affecting portrait, the reader will but too surely recognize the latter days of Mr. Beloe. We will dwell no longer upon the darker side of the picture, nor follow him through all the hard usage which he encountered from the desertion of treacherous friends, or from the attacks of malignant enemies; we would rather point our view to the brighter portions of his history. In his early days his talents introduced him into the highest circles of literary society; his exertions were rewarded by the great, and fostered by the good. His scholarship was varied rather than deep, and elegant rather than accurate. No man, perhaps, was better acquainted with the entertaining parts of literature, or more conversant in the art of gleaning from quarters very dissimilar, matter the most interesting and curious. In classical citations he was peculiarly happy, as the numerous mottoes in the volumes before us will amply testify. A beautiful passage, even in an author the most obscure, never appears to have escaped him.

In the present work will be found much to engage the attention of the young, and awake the recollections of the old. Little thinking perhaps, that the sheets which during his life-time he had revised, would form in fact a posthumous work, he was

unwilling

unwilling to give the names of his characters at full length. Many of them indeed are too well marked to be misapplied; but many have long since sunk into oblivion, and require the resuscitating power of a full length name to bring them to our remembrance. The mischief-makers of former days are past and gone, and we all are too closely engaged in watching the traitors of our own days, to acquaint ourselves with the history of the traitors of 1796. We much wish that a key had been subjoined to the work, giving us the names of those, who are at present designated only by enigmatical initials, or a mysterious dash. This might place, perhaps, some of the distinguished characters of the day in an awkward situation, but it would be a situation which, either by their pride or their meanness they have richly deserved. To the merits of all his cotemporaries the Sexagenarian appears particularly candid. In a few instances only we perceive the ebullitions of spleen or ill humour, and in every one of them the consciences of those against whom it is aimed, must too surely reproach them with the justice of the attack. These volumes have already excited much attention, and if we are not mistaken, they will hereafter excite much more; we only hope that the anonymous obscurity in which many of the personages here portrayed, are involved, will not damp the curiosity of the public, as a very little trouble will supply them with information necessary, and with the key required.

ART. VI. *An Introduction to Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, being Two Introductory Lectures delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons. By W. Lawrence, F.R.S. Professor of Anatomy to the College, Assistant Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. 8vo. 179pp. 6s. Callow. 1816.*

IN such unfeigned respect do we hold a profession, whose peculiar province it is to alleviate the sufferings of our frail and perishable frame, that we would not willingly become a party in the degradation of any of its distinguished members. There is a debt of gratitude due to those who have expended their talent and industry in lessening the capacity of human pain; and such a debt we shall on our part be always ready to acknowledge, by forbearing to molest them upon any ordinary deviation into nonsense. It was upon this principle that on a late occasion we omitted to notice the introductory Lectures of Mr. Abernethy, being unwilling

ling to disturb the reputation of a man, who in all his writings upon subjects strictly medical, has displayed a penetration and skill, which have contributed in no ordinary degree to the promotion of scientific research, and to the advancement of practical success. We might have found ample amusement for ourselves, and for our readers, in the *Metaphysics* of Mr. Abernethy, but as his eccentricities appeared to be productive of no mischievous result, we passed them over with a respectful smile.

We heartily wish, that with any regard to our duty as the guardians of public principle, we could have suffered the volume before us to have passed under no other censure but that of silence. Mr. Lawrence is a man who stands high in the practical part of his profession as a Surgeon and an Anatomist; the papers which he has written upon these subjects, display much industrious research, and if not original in their matter, are at least luminous and neat in their composition. From a few passages even in these we had perceived but too sure intimations of those views upon more important points, which Mr. Lawrence, probably from pure ignorance, has most unfortunately adopted, and has now for the first time publicly professed. With the private opinions of Mr. Lawrence, or of any other anatomist, upon the subject of religion, it is not within our province to interfere; but when doctrines of a tendency the most dangerous, are obtruded upon the public under the form of a scientific lecture, it becomes our duty both to detect and to expose the danger. In the volume before us, Mr. Lawrence has plainly told us, that medullary matter is capable of thought—that there is no independent living principle superadded to the structure of animal bodies—that life is the result of organization. Whether or not Mr. Lawrence is aware that these opinions inevitably lead to practical atheism, we shall not presume to determine; if he is not, it is expedient that he should know his own danger; if he is, it is still more expedient that the public should know theirs. We cannot for a moment suppose that the crudities and contradictions which this Volume exhibits, could have any effect upon a man, whose reasoning powers have been formed in any ordinary school of intellectual discipline. Few, however, of this description are to be found among the audience of Mr. Lawrence. By far the larger part of those who look up to Mr. Lawrence for instruction, as far as intellect is concerned, have received no education at all. At the age of fourteen all general instruction has in their case been concluded, and their views have been unceasingly directed to the study and practice of their future profession. The superiority which they feel from an early initiation in the mysteries of a science so important in its object, and so
general

general in its application naturally enough engenders that pertness and conceit which are the surest obstacles to any advancement in the paths of general knowledge. From dwelling again so minutely and so anxiously upon secondary causes, they rapidly contract the range of their intellect, till they finally lose every idea of the great first Cause of all things. Forgetting then the existence of a first cause, they endeavour to account for all *phenomena* from the action of secondary causes alone; the more accurately they observe, and the more deeply they investigate, the more surely they puzzle and perplex their understandings; till at last their embarrassments conclude in a state of general scepticism. Independently again of the natural pruriency of a pert and ignorant mind towards universal doubt, the younger students will find religious scepticism especially adapted to a course of sensual indulgence and practical profligacy. We are ready to concede that the belief of a superintending Providence, of Christian Redemption, and of a final Judgment, is in many cases exceedingly awkward and inconvenient. In a state either of intellectual or moral licentiousness, it cannot fail to raise a sort of qualmish and unpleasant sensation, which must be very distressing to a man of independent and liberal feelings. The sooner, therefore, it is got rid of, the better. And when this can be done without the slightest expence either of time or thought, by the application only of a few second-hand sneers translated from Voltaire, who would not emancipate themselves from so offensive a guest. Besides this, a man who summarily rejects Religion either natural or revealed, cannot fail of immediately establishing a character for deep investigation and original thought, which may, perhaps, be exceedingly useful to him in his subsequent practice.

This we take to be the general process of infidelity in the minds of the young; in the medical profession, indeed, the Lecturer has further opportunities of engrafting it upon the minds of his pupils by a sagacious sarcasm or two in the dissecting room, upon his disappointment in not finding the soul, &c. &c. We cannot suppose that such is the method adopted by Mr. Lawrence in the course either of his public or his private instructions. In the volume before us we are assured that he had no such meaning; we would not be supposed therefore to accuse him of either being infected himself, or of being desirous to infect others with these profligate and pernicious principles; we would only point out to him the dangerous consequences which might result from the opinions which he has avowed in the publication before us. We are confident that these opinions could never have been entertained by him in real earnest, as the contradiction of language and the confusion of idea so conspicuous

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throughout, are the surest signs that his mind could never have been made up upon the subject; for this very reason indeed no improper conclusions could be legitimately drawn from the work, because such is the nature of his reasoning, that it is impossible to conclude at all. In part, however, it might be wrested into infidelity by those of his pupils who, from their imperfect education might mistake assertions for proof, obscurity for depth, and perplexity for argument.

The first Lecture treats of the objects of Natural History and comparative Anatomy, and to the younger student will be a useful sort of road book, to point the way to superior excellence through the labours and productions of others. It is a good catalogue raisonné of the best writers of comparative Anatomy, from whose works few appear to have drawn more information than Mr. Lawrence, especially in the work before us. Our Lecturer indeed appears to be a perfect enthusiast in his profession, he seems to consider comparative Anatomy as the first and the last of all human sciences, to comprehend within itself all that is worthy of the study or the labour of man.

"The contemplation of nature, however, is not recommended to you solely by its reference to intellectual objects; it exerts a beneficial and important influence on the moral dispositions. The tranquil occupation, which it supplies to the mind, is a salutary contrast to the restless agitation of avarice and ambition. Its innocent pleasures are well calculated to detach us from the frivolous and destructive pursuits of dissipation or debauchery, and to lead us to estimate at their true value the ordinary objects of human exertion; on which we may then look down with the calm indifference so well portrayed by the philosophic poet:

"Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
 Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
 Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ;
 Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate:
 Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
 Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.
 O miseræ hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!" P. 112.

Thus, then, according to Mr. Lawrence, the estimation of the ordinary objects of human exertion, at their true value, is to be made by comparative anatomy; a happy method this of reconciling all the dissensions between the agricultural and the manufacturing interests. We expect to see, during the next session, the opinion of Mr. Abernethy on the subject of Triennial Parliaments, of Sir Everard Home upon the exportation of cotton twist, or of Mr. Ashley Cooper, upon the interest of Exchequer Bills. We may expect, in some future debate, to hear a scientific disquisition of Mr. Brougham upon the tusks of
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the tiger; of Sir Samuel Romilly, upon the fang of the adder; or of Lord Castlereagh, upon the sliminess of the eel. The *habeas corpus*, indeed, might have been discussed with peculiar propriety in a dissecting-room.

But Mr. Laurence is very angry that comparative anatomy should not constitute a part of education in our national Universities.

“That the monastic institutions of a barbarous age should contain no provisions for teaching natural science, will not be a matter of wonder, because natural science did not then exist: these establishments were at least calculated for teaching according to the measure of knowledge at the period of their institution. But what excuse shall we find for the modern *universities* as they are called, of a nation which fancies itself the most enlightened in Europe? *Universities*, which totally neglect natural history and all its connected pursuits, as if they were no part of *universal* knowledge.” P. 87.

We will set Mr. Lawrence right upon this point in a few words. The Universities of England are intended as places of general education, not of instruction in any particular science. It is the purpose of “these monastic institutions of a barbarous age,” to arm their intellect with the powers of general reasoning, to give the young the habits of severe and patient thought, and to lay deeply in their minds the foundation upon which all future knowledge is to be built. In them the youth of this country are taught the principles of evidence in affairs sacred and human, the nature of legitimate argument, the eternal power of truth opposed to the subtleties of sophistry. The higher philosophy of Greece and Rome, the finished models of classical literature, the laws of composition, the detestation of sciolism and conceit, the life-springs of good taste and good principle, these are the objects pursued, and these are the ends proposed by our English Universities. We beg pardon of Mr. Lawrence for speaking of matters in which he is so little concerned, but we will leave off trifling and come to comparative anatomy. Lectures upon this and other portions of natural history are delivered in both our Universities, as upon a part of general knowledge, and as a useful relaxation from severer labours. It is not the object of our academical education to confine and cripple the faculties of youth with the specific studies and mechanical parts of their future profession; chemistry, mineralogy, and anatomy, are lectured upon in our Universities, not so much for the sake of teaching the elements of each particular science, as of generally opening and amplifying the powers of the mind; and they, who by a patient continuance and undivided attention

to academical studies alone, have thus strengthened, enlarged, and disciplined their reasoning faculties, when they enter upon the specific subject of their future profession, will enter upon it with a masterly vigour and a commanding power, to which all the flippery and insolence of superficial sciolism is a stranger.

But to return to Mr. Lawrence and Comparative Anatomy. We shall now introduce our readers to Mr. Lawrence's second Lecture, which is dedicated to the subject of LIFE.

To guard his hearers against those mistaken notions which result from loose and indefinite expressions, and to lead them to a correct mode of reasoning, Mr. Lawrence commences his enquiries with the following exordium :

“ Our object being to take a survey of structure, and of the functions which it executes, through the whole animal kingdom, I shall inquire first, what we are to understand by an animal, and what idea we are to attach to life.

“ On this and all other occasions I shall endeavour to convey to you *clear notions* of the subjects which I propose for your attention; I will therefore carefully explain to you the sense of the terms employed, and avoid all those which have an equivocal meaning.

“ I exhort you to be particularly on your guard against *loose and indefinite expressions*; they are the bane of all science; and have been remarkably injurious in the different departments of our own.

“ Equal caution is necessary in verifying facts; the authenticity of which should always undergo a close examination. They are the foundation of our physiological reasonings; if they are insecure, the whole structure erected on them is at every moment liable to fall. So long as we attend to these two points, the scrutiny of facts and the definition of terms, our progress, though slow, will be sure. On subjects not sufficiently examined, it is better to confess our ignorance, than to attempt to hide it by arbitrary assumption and vague language. We thus mark out objects for further investigation. Most of the physical sciences afford us an excellent model for the method of proceeding. Unfortunately the various branches of medical science abound with examples of all abuses; of facts loosely admitted, of words vaguely employed, of reasonings most incorrect and inconclusive.

“ I shall not be anxious to attract your attention by novelty, nor by multitude of details; but shall rather attempt to exhibit the various parts of the subject in their natural connexion and order; to lead you to a correct mode of reasoning; and to the best method of investigating and cultivating the science.” P. 117.

After this grave exordium we now come to Mr. Lawrence's definitions, and to the means by which he “ leads his pupils to a correct mode of reasoning.”

“ Organization means the peculiar composition, which distinguishes living bodies; in this point of view they are contrasted with inorganic,

inorganic, inert, or dead bodies. Vital properties, such as sensibility and irritability, are the means, by which organization is capable of executing its purposes; the vital properties of living bodies correspond to the physical properties of inorganic bodies; such as cohesion, elasticity, &c. Functions are the purposes, which any organ or system of organs executes in the animal frame; there is of course nothing corresponding to them in inorganic matter. Life is the assemblage of all the functions, and the general result of their exercise. Thus organization, vital properties, functions, and life are expressions related to each other; in which organization is the instrument, vital properties the acting power, function the mode of action, and life the result." P. 120.

So then we have an instrument, an acting power, a mode of action, and a result. All this is very intelligible. Organization then is the instrument which produces life as its result. But in the first sentence Mr. Lawrence informs us, that organization is *the peculiar composition which distinguishes living bodies as contrasted with inorganic or dead bodies*. Here then it appears that life so far from being the *result*, is in fact a *component part* of the said instrument, and that so far from life being the consequence or result of organization, that no organization can exist without it. So according to Mr. Lawrence, "Life is the result of the peculiar composition which distinguishes living bodies." Or in other words, we first take for granted the existence of life, and then we prove it to result from its own existence. Admirable logic this for the young surgeons. Life, again says Mr. Lawrence, is the *assemblage* of all the functions and the general *result* of their exercise. Just now he made the result co-existing with the instrument of its production, and now he makes it the same with the mode of action, or in other words, with the mode of producing it.

Let us take Mr. Lawrence on his own ground, a scalpel is the instrument—a hand the acting power—cutting the mode of action—and a wound the result. What would Mr. Lawrence say to the man who should assert that the wound was co-existent with the scalpel, or again that the act of cutting was a wound?

After all this, in the very next page Mr. Lawrence informs us that *the vital properties or forces animate living matter, so long as it continues alive*. Or in other words, that they animate (or give life) to matter which has life, so long as it continues to have life. Mighty generous truly in these aforesaid vital properties. Mr. Lawrence would have been taught a very different style of reasoning at our English Universities, even though they have no school of comparative Anatomy.

First then we were told that organization was the instrument

ment and life the result; we were then told the organization and life were co-existent; and now we are told that

“The result of all these enquiries, I have no hesitation in affirming, to be, that *no connection* has been established in any one case between the *organic texture* and its *vital power*.”—P. 143.

This is the mode in which we suppose Mr. Lawrence leads the young surgeons to “a correct mode of reasoning.” But let us follow Mr. Lawrence a little farther in this same paragraph, where he informs us

“That there is nothing, either in the nature of the tissue, or in the combination of the elements, of any animal structure, that could enable us to determine beforehand what kind of living phenomena it will exhibit: and consequently that this, like all other branches of human knowledge, consists simply in an observation of the succession of events. Would the mere examination of muscular fibres, without any observation of their living action, have ever enabled you to determine that they possess the power of contraction? Would a comparison of the fibres of the deltoid, the heart and the diaphragm have shewn you that the former will contract in obedience to the will: that the second are uninfluenced by the will, and that the third act both spontaneously and voluntarily? *Would any length of contemplation have led you to discover that medullary substance is capable of sensation and of thought?* Could you have known from the structure of the stomach that it digests, or from that of the liver that it secretes.”

We apprehend that from the construction of the liver it might be known to be a gland, and therefore probably to secrete, but what that secretion would be we certainly could not divine. But medullary matter is capable of thought—this is indeed a discovery which no length of contemplation would have enabled us to make; but as Mr. Lawrence has assured us that medullary matter is capable of thought, he may be good enough, perhaps, to inform us next, what is the result of its meditations. We should be much gratified in knowing what the medullary matter in the bone of our left leg is thinking of at this present moment.

At all events, if medullary matter is capable of thought, then when this medullary matter perishes, the power of thought also must perish with it; and so much for the immortality and even for the very existence of the soul. As to medullary matter being capable of thought, it is the old question of materialism over again, of which the following is, perhaps, as simple a solution as any. We know, by experiment, that matter is infinitely divisible, we know, by experience, that unity is essential to thought, and that consciousness cannot be divided. How then

can that which is essentially indivisible form a constituent part of that which is essentially divisible? When Mr. Lawrence will solve this simple question, we will believe with him that medullary matter thinks, or that white is black, or black white.

We now come to the conclusion of the whole.

“ It seems to me that this hypothesis or fiction of a subtle invisible matter, animating the visible textures of animal bodies, and directing their motions, is only an example of that propensity in the human mind, which has led men at all times to account for those phenomena, of which the causes are not obvious, by the mysterious aid of higher and imaginary beings. Thus in the earlier ages of the world, and in less advanced states of civilization, all the appearances of nature, which the progress of science enables us to explain by means of natural causes, have been referred to the immediate operation of the divinity.

“ The storm was the work of Jupiter, who is sculptured with the thunderbolt in one hand, and grasping the lightning with the other: Eolus produced the winds; Neptune agitated the ocean; Vulcan and Pluto shook the globe with volcanoes and earthquakes. So far was this belief in invisible agencies carried, that each grove and each tree, each fountain and each river, was regarded as the abode of its peculiar deity;—the **fawns*, the dryads, the nymphs of the elegant Grecian mythology; the sprites, the elves, the fairies of more modern credulity. Poetry, which speaks the language of the people, and appeals to their common feelings, is full of illustrations of this observation. Personification is its most common figure; and, so strong is our disposition to clothe all surrounding objects with our own sentiments and passions, to animate the dead matter around us with human intellect and expression, that the boldest examples of this figure do not shock us. In his sublime description of a tempest, Virgil not only makes the monarch of Olympus ‘ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm,’ but brings him before our eyes in the very act of hurling the lightning, and casting down mountains with the bolt.

“ Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra: quo maxuma motu
Terra tremit; fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Cerania telo
Dejicit.

* Does Mr. Lawrence by the word *fawns* mean young deer? We can assure him that these animals formed no part of Grecian Mythology. The Fauni, or Fauns, were a sort of rural deities worshipped by the Romans: but even these were never heard of by the Greeks.

“ Thus

" Thus we find at last that the philosopher with his archeus, his anima, or his subtile and mobile vital fluid, is about on a level, in respect to the mental process, by which he has arrived at it, with the

' Poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.'

It may appear unnecessary to disturb those, who are inclined to indulge themselves in these harmless reveries. The belief in them, as in sorcery and witchcraft, is not grounded in reasoning, and therefore has nothing to fear from argument. I only oppose such hypotheses, when they are adduced with the array of philosophical deduction, because they involve suppositions without any ground in observation or experience, the only sources of our information on these subjects. I repeat to you that the science of physiology, in its proper acceptation, is made up of the facts, which we learn by observation and experiment on living beings, or on those which have lived; of the comparison of these with each other; of the analogies which such comparison may discover, and the general laws to which it may lead. So long as we proceed in this path, every step is secure; when we endeavour to advance beyond its termination, we wander without any guide or direction, and are liable to be bewildered at every moment. To say, that we can never arrive at the first cause of the vital phenomena, would be presumptuous; but it is most true, that all the efforts to penetrate its nature have been equally unsuccessful, from the commencement of the world to the present time. Their complete failure in every instance has now led almost universally to their abandonment, and may induce us to acquiesce on this point in the observations of Lucretius on a parallel subject :

Ignoratur enim quæ sit natura animai ;
Nata sit, an contra, nascentibus insinuetur,
Et simul intereat nobiscum morte dirempta;
An tenebras orci visat, vastasque lacunas."—P. 174.

And now let us ask Mr. Lawrence under whose controul are those very natural causes, by which the progress of science has enabled us to explain so many phænomena, and who impressed these laws upon the agents of this natural world?—Who was it that gave man a soul to think, and of that soul will hereafter require a solemn account?

The existence of an independent living principle superadded to our animal structure, is strongly denied by Mr. Lawrence; we know not whether Mr. Lawrence is aware, that by this denial he controverts also the very existence of the soul: so that after having lived for our natural time, and having re-produced our kind, we have answered the purposes of our creation, and are no more. But, because we cannot tell how the soul animates

mates the body, is that any reason why it should not animate it at all. If thought be produced by the brain, then according to all the laws of animal economy, when the brain is diseased, the thought would be disordered. But how many instances are there, when after a considerable part of the brain has been destroyed by abscess, the intellectual powers have been as brilliant as ever. Common observation will teach us that thought and animal life are very different things. Many cases have come within our own knowledge, where, when the taper of life has been exhausted even to its last spark, and dissolution was now rapidly coming on, the soul, so far from partaking in the decay or the destruction of the body, has appeared to be endued with a strength and clearness of intellectual vision, increasing gradually as the moment of its emancipation from the body was now more nearly approaching.

Materialism and Atheism go hand in hand, for when once we have got rid of our soul, which is a spirit, we get rid, by the same process, of God, who is a spirit also : or in Mr. Lawrence's words, we reject the existence of an independent living principle, and the *mysterious aid of higher and imaginary beings*, i. e. a superintending Providence. Materialism and Atheism went together as early as the days of the old Ionic school, and their partnership will not be dissolved even to its latest posterity.

If this should meet the eye of a young surgeon who has been seduced, either through ignorance or conceit, into an admiration of these doctrines, let him but for a moment consider how mean and miserable is the ground upon which they stand. To such wretched contradictions, and such palpable absurdities are men reduced when they want to annihilate that noblest gift of God to man, THE IMMORTAL SOUL. Let the younger part of the medical profession remember, that the Almighty cannot be sneered out of his existence, nor a soul reasoned out of its immortality. Let them also bear in mind, that stale sarcasm is not wit, that crude contradictions are not argument ; that scepticism is not the sign of a strong mind, nor sophistry of a good one ; but that atheism is the pander of profligacy, and free thinking but another word for no thinking at all.

ART. VII. *Atheniensia, or Remarks on the Topography and Buildings of Athens.* By William Wilkins, A.M. F.A.S. late Fellow of Gonvil and Caius College, Cambridge. 8vo. 218 pp. Murray. 1816.

THERE is scarcely a man in the present day, who unites in his own person the scholar and the architect, with more success than Mr.

Mr. Wilkins. It is with peculiar pleasure therefore that we view him upon Athenian ground: we are in possession indeed of many valuable accounts of this illustrious city, but they are chiefly from the hands of scholars, who, in describing the remains of ancient architecture, speak from their feelings rather than from their knowledge. We are happy therefore to find an architectural survey of the topography and buildings of Athens, taken not merely with the rule and line of science, but with the eye of scholarship; which shall not only give us a minute and accurate description of all that we admire in Athens, but shall give it in a manner most congenial to our feelings.

The first Chapter of Mr. Wilkins's work is upon the origin of Grecian Architecture. We shall not attempt to follow him through all his ingenious conjectures upon this matter, for conjectures they must be at last, but shall hasten to his descriptions of Grecian architecture as it actually exists, to Athens and to the Acropolis itself.

"The rock of the Acropolis is on three sides rugged and steep. On the west the ascent is less difficult: here, as in former times, is the only approach. Near the summit is a broad flight of nine steps by which the terrace, or platform, in front of the Propylæa * was formerly approached. These steps extend the whole width of the principal portico, and are flanked by two square pedestals of considerable magnitude and height, which appear to have supported equestrian statues. The most entire of them bears an inscription in honour of Agrippa. Pausanias mentions the existence of such statues,† near this building, although he affects uncertainty as to their representing the sons of Xenophon.

"The evidence afforded by the inscription would have determined the question; but Pausanias is thought to have preferred a state of ignorance, rather than gratify his curiosity at the risque of being obliged to perpetuate a compliment paid by the Athenian people to a deified Roman.

"The ancient entrance to the Acropolis has been closed by the Turks: the columns in front are almost wholly immured in the buildings of the modern fortification. Proceeding along the platform in front of the portico, we enter through a gateway made in the flank of a building attached to the Propylæa, and forming a kind of wing to the edifice: whence turning suddenly to the left,

* "The whole of the building was termed 'Propylæa,' although in fact, this term only alludes to the porticoes: they were called so from being advanced before the five gates by which the citadel was entered."

† Meursius says, that the equestrian statues were upon the roof, but in this he has misrepresented Pausanias.

and following the course of the flank wall, we arrive at that portico of the Propylæa which fronted inwardly towards the Acropolis.

“ When we contemplate the remains of the buildings of the Acropolis, and the imagination has cleared them from the masses that encumber them, we discover sufficient grounds for the encomiums lavished by all writers, both ancient and modern, upon the monuments which cast a lustre upon the government of Pericles. Recurring to the ages which have elapsed since their erection, and the ravages inflicted upon them, as well through the wanton excesses of the Goths, as by the destructive engines of modern warfare, we might be prepared for the loss of all beauty and character in these master-pieces of art. But beauty and character still exist, although certainly in a far less degree, than before Alaric and the northern barbarians over-ran Greece and converted her richest shrines to heaps of ruins.

“ It has been objected to the design of the Propylæa, that the enlargement of the interval between the two central columns of the porticoes, is inconsistent with the apparent stability and massive grandeur which ought to characterize all buildings of a severe style of architecture. In the present state of the ruin it is not easy to decide whether a failure in these requisites accompanied such a deviation from the common practice of the Greeks. The temples of Egypt, which have a still greater heaviness of character, are deficient in neither, yet a similar enlargement has been adopted in most of them. I am inclined to think that neither suffered from this circumstance, especially as no violation of symmetry in the outline presented by the front, followed from this enlargement of the central opening; and it was to the preservation of this symmetry that the Greeks seem to have attached an importance beyond all other considerations.

“ In all the temples of Greece, the proportion of the height to the extent was particularly an object of attention; and although the proportion was different in temples which had a different number of columns in the front, yet the desire to depart from it as little as possible is manifest. Wherever, the number of columns in the fronts was increased, their intervals were diminished. Thus the intercolumniations of the hexastyle temple of Theseus, are not in the same proportion to the diameter of the columns as those of the Parthenon, which is octastyle; the proportion in the latter is less by nearly half the diameter.* In the tetrastyle portico of the Erechtheum, the intervals are equivalent to three diameters of the columns, but in the hexastyle portico of the same building, they are two only.

* “ If the diameter of the columns of the temple of Theseus be expressed by unity, the intervals would be represented by 1.625. Upon a similar supposition the intervals between the columns of the Parthenon would be represented by 1.155.”

"The expediency of adopting such a principle seems to have been generally felt, and especially in hexastyle temples; for if we compare buildings of this description, however remotely situated, and however the proportions of the parts in detail may be different, little variation will be found in the extent compared with the height*.

"When it is considered that the Propylæa afforded the only approach to the Acropolis, the necessity for one wide entrance will be readily admitted. The intervals between the columns would not have been, but for this enlargement, more than seven feet; the central interval is made by this expedient more than thirteen. Now although the carriages of the ancients were not so wide as those of the present day, sufficient room must have been allowed in order to protect the columns from the injuries to which they were liable through the delicacy of the angles of the fluting. Thirteen feet is probably more than would have been necessary, but on the other hand, seven feet would not have been sufficient for this purpose; there could however be no alternative between the usual interval and that space, because both were governed by the arrangement of the triglyphs.

"I am here assuming it for granted, that carriages were admitted through the Propylæa: a supposition against which the abruptness of the ascent offers no real objection; since carriages laden with the blocks used in the construction of the Parthenon were drawn by mules up the steep †; and if the whole of the Panathenaic procession reached the temple of Minerva, a supposition highly probable, horsemen and chariots must have passed through the porticoes of the former building. The steps both without and within may seem to present an obstacle to the passage of carriages; but this might have been obviated by means of inclined planes, either permanently constructed, or occasionally placed for this purpose‡. The broad flight leading to the terrace in

* "The proportions of the four following temples, all of the hexastyle kind, will sufficiently attest the accuracy of this observation.

	Height.	Width.	
"Temple at Pæstum	42.1.47	78.10.—	} that is in the proportion of {
..... of Jupiter in	} 24.2. 3	44.10.65	
..... Egina.			
..... Theseus			
..... Concord at	25.2.27	45. 2.95	
..... Agrigentum	30.8.82	54.10. 5	
			1.785"

† "Plut. in Catone maj."

‡ "I have been informed by travellers recently returned from Greece, that some excavations lately made within the Propylæa have

in front of the building could not indeed have been ascended by such means; but the carriage road may have proceeded along the front of these steps, and, after gradually ascending for a certain distance, turned to the right under the walls of the right wing, and formed a junction with the terrace, between the angle of the building and the great pedestal flanking the steps at that end. There are considerable remains of a strong wall, which seems to have been built to support an embankment of earth, raised for such a purpose, upon the surface of the rock.

"The Propylæa were begun under the auspices of Pericles, in fourth year of the 85th Olympiad*. The architect was Mnesicles. The building was completed in five years, and is reputed to have cost a sum equivalent to £464,000. sterling. This statement seems wholly incredible, when the value of money at that time, and the facilities of building possessed by the Athenians, are considered. The marble of Pentelicus was brought from the quarries either upon a descent, or on level ground, for nearly the whole interval of space between them and the foot of the Acropolis. Here the difficulties of transporting it began, and a considerable expense must have been incurred in overcoming them; but compared with the vast sum reported to have been expended, it could not have been considerable. The cost has either been mistated, or it may probably be understood to have embraced the execution of all the works completed by Pericles." P. 75.

Mr. Wilkins observes that it was a custom with the ancients, to gild the outside of their temples. Nor was this custom confined to the Greeks alone, but it appears to have prevailed even in Italy. An inscription, relating to the temple of Pomona, at Salernum, records the gilding of the pediment. The effect of this may easily be imagined, by any one who has seen the dome of the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, which, when the rays of the sun strike upon it, presents at a distance a brilliant, though from its rarity, rather a fantastic object.

Mr. Wilkins proceeds next to describe the Parthenon, a building which Wheler in 1676 saw entire. It sustained a tremendous injury in 1687, from a shell fired from the opposite hill of the Museum, which destroyed half the fabric; since that time it appears to have experienced a more than ordinary share of dilapidation, both from the hand of time and of wilful spoliation. With the following observations of Mr. Wilkins on the sculptures by which it is adorned, we were much pleased.

have shewn that this was actually the case: the floor from one front to the other, for a width nearly equal to the central intercolumniation, is one continued inclined plane; and is much worn by wheels."

* "The building was begun in the archonship of Euthymenes, and finished in that of Pythodorus. B. C. 437."

“ In forming an opinion of the merit of the sculptures adorning the Parthenon; we must divest our minds of all those associations which diffuse a charm over the productions of the Greeks; and endeavour to consider them abstractedly as works of art. If upon examination they should be found to demand, in this point of view, less of our admiration than is commonly claimed for them, no argument will be thereby afforded against the pre-eminence of Grecian sculpture: the neglect of execution is to be attributed to a laudable economy of talent, which withheld its profuse expenditure upon occasions so little favourable to its display.

“ Whoever considers the composition of the frize, will not fail to observe, that all the groupes, whatever their attitudes, occupy the entire height of the frame. Horsemen, pedestrians, and victors in cars of triumph, are all nearly of one uniform height. This *isocephalism* has not been effected without some violation of drawing; but the picture was to be filled, and richness of effect produced at the expense of keeping in the proportions of the parts.

“ The learned and accomplished author of a recent essay on ancient sculpture, whose taste and judgment upon such subjects is undisputed, has well explained in what the merit of the sculptures consist. In his remarks upon the works of the most celebrated sculptors of Greece, he observes, ‘ Of Phidias’s general style of composition, the frizes and metopes of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, published by Mr. Stuart, and since brought to England, may afford us competent information; but as these are merely architectural sculptures executed from his designs and under his directions, probably by workmen scarcely ranked amongst artists, and meant to be seen at more than forty feet from the eye, they can throw but little light upon the more important details of his art. From the degree and mode of relief in the frizes they appear to have been intended to produce an effect like that of the simplest kind of monochromatic paintings, when seen from their proper point of sight; which effect must have been extremely light and elegant. The relief in the metopes is much higher, so as to exhibit the figures nearly complete; and the details are more elaborately made out: but they are so different in their degrees of merit, as to be evidently the works of many different persons; some of whom would not have been entitled to the rank of artists in a much less cultivated and fastidious age.’ ”

“ Supported by such authority, we may venture to check that mistaken enthusiasm which venerates the sculptures as the works of Phidias; who rarely, if ever, wrought in marble, and whose employment in directing and superintending the works of the Parthenon is too clearly explained to admit of any misconstruction.

“ The situation of the sculptures would lead us to expect that their execution was adapted to the circumstances under which they could be inspected. The groupes in the pediments, and the figures in the metopæ might indeed be viewed from a distance more than sufficient to obviate the disadvantages arising from the foreshorten-
ing

ing occasioned by the proximity of a spectator to the building: but the loss of the minutiae of execution must have been the necessary consequence of this distant inspection; nor could a vigorous effect be produced without extravagant action in the composition, and a disproportionate relief in the details of execution.

“The sculpture in the frize along the cella walls, could only have been viewed under great disadvantages: a spectator must have approached within thirty feet of the peristyle, before the whole height of the frize could be seen by him: he had then to contemplate an object raised more than forty feet above the eye. Removed therefore, beyond the reach of critical examination, no reason can exist for imagining that all the energies of art should have been exerted in their execution.

“The better execution of frize over the two entrances into the body of the temple may perhaps be accounted for, by observing, that as these receded further from the columns before them, the frize above might be viewed from a greater distance; when the angle made by the axis of vision would be less acute, and the light considerably stronger.” P. 117.

Mr. Wilkins is clearly of opinion that the Greeks used cement in the construction of their buildings. They used it indeed but sparingly, and never applied it to the face of the building; they were especially careful in fitting the stones well together; so that often the separation or joint is scarcely visible. They were much less sparing indeed in the use of iron cramps, in fixing which, melted lead was frequently used, as in modern buildings.

After a survey of the Acropolis, and the buildings upon it, Mr. Wilkins descends into the lower city. The first object which attracts his notice is the magnificent ruin of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius.

“In a south-eastern direction from the Acropolis, at the distance of about five hundred yards from the foot of the rock, stands sixteen gigantic columns, of the Corinthian order of architecture. They are the remains of a temple which formerly boasted of an hundred and twenty? so disposed as to present a triple row of ten in each front, and a double row of twenty in the flanks. The length of the temple, measured upon the upper step, was three hundred and fifty-four feet; its breadth, one hundred and seventy-one. The columns of this stupendous edifice were six feet and a half in diameter, and more than sixty feet high. The entire building was constructed with the marble from the quarries of Pentelicus.

“From the contemplation of a building of these extraordinary dimensions, and of a cost commensurate with its extent and the beauty of its execution, we are naturally led to an enquiry after the bold projector of a structure, worthy of the Athenian people in the most brilliant period of their history.

“From

"From amongst the most celebrated temples of antiquity Vitruvius has selected four examples, which he extols as surpassing all others in magnificence and extent: these were the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that of Apollo at Miletus, the mystic temple of Ceres at Eleusis, and the temple of Jupiter-Olympius at Athens.

"Whether or not the ruins in question formed a part of the Athenian temple which ancient writers have concurred in celebrating, may be thought to depend in great measure upon the magnitude of the building in its original state, compared to that of the others with which the Olympieum is conjointly mentioned by Vitruvius: and it is material to the identification of these ruins with the object of the eulogium of this author, to shew that, in point of extent it was not inferior to one, at least, of the four selected examples. That such is the fact is placed beyond the shadow of a doubt, by the result of a recent search; and although upon the authority of Pliny, we presume the Ephesian temple to have been considerably larger than that which is the subject of the present enquiry, exceeding it, according to his report, in length seventy feet, and in width fifty, we can assert from the undoubted testimony of competent witnesses that the other two were inferior in size to the temple of which these columns constituted a part.

"Hence it follows, that the building of which we are now speaking was entitled to be ranked amongst the sacred structures most celebrated for their magnificence and colossal proportions, and this alone, considering that one of them is stated to have adorned the Athenian capital, would have been proof sufficient that the ruins in question are the remains of the temple of Jupiter-Olympius. But Vitruvius by relating that the edifice to which he alludes was of the Corinthian order—that it had ten columns in the fronts and a double row in the flanks establishes the point and places it beyond the doubt of the most inveterate scepticism.

"The temple thus described by Vitruvius is said to be situated in *asty*—the city, so called in contradistinction to the Acropolis, which was anciently termed *πρόλις*, by the Athenians, and is always denominated by Vitruvius *arx*, or citadel.

"In an early period of Grecian history, mention is made of a temple of Jupiter-Olympius at Athens. The foundation of this structure having outlived all record at the time of Pausanias visited Greece, vulgar opinion regarded it as a production of the age of Deucalion. It is probable that Thucydides, who mentions the existence of an ancient temple of Jupiter-Olympius, in the plain lying south of the Acropolis, alludes to the building whose early date is thus noticed by the Grecian traveller.

"Scarcely any author of antiquity, who has had occasion to speak of Athens, fails to mention the efforts made to complete a temple dedicated to Jupiter-Olympius. It appears to have been projected in the first instance by Pisistratus, but remained unfinished until the time of Hadrian: by no one however is any allusion made to the advancement in any stage of its progress towards completion.

Pisistratus

Pisistratus, according to Vitruvius, seems to have prepared for its commencement, but the plan, such as we now discover it to have been, was not finally determined until the time of Antiochus, who engaged Cossutius to complete the design. It was not however finished in the time of Augustus, for Seutonius, in his life of this Emperor, alludes to an engagement which the kings in alliance with Augustus contracted to complete the edifice. The task of putting the finishing stroke to this stupendous undertaking was reserved for Hadrian, who dedicated the temple and placed the statue of the deity.

"In what state of advancement the temple was found by Hadrian, it is impossible to ascertain; but the progress of the building is so frequently alluded to by ancient writers in treating of the period between the foundation and its completion, that no extension of complimentary language could cause it to be regarded as a work of the Emperor: we consequently find it excluded from that division of the city which Hadrian contributed so largely to embellish. The substructure of the peribolus, which is in part remaining, proves that to have been the production of later times; and if it has been originally surrounded within by a cloister, or portico, according to the mode which was almost universal, it would of itself have been no contemptible undertaking.

"There are some peculiarities in this building which plainly denote a departure from the principles of the Greek architects, and the adoption of a mode which was prevalent at Rome. The bases of the columns of the outer peristyle are less in depth than those of the inner colonnade, and instead of rising immediately from the unbroken line of the step, are elevated upon plinths. As this is an unequivocal proof of the Roman school of architecture, we may perhaps be warranted in drawing the line between the portion completed before Antiochus, and that subsequently finished in the intervening period between his reign and the dedication of the temple by Hadrian. There is nothing in the architecture of the building to render it improbable that the outer peristyle was completed by Roman architects; on the contrary, the epistylia divided into three unequal fasciæ, denote a style of architecture not so early as the Greek, nor so late as the Romans in the time of Hadrian." P. 151.

Mr. Wilkins then proceeds to give us a survey of the remaining structures in the same scientific and masterly style. To the scholar and to the architect, the volume before us will be a very interesting production. To the general reader, it may possibly appear dry and uninteresting, as it descends more minutely into details purely architectural. It may more properly be termed a *survey*, rather than a description of the buildings of Athens.

Upon the subject of one inscription, we shall differ from Mr. Wilkins. Upon Adrian's arch, as we approach the south front, we find an inscription, declaring that what we see is the city of Adrian, not of Theseus: on the other front is inscribed,

G

"What

"What you see, is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus." These two inscriptions, according to Mr. Wilkins, are there.

"Α ἰδεῖς Ἀθηναὶ Θησεως ἡ πρὶν πόλις.

"I adopt Chandler's reading of these inscriptions in preference to Stuart's; inasmuch as the former ranks as a scholar far above the author of the *Antiquities of Athens*. The latter reads the first quoted of these inscriptions, thus,

"Α, δ' εἰς Ἀδριανου κ' οὐχὶ Θησεως πόλις." P. 49.

We wonder that Mr. Wilkins should not perceive that in Dr. Chandler's reading, there is a double blunder, both with respect to grammar and to metre: *α* should in both cases be *ἦν*; for to understand *τειχίσματα*, or *δώματα* would be Greek too barbarous for the time of Adrian. The second inscription should clearly be read *αἰδ' εἰς Ἀθηναί, Θήσεως ἡ πρὶν πόλις*. The letters in either case are precisely the same.

ΑΙΔΕΙΣ. κ. τ. λ.

Besides, in an Iambic verse, an open vowel is intolerable. Add to which, the demonstrative *αἰδ'*, is infinitely preferable to *α ἰδεῖς*, or *ἦν ἰδεῖς*, and much more in the inscriptive style.

We shall be happy to see the labours of Mr. Wilkins employed upon a much more extended scale, in the description and survey of Athenian antiquities, either from his own materials, or in conjunction with others. Much remains yet to be effected in this department of Greek literature.

ART. VIII. *Margaret of Anjou. A Poem in Ten Cantos.*
By Miss Holford. 4to. pp. 471. 2l. 2s. Murray.
1816.

THE Wallace of Miss Holford did credit to her poetical powers, nor do we think that she will lose her character from the production before us. The subject is well chosen, the versification is harmonious, and the incidents are not ill arranged. There is a weightiness still about the whole, of which the ponderous quarto in which it is contained is but too inauspicious a signal. Ten cantos are rather too large an allowance of an epic poem of modern days, unless reading becomes an exercise of duty, and so many pages are waded through in a day as a mere matter of principle. Miss Holford appears to have expended much labour and pains in the poem before us, and so far from partaking in the carelessness of modern poets, that her verses betray too much exertion. Occasionally we find
afine

a fine and spirited passage. Let us take the following description of the heroine :

III.

“ With leaden pace, hour after hour
Roll'd wearily away ;
The dew-drop hung in every flow'r ;
And now behind the western bow'r,
Slow sinking, shed the parting day
A bright yet melancholy ray,
A farewell glance,—then clos'd its eye,
And mingled with eternity !

IV.

“ Thro' many a heavy hour the Queen
Sate musing mid the lonely scene ;
She sate, with folded arms, reclining,
And anxious watch'd the day declining :
Amid the glen the evening wind
In low but fitful murmurs crept ;
And where on high the branches twin'd,
With nimble bound the squirrel leapt ;
With rustling wing the speckled thrush
Fluttered unseen within the bush,
And, as the twilight shades were falling,
Each bird its truant mate was calling ;
And Margaret started oft, and thought
Each sound confus'd that met her ear
Proclaim'd the expected herald near,
From Hexham's field of death, with fateful message fraught !

V.

“ Rising above the silent wood,
Night's regent pour'd a silver flood,
And bright her glittering spangles fell
On many a sleeping flow'ret's bell :
Margaret look'd upwards, and beheld
How, floating in her azure field,
She shone in dignity supreme,
Unmock'd by any rival beams ;
With envy gaz'd the earthly Queen—
‘ Oh ! thus, predominant, alone,
Thus would I fill the boundless scene,
And from my lofty seated throne,
Like thee, my smiles and frowns bestow,
Beheld with silent awe by multitudes below !’

VI.

“ Breathing Ambition's inward pray'r,
With eyes uplifted, Margaret stood,
And her pale brow and ebon hair
Gleam'd in the silver flood ;

Quick moved her lips,—but word or sound
 Broke not the quietness profound;
 Like Sybil form of elder time
 Weaving the dark portentous rhyme,
 She stood—or them whose glance forbidden
 Dares scan the things which Fate hath hidden!

VII.

“Rouze! rouze, and listen!—for indeed
 A distant bugle summons shrill,
 While heavy hoofs of barbed steed
 The lessening pauses fill!—
 ‘It comes, it comes!—the eventful hour!—
 The messengers of Fate are nigh!—
 They bring me vengeance, pomp, and pow’r;—
 Or loss, defeat, and misery!

VIII.

“‘Come on! come on!—hark!—well I know
 The note of Clifford’s bugle-horn!—
 Yet boldly he was wont to blow—
 Why speaks it now so faint and low,
 Like voice of one forlorn?
 Beshrew my fears! this toilsome day
 May well excuse the languid blast;
 Even Clifford’s strength must fain give way
 To such a long contended fray;—
 Yet—how the lingering minutes waste!—
 I would he rode with Beaufort’s haste!’

IX.

“Meanwhile, with heart which smote her side
 As tho’ a passage it would free,
 Along the dewy path she hied
 To meet her destiny.” P. 41.

To shew that the muse of Miss Holford is capable of putting on a martial dress, we shall give the reader the following animated portrait of a struggle between the heroes of the rival parties.

LIV.

“‘Stoutly we strove, till hope declin’d
 In every brave Lancastrian’s mind,
 No more to conquer then we fought,
 That thought, that cheering thought was chill’d,
 And now the prize for which we sought
 Was death upon the hostile field!
 Yet ill to strife like this enur’d,
 My manly strength but half-matur’d,
 And stung with sorrow and disdain
 To find we had but striv’n in vain,

I paus’d

I paus'd a little while to breathe
And cast a hopeless look around that dismal heath!

LV.

" ' While thus I stood, for long before
My steed had dropp'd to rise no more,
A brook's refreshing murmurs stole
Like music o'er my harass'd soul;
I turn'd to seek the cooling tide
Resolv'd to taste it ere I died;
Alas! commission'd from on high,
That brook entic'd my steps, its voice was destiny!

LVI

" ' Just as I gain'd the sparkling flood,
A martial form beside it stood,
Whose tow'ring mien and bearing bold,
A noble soldier's presence told:
' That rill,' he said, ' to toil and pain
Lends grateful solace!—Bright success
May only for awhile sustain
Man's feeble spirit!—Weariness
E'en Fortune's minions must confess!
Our task is over!' I perceiv'd
My badgeless coat his eye deceiv'd;
While, all unwittingly, his tongue
Thus with a victor's boast, a foe's proud bosom stung!

LVII.

" ' Thou dost mistake!—One struggle more
Awaits us ere our task is o'er!
Oh! ere yon glorious orb shall set,
One struggle for the Red Rose yet!
' Alas! young Knight,' he cried, ' methinks
Too much of precious British blood
The mother soil already drinks!
If but hope's shadow linger'd yet
To nerve thine arm and edge thy sword,
I am no recreant, and my word
Should ne'er oppose thy gallant will!

LVIII.

" ' What! thinkest thou to see me led
Thy rebel party's scorn and mock,
Meekly to lay my captive head
An offering on your tyrant's block!
Oh no! that felon lot to shun
I'll perish with my armour on!

LIX.

" ' Brave youth, be rul'd! Seem but to yield,
Quit thou this blood-stain'd heath with me,
This night my voice shall be thy shield,
To-morrow thou shalt wander free!

Miss Holford's Margaret of Anjou.

A fatal fire was in my heart,
Lit by the Furies ; ' From my grasp,'
I cried, ' this sword shall ne'er depart
Till I have breath'd life's latest gasp !
And yet, methinks, I too would fain
From slaughter and from toil refrain ;
And since to thee it seems not vile
To yield up liberty awhile,
Give me *thy* sword and purchase peace,
And do thou follow me, and let our parley cease !'

LX.

" ' His soul was rous'd : ' Insulting boy !
I would have spar'd thee !—Heaven record
How all unwilling to destroy,
Provok'd, I lift the sated sword,
Which, to the hilt in slaughter dyed,
Appeas'd, would fain have turn'd aside
And shunn'd the useless homicide !'

LXI.

" ' We fought :—and tho' the stranger's brand
Seem'd wielded with a veteran's hand,
Tho' all my strokes were spent in air,
Incens'd I saw his skilful care
Was bent his foeman's life to spare ;
I paus'd—' Come on, Sir Knight,' I cried,
' By heaven ! thou holdest me at bay !
I cannot brook thy scornful pride,
Mock not a man with childish play !'
Again we strove,—a mortal stroke
The stranger's brittle cuirass broke !
Backward he reel'd, and from his side
Impetuous rush'd the boiling tide ;
Oh ! why do I survive to tell,
The stroke was death !—The stranger fell !

LXII.

" ' Then, all too late, wrath's wasteful flame
Expir'd extinguish'd and suppress'd,
And a still voice within my breast
Did greet me with the murderer's name !
The Fury, which had urg'd me on,
Forsook me when her work was done.
Now by the fallen warrior's side
I knelt, and gently rais'd his head
From off its cold and bloody bed,
And many a fruitless aid supplied ;
And, eager in the futile task,
I flung aside the heavy casque,
And vainly hop'd the evening breath
Would chase away the damps of death !

I met the stranger's lifted eye,
 It beam'd forgiveness; yet, methought,
 With heaven's blue bolt that glance was fraught!
 I turn'd me shuddering from his look,
 The solid earth beneath me shook,
 I shriek'd 'My brother!'—Oh! my hand
 Was with a brother's life-blood stain'd,
 And my accursed sword its noble source had drain'd!"

LXIII.

"Sir Gerald paus'd awhile, to chace
 The anguish drops that bath'd his face;
 His sister, whose misgiving breast
 Too well the dreadful sequel guess'd,
 Mistrustful of her strength, had gone
 To weep each brother's lot alone,
 And Edward groaning cried, 'For me
 That England's wreath *my* brow may clasp,
 To place a sceptre in *my* grasp,
 How many a gallant soul is plung'd in misery!" P. 182.

We shall now present the reader with a specimen of Miss Holford's powers in another line. The reader cannot but be pleased with the dignified feeling in which the following passage is conceived and expressed.

I.

"There be who, murm'ring as they go,
 With heavy step life's path-way tread,
 In vain for them, with golden glow
 The bright sky sparkles overhead,—
 They look not up! For them in vain
 The vernal scene, the daisied plain,
 The breath of May, the woodland strain!
 For them in vain! whose eyes intent
 With grovelling gaze to earth are bent!
 In vain for them the seasons roll,
 With winter ever in their soul;
 While towards the final bourn they fare,
 Care clings to them, and they to care!
 What do they know of life? They know
 That toil and trouble dwell below,
 They know that weariness and gloom
 And strife walk with them to the tomb;
 They thank not heaven,—for heaven's smile
 Beams warmth upon the world, unfelt by them the while!

II.

"They know not, that, of heavenly birth,
 With mortal man there walks on earth
 A pow'r, which to their twilight day
 Light, warmth, and rapture could impart,

And

And melt the wintry snows away
 Which hang about the sullen heart!
 They know not love! love's sighs and tears,
 Love's doubtings, tremblings, hopes and fears,
 Love's very pangs expand the breast
 And lend dull life its noblest zest!
 That heart which in love's kindling smile
 Has never deign'd to bask awhile,
 That sullen heart may well complain,
 Scarce has it liv'd,—or liv'd in vain!" P. 195.

We are willing to leave our readers with the most favourable impression of Miss Holford's talents. We have therefore been more profuse in our extracts, than we should otherwise have been; we cannot however refrain from giving one passage more, which is written in a melancholy and affecting strain. It is at the commencement of the sixth canto.

I.

"Is it not sweet awhile to turn
 From life's realities! to flee
 From sober truth with visage stern
 To sport with gentle fantasy!
 To shun the irksome things that are,
 And mock the cold rebuke of care!
 Who would not, lur'd by Fancy's smile,
 Cast down his burthen for a while?
 Who would not for a while forget
 To fear what future hours may bring,
 To trace the past with vain regret,
 Or groan, whilst present sorrows wring,
 And twist, and strain, each bosom string?
 Who would not listen to the song
 Which lulls to fairy dreams our visionary throng?"

II.

"My Muse! I thank thee that thy cloud,
 Hovering so oft o'er things that be,
 Doth o'er them cast its rainbow shroud,
 And hide the irksome train from me!
 My Muse! I thank thee that thy hand
 Of care so oft has loos'd the chain,
 And led me to thine own bright land
 Where care would seek his prey in vain!
 Alas! I pray thee quit me not!
 Wend with me till I touch the brink
 Where every mortal lip shall drink,—
 The gulph where all things are forgot!"—P. 237.

With this passage we shall conclude our remarks on the poem before us. It certainly does great credit to the talents and to the

the industry of Miss Holford. There are many beautiful, many spirited passages, scattered throughout the whole. The fault is its length : it is not too long for an Epic poem in general, but it is too long for an Epic poem in this particular age. We shall be happy to greet Miss Holford's muse upon any future occasion, but she must really wear her petticoats rather shorter.

ART. IX. *A Word in Opposition to Fanatical, Calvinistic, and Solifidian Views of Christianity : in a Farewell Sermon, preached to the Congregation of St. James's Church, Bath, on Sunday the 23d March, 1817; by the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of that Parish for Twenty-two Years. Second Edition. 8vo. 25 pp. 2s. Longman. 1817.*

IN a farewell sermon we do not expect to find so sound and so laborious an exposition of doctrinal points as we discover in the present discourse. Mr. Warner has, with much propriety, taken his text from Acts xx. 27. "*For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God;*" being a part of the farewell address of the great Apostle to the Elders of the Ephesian church. Mr. Warner takes this opportunity of impressing upon his flock, now for the last time, the views which he would have them entertain of the WHOLE COUNSEL OF GOD. He considers the whole counsel of God, in the Gospel dispensation, in three points of view ; as reasonable in opposition to fanaticism ; as consolatory, in opposition to Calvinism ; and as practical in opposition to Antinomianism.

Upon the first point he shews that the Almighty has not left himself without a witness in the soul of man, however fallen and degraded from his original destination. He shews that Reason, no less than Revelation, is a gift of God to man, and that the apostles themselves always addressed the reason, not the passions, of their converts.

"Thus, in direct opposition to those who degrade and vilify this noble prerogative of man, and would prohibit its interference in the concerns of faith, the Divine Founder of our religion, and the inspired preachers of his Gospel, vindicated the dignity of human reason ; manifested the *fitness*, so to speak, of the truths of Christianity to its conceptions ; and taught the future spiritual instructors of mankind, that the best human means of enlightening the mind, and correcting the heart, of fallen man, was,—not to amuse his fancy,

fancy, bewilder his thoughts, or tamper with his passions, but,—to convince his understanding.” P. 14.

Upon the second point Mr. Warner speaks generally of the consoling power of the Spirit of God under pain, affliction, and consciousness of guilt, and strongly insists upon the universal offer of this consolation to ALL.

“Clear, express, and decisive, is the testimony of Scripture, that ‘all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;’ that the taint of the fall has spread itself over the whole race of mankind; that the transgression of Adam affected all his posterity, subjected them to the wrath of God, and entailed on them the penalty of everlasting death. But, equally clear is the language of Holy Writ, that this universal ruin was repaired by the obedience and death of Jesus Christ; that through his atonement, ‘where sin abounded,’ by the fall, ‘grace hath much more abounded,’ by the Gospel; and that sincere repentance, sanctified by faith, and evidenced in a holy, a virtuous, and an useful life, will, for the sake of *Him*, who ‘is the propitiation for our sins,’ be accepted by the Father of Mercy from every criminal, and obtain his pardon. The compassionate condition extends to *all* mankind, ‘for as in Adam *all* died, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive.’ The covenant in Jesus, like the canopy of Heaven, holds the world in its embrace. ‘The blood of the Cross,’ like the pool of Bethesda, heals, and strengthens, and renovates, the spiritually ‘blind, halt, and withered,’ of ‘all nations and languages, people and tongues.’ The Gospel recognizes no partial terms of individual and personal acceptance or exclusion; no unjust decrees of reprobation, rejecting the humble contrite sinner, who, convinced of his guilt and infirmity, and feeling the want of a Saviour, repents of his sins, turns unto God, believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and carefully endeavours to practise his precepts. Calvinism, indeed, whose impious arm would strip the Almighty of his *justice*, as well as his *mercy*, and convert ‘the God of love’ into a partial and inexorable tyrant;—Calvinism, I say, whose frightful, demoralising errors, are spreading themselves like a ‘black mist, low-creeping’ through the land, blasting every spiritual joy, withering every amiable feeling, and poisoning every social and domestic charity;—Calvinism, I reiterate, would fain persuade us, that ‘the counsel of God’ had established, from all eternity, decrees of salvation and perdition, without reference or regard to the piety and morals of the believer; utterly insensible to the heartfelt efforts of his creatures to obtain his forgiveness and approbation. But the unsophisticated sentiments of nature revolt from such a view of the Divinity; the best affections of the heart, disclaim such cruel doctrines; and reason confidently denies their verity, vouching these authorities from Scripture as sufficient grounds for its dissent:—‘Christ died for *all*.’ ‘He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him for us *all*, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?’

‘The

‘The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward ; not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance.’ ‘For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge ; that if one died for *all*, then were all dead : and that he died for *all*, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again.’ ‘Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which believe in me through their word ; that they *all* may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us ; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.’” P. 18.

Upon the third part of the “counsel of God,” upon its practical and improving influence upon the heart, Mr. Warner enlarges with considerable animation. His views upon this subject are sound and clear, and are expressed in a manner which must have had much weight with his hearers. The atonement of Christ, and the co-operating influence of the Holy Spirit, and the utter incapacity of unassisted man, are urged to their utmost extent.

“Thus is the Saviour the sole meritorious cause of salvation ; and thus has he placed all mankind in a *capacity* to be saved : but here the privileges of the covenant end ; and what remains further to be done, must be effected by ourselves. ‘The counsel of God’ points out the process, intelligibly and unequivocally. It must be effected, by an honest search into ‘the plagues of our own hearts ;’ and a sincere endeavour (hallowed by prayer for grace) to correct and purify them from every impure desire, every unholy thought, and every unchristian emotion. It must be effected by a deep repentance for past sins, and solemn resolutions (with God’s help) to commit them no more ; by a diligent study of the word of God, and an honest application of its commandments to our own conduct. It must be effected by a life, sanctified by faith, and adorned with ‘good works ;’ adorned, I repeat, with ‘good works ;’ for unless these be the ‘fruits’ of our faith, the visible and palpable effects of the influence of ‘the counsel of God’ upon our souls, we are still in a state of reprobation, unredeemed by Christ, and aliens from the covenant of grace. If the authority of the Saviour and his holy Apostles, of Paul, and Peter, and James, be of any weight with the Christian, he cannot for a moment doubt of the unspeakable importance of *moral virtue*, in the character of the believer : nor can he avoid feeling, that all pretences to real christianity are false and unfounded, unless their sterling value be evidenced by a life of piety and humility, uprightness, sobriety, and charity.” P. 21.

We are much pleased with the manly, frank, and Christian style, in which Mr. Warner concludes his view of the Gospel dispensation.

“Such, my dear friends, are the views of ‘all the counsel of
‘God,’

God,' which a serious, and, I humbly hope, an unprejudiced study of the Bible has imparted to my soul. Such are the truths 'I have preached unto you; which also ye have received, and wherein,' I trust, 'ye stand.' They are *scriptural*; for every one of them may be vouched by the express declarations of Him, who 'is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' They are *rational*; for the calm and unbiassed dictates of reason pronounce them to be infinitely wise, and infinitely good. They are *orthodox*; for, they harmonise exactly with the beautiful services and formularies of our admirable Prayer-book; are recognised in the writings of the greatest luminaries of the English Church, from the Reformation down to modern times; and are preached, at this moment, by the great majority of the Established Clergy, by (beyond all comparison) the most learned and most enlightened Ministers within the pale. And I trust in God, they will be *permanent*, also; since so long as they are delivered from our pulpits in simplicity and godly sincerity, they promise under the divine assistance, to maintain, among the people of this land, that *rational, cheerful, and practical* christianity, which, for almost three centuries past, with the exception of one gloomy period, has characterised and exalted our own country, above every other evangelical nation upon the face of the earth." P. 23.

For this clear, impressive, and frank exposition of his views as a Christian minister, Mr. Warner is entitled to our thanks. We heartily wish that such were the doctrines preached by every other Christian minister throughout the kingdom. The system of preaching which the orthodox members of the Church of England adopt has always appeared to us to comprehend ALL the counsel of God, while that of their fanatical adversaries embraces but A PART. *Partial* indeed is their exposition of Scripture itself. Though arrogating to themselves the name of Gospel preachers, they never preach from the Gospels, but always from the Epistles—and for the best of all possible reasons—because they are most easily perverted to serve their partial purposes. If again, in point of doctrines, *parts* only are insisted upon, to the wilful and systematic neglect of others, the whole counsel of God is not declared. The Gospel dispensation is a whole, and he who chooses to select parts only for his preaching or for his practice, is most assuredly, in the words of our blessed Lord, "guilty of the whole."

ART. X. *A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, on Thursday, May 16, 1816. By the Rev. John Cole, D.D. Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, and Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.* 4to. Rivingtons. 1817.

WE are happy in the opportunity, which the publication of the annual sermon affords us, of recommending this charity to the patronage and protection of the public. The support which it receives is by no means in proportion to its claims; it is more indeed by the generosity of the stewards, than by the liberality of the public that it is enabled to exist. The children of the Clergy are in some measure the children of the nation; the profession of the Church excludes any other means of increasing the income of its members, and, like the army and navy, it affords very few opportunities within itself of saving money for their future subsistence. Taking the aggregate of the Clerical income throughout the kingdom, we shall be justified in asserting, that there is a very small portion of it, indeed, but what is annually expended. We know of but a few, a very few indeed, of the Clergy, who from their professional income, are enabled to save a sixpence. There is no property in England which is spent so usefully, so purely, and so charitably as that of the Clergy. The annual income of the Church is directed into channels more numerous and useful, and becomes in the language of the day, capital more productive than a similar sum in any other hands. When again we consider the numbers whose sole subsistence depends upon very small portions of it, can it be wondered that in educating and placing their children out in life, they should appeal to the national benevolence. No institution with which we are acquainted is more deserving of national support, than the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. Its cause is annually pleaded, and we should hope, with increasing success.

The sermon of Dr. Cole is a plain and unaffected composition. It contains in it some good parts, of which the following is perhaps the best.

“To recommend this Charity, let us now enumerate some of its beneficial fruits. It communicates a blessing in an extensive sphere, and it brings home a blessing to the giver. ‘It is profitable’ for both states of being, ‘having the promise both of this life, and of the life to come.’

“And, first, it holds out encouragement and comfort to the poor Minister of Religion, when embarrassed in his temporal concerns, and oppressed with apprehensions for his unsupported household.

hold. Even when he droops under sickness, and is aware of a speedy separation from his family, it gilds his death-bed with a ray of hope on their account. In these institutions he traces the providential care of heaven, and he 'departs in peace' confiding in that holy word, so full of solace to the righteous, that his 'children shall not be forsaken,' nor 'his seed' reduced to 'beg their bread.'

"It alleviates the widow's sorrows in the midst of her affliction. To put an end to her anguish for that stroke of Providence which has broken the dearest ties of domestic life, is beyond the reach of human Charity, and can only be effected by that book of spiritual health, from which her departed husband was accustomed to administer medicine for the sickness of the soul. But the loss of a worldly maintenance may be mitigated by human benevolence. And here a resource is presented to herself and her orphan children, not equal indeed to replace them in the same degree of humble comfort, which they once enjoyed, but to lighten the pressure of extreme indigence, and to soften the increasing infirmities of age.

"To the orphans also it holds out the hope of something to supply the fostering care and protection of a parent. If they are yet very young, while it furnishes a present maintenance, it continues to train them in those paths of wisdom, which are finally the ways of pleasantness and peace. And when they have attained a riper age, it helps them to a probationary service in some creditable trade or occupation, which if performed with integrity, diligence, and discretion, will conduce to their advancement and establishment in life.

"And as they must be sensible that such relief is administered out of regard to the sacred functions of their father, it may be reasonably hoped, that this consideration may engage a desire, and prompt a resolution of acting worthily of their parentage, through the different stages of their worldly fortune, by an uniform practice of that religious and social duty which they first imbibed from him. Such a conduct, in the general order of Providence, will lead to personal competence and comfort, and will engage the favour both of God and man. Thus whatever you contribute to the purpose on which we are now assembled, is like the seed that is sown in good ground, which produces fruit in abundant increase.

"In promoting these designs, you have that approving conscience which arises from a sense of harmonizing with the will and character of Him, 'who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works.' Nor are you without an ostensible reward in the present scene of things. By advancing these orphans into beneficial members of society, you contribute eventually to the public and general good. And as far as all individuals have an interest in the public welfare, the benefit conferred will redound in advantage to those who have conferred it." P. 21.

ART. XI. *A Comparative View of the Merits of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Bible Society.* 8vo. 28 pp. Munday and Slatter, Oxford; and Rivingtons, London. 1817.

WE are far from thinking that too much can be said upon a subject of so much importance, as that which is discussed in the pamphlet before us. Arguments cannot be too often repeated as long as the question exists which causes their repetition. The advocates of Bible Societies, and Bible Associations are still upon the alert; it is the duty therefore of every orthodox member of the established Church, each within his own sphere of action and influence, to meet the progress of the evil with an appropriate remedy, and never to think that enough has already been done. We are therefore happy to witness the increasing exertions of friends to sound principle; we are pleased to see them coming forward with courage and animation to meet the overwhelming evil. This comparative view of the merits of the two rival societies, displays a considerable knowledge of the matter under discussion, and contains a temperate, yet convincing summary of the arguments on both sides of the question. It was written as we find, in answer to the letter of a man signing himself Luther, and meets the usual arguments advanced by the friends of the Bible Society, with a firmness equally manly and judicious. With the following passage we were much gratified.

“ But Luther has condescended to tell us, that because the Bible Society distributes the Bible *alone* it is to be preferred, inasmuch as we are bound to prefer the word of God to the word of man. Undoubtedly we are so; and it is for that very reason that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge distributes the Holy Scriptures accompanied with those tracts which tend most to give the poor the best interpretation of them. By this specious argument of Luther, one might, at first sight, be led to suppose, that, because we distribute Prayer Books and Religious Tracts, the word of man as he styles them, the word of God is not distributed at all. This however, is not the case; the Bible is distributed by the Bartlett's-Buildings Society, and is held up by its members as the only rule of faith; and it is because we believe the Bible to be so, that we think it necessary to furnish the ignorant with such comments upon it as may direct their faith, and their practice, into the channel of truth, uprightness, and virtue.

“ Now if the Bible is so very plain; if it is so very easy to be understood, as some would have us believe, how does it happen that such a diversity of opinion prevails among the professors of Christianity? All read the Bible, and yet all do not believe the same doctrines,

doctrines. If certain passages in the Holy Scriptures be not liable to misinterpretation, how is it that we have such a gross, nay even blasphemous perversion of truth as the Deistical opinions which are so industriously circulated by the Unitarians? Opinions evidently bordering on, if not wholly originating in infidelity. How is it that men have dared, from a misinterpretation of some detached expressions in the New Testament, impiously to deny the Lord Jesus Christ who bought them, by refusing to acknowledge his divinity? Yet the poor, the ignorant, and uneducated are to have the Bible put into their hands, and are to be left to make their own comments, to raise their own scruples, and to doubt of every thing which their contracted comprehension cannot reach. They are not to be instructed in the principles of the Established Church, because that would be bigotry, and would not be allowing a sufficient freedom of religious opinion; and the Clergy, in order to show their liberality of sentiment, christian charity, and fervent zeal for the honour of God, are to join with those, whose doctrines they condemn as false and heretical, in distributing the Bible unaccompanied with any comment whatever; and religious enthusiasm having, unhappily, been lately the ruling fashion of the day, the Clergy are to debase both themselves, and the sacred office they fill, by putting themselves on a level with every ignorant itinerant preacher, and by giving Dissenters the sanction of their names and approbation in their work of disseminating false doctrines, heresy, and schism, or be branded with the opprobrious name of bigots.

“ If Churchmen of Luther’s way of thinking would content themselves with instructing the poor of their own parishes; if they would provide their neighbours with Bibles and Prayer Books, and take every opportunity of inculcating the true principles of the Gospel in their immediate neighbourhood, they would have ample employment both for their time and for their money. As far as the distribution of the Bible extends, I am convinced that, individually, they do not distribute Bibles beyond the circle of their own ministry; and I leave it to the common sense of every thinking man to determine, whether a Clergyman is not likely to do more good in his parish, and to do his duty more conscientiously in the execution of his ministerial office, by using his exertions to instruct the poor around him, and providing them with the means of offering up their prayers in the Church, and of rightly understanding the Holy Scriptures, than by going about from place to place for the sake of popular applause, in support of a society which is to unite all sects and all opinions, which admits members of any creed and no creed, and to assist sectarists in propagating doctrines diametrically opposite to those of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I would recommend such Clergy to look to their own parishes, and they will find that while they are busied abroad in this great work and “labour of love,” the sheep of their own flock are wandering astray for want of their shepherd: they would therefore perform their duty both to God and man much better by contenting themselves with bringing back those stray sheep within the fold of the Church, than by furthering the

the views of the enemies of the Church, in their attempts at a total subversion of Church Government and Ecclesiastical Polity.

“ But farther, if a Clergyman of the Establihsed Church considers the nature of the important office which he has undertaken, he must know, that it is his duty to instruct the ignorant in the principles of the Church only. As a parish Priest, his labours are confined within the limits of a certain district, and if he is diligent and active in his calling, the duties of his parish are in general as much as he can possibly attend to, with any prospect of doing real good.” P. 13.

ART. XII. *Select Poems of Synesius and Gregory Nazianzen ; translated from the Greek. By Hugh Stuart Boyd, Esq.* pp. 112. Rivingtons. 1814.

WHATEVER may be our opinion of its execution, of the design of this work we highly approve. Some time since Mr. Boyd published a translation of some exquisite passages from Basil, Chrysostom, &c. which we had hoped would have directed the attention of the literary world to the splendid originals, from which they were drawn. The success of Mr. Boyd was by no means proportionate to the merit of his attempt. Not daunted, however, by the cold reception of his former volume, he has now given us a selection from the poetical works of Synesius and of Gregory Nazianzen. We shall not of course enter into a strict examination of the claims of the latter to some of the poetry generally attributed to him, it is sufficient for our purpose to observe, that there are certainly some splendid passages in the poem that bear his name.

The following Hymn to the Deity breathes the glowing spirit of primitive devotion ; it is translated with fervour, but not altogether with that evenness which we could have wished. The first part is cramped and harsh ; the latter part, however, does honour to the pen of Mr. Boyd, and is well worthy of its splendid original.

“ Thee, peerless monarch of the sky,
My soul aspires to glorify,
And, swelling with immortal verse,
Immortal wonders to rehearse,
Through thee the tide of praise is roll'd ;
The seraphs strike their chords of gold,
And wake the anthem, soaring high
With Inspiration's ecstasy ;
Whilst angels, quickened by thy glance,
Circle the throne in mystic dance.

H

Through

Through thee the seasons 'gan to roll,
 Exulting in their Lord's controul:
 With golden flowers the starry train
 Enwreathed the fair æthereal plain;
 Flamed high the sun in glory bright;
 Look'd forth the moon with softer light;
 The lovely shepherdess of night:
 And, born Jehovah's works to scan,
 Uprose creation's wonder, man,
 Uniting in his complex form
 Mild reason's calm, and passion's storm.
 Thou, O my God, createdst all,
 The highest heaven, this earthly ball;
 Within thy breast the whole designing;
 By thy sole power each part combining:
 At thy command the work's begun!
 At thy command the work is done!

“ Jesus I hail, the word Divine,
 In whom his Father's glories shine;
 By nature equal, God supreme,
 Of angels and of men the theme;
 By whom dim Chaos back was driven,
 When through the void th' expanse of Heaven
 He spread, and framed our earthly ball,
 That He might rule, the Lord of all.
 His Holy Spirit I adore,
 The embryo deep who brooded o'er,
 And still, with kind parental care,
 Inspires and aids the Christian's prayer.
 Tremendous Power!—I hail in Thee
 A true and living Trinity!

“ Father of all, through every hour
 May I proclaim the Triune Power
 Enshrined in deepest mystery!
 May every thought which leads from Thee,
 And lures the wavering mind to stray,
 Like morning vapours melt away!
 So may I lift my hands to Heaven,
 In trembling hope to rise forgiven!
 So may I feel the vital flame,
 And glorify my Saviour's name!
 With holy zeal may I adore him,
 And bending in the dust implore him,
 That, when he rears his throne sublime
 Wreathed with the spoils of Death and Time,

As King, as Lord, as God to reign;
He may receive his child again,
And shield him from eternal pain.

“Grant me, O God, in Judgment's hour;
Alone to feel thy saving power;
Let Mercy's ray unclouded shine,
And the full stream of Grace be mine:
For Grace and Mercy dwell with Thee,
Throughout thy own eternity!” P. 39.

In another part of the volume Mr. Boyd has given us the conclusion of a poem, in which Gregory Nazianzen records the events and the misfortunes of his life. This is a pious and affecting composition. Mr. Boyd has aimed at more simplicity of language, and has indulged in a greater niggardness of metre than elegiac poetry will allow. But, even in this homely garb, the reader will discover the mighty mind, the poetic eloquence, the fervid imagination of its illustrious author.

“The long, the sad narration of my woes
Will soon have end. From proud Byzantium's walls,
A breathing corse, I bend my tottering steps,
Though mournful, joyous; though subdued, exulting;
O blest exchange! O grateful recompence!
No pomp prelatic swells my breast with pride,
But meek humility finds harbour here.
Ambition's storms no more invade my peace,
But resignation points the path to Heaven.
Like idle winds, in empty air that sport,
The clamorous tongues of men my ears assail:
Of praise, of censure, I have had my share;
No praise or censure can affect me now.
Where is that eloquence which Athens prized?
'Tis gone, and not a trace is left behind.
Where is my manly bloom, my youth's gay pride?
Disease hath made insatiate havock there.
A sister and a brother sleep in dust.
My parents' reverend forms are hearsed in death.
Basil hath soared to roseate realms of joy.
Health, glory, kindred, friends, alike are fled.
My country was my only comfort left.
The sweet solace kind Heaven in mercy gave me;
Yet fell despite hath banished me from thence.
And now in poverty, forlorn and old,
Fainting and slow, through foreign fields I roam;
No tender wife sustains my drooping spirit;
Ny smiling children press my withered hand.
Will no one greet Byzantium's prelate now,
Byzantium's prelate, humble, poor, and lorn?”

Will no kind tomb its friendly portals ope,
 And sweetly whisper to a stranger comfortless,
 'Here be thy pillow, thy sepulchral rest?'
 Still must I weep my long protracted woes,
 Still pause, and linger in life's cheerless night,
 Still hear the thankless voice of sensual man?
 Fain would I seek some desert's still retreat,
 Where, in this pensive, solitary breast,
 Divine philosophy may hold her reign,
 And where sweet hope may soothe declining age,
 And these gray hairs console.—What gift of love
 Shall we bequeath the church? our tears, our pity.
 These eyes, long steeped in tears, will ever flow
 At pity's call. My life hath been an age
 Of sorrow: God hath taught me how to feel.—
 Where will it end?—Teach me, thou Word divine!
 O may I reach that blest abode of peace,
 Which no rude winds perturb, no storms annoy;
 Where shines the lustre of that tri-une God,
 Beneath whose fostering shade we rest in hope!" P. 55.

To unite the devotional grandeur and the dignified simplicity of the original with the charms of modern poetry, is indeed no easy task. Of the two extremes Mr. Boyd has chosen the wisest. Rugged fidelity is certainly preferable to meretricious ornament. We have to thank Mr. Boyd for the volume before us, as a valuable addition to the devotional poetry of the English language, and we hope to see his example followed, both in prose and verse, and to find our acquaintance with the beauties of the Fathers considerably enlarged. We should certainly advise Mr. Boyd in the next selection, which he may give us from the poems of Gregory Nazianzen, to omit his own, as we cannot compliment him very highly upon his powers as an original poet.

ART. XIII. *Ivan, a Tragedy, by W. Sotheby.* 4s. Murray. 1816.

ART. XIV. *Ellen, or the Confession, a Tragedy, by W. Sotheby.* 4s. Murray. 1816.

THE Melpomene of Mr. Sotheby has been of late a prolific dame; five tragedies at a birth are a present of more than ordinary magnitude to the public. As we have not, however, of late, been over-stocked with dramatic productions, we have the less objection to this pentalogia of Mr. Sotheby. We have
 not

not time at present to enter into a critical examination of all five, we have selected two, which appear upon the whole the most abounding in general interest. The first of these, Ivan, has been altered and adapted for theatrical representation, but we do not find that it has as yet been brought upon the stage. The following is the outline of the plot.

Ivan, the lawful sovereign of Russia, was deposed when a child, by the influence of Naritzin, in whose custody he still remains. Elizabeth is placed upon the throne in his stead, and by the persuasion of her favourite Rimuni, turns against the hand which raised her to the empire. Naritzin is disgraced. Petrowna, his wife, instigated by revenge for the wrongs of her husband, enters into a conspiracy to rescue Ivan from his prison, and to place him upon the throne of his ancestors. While the conspiracy is gaining ground, Naritzin is again restored to favour upon the promise of plunging a dagger into the heart of Ivan, should an attempt be ever made to set him on the throne. Upon the restoration of his enemy, Rimuni joins the conspirators, and at an appointed hour rushes into his cell with a chosen band, to rescue Ivan from his confinement, and to proclaim him king.

“ *Rim.* Be all the past forgotten. (*Kneels.*) Emperor, hail! Rimuni’s hand shall crown thee.

“ *Ivan.* Thou! thou crown me!

(*Snatches a sword from one of the Conspirators.*)

Thy sword. Thou crown me!—first the fiend of darkness

Shall cleave the womb of earth, and round this brow

Rivet his burning diadem.—Die, monster!

(*They fight.* RIMUNI wounds IVAN, who sinks, struggling, on one knee.)

“ *Rim.* Not by the nerveless arm!

(*To the soldier.*

“ *Pet.* He bleeds—brave men!

Defend him—guard your sovereign!

[*As they advance, IVAN starts up.*

“ *Ivan.* Back, back, slaves.

Yet, yet this arm has strength to sweep from earth

This daemon: aid, kind Heaven, this righteous blow,

Then to thy rest receive me.

(*They fight—IVAN kills him.*

“ *Rim.* Mercy! mercy!

[*Rimuni dies; during this time the tumult is heard without, and now FEODOR and MIROVITZ, and the remaining Conspirators, rush in, driving back NARITZIN, GALVEZ, and Soldiers.*

“ *Miro.* Ivan, come forth! ’tis Mirovitz who calls thee!

To freedom—vengeance—empire!

“ *Nariz*

" *Narit.* (*snatching the sword from IVAN, stands over him with the dagger, in act to strike IVAN*), Never! never! Thou must not live—back, traitors, or this dagger now strikes him dead.

" *Pet.* (*seizing his arm*), Oh, do not shed his blood; First pierce Petrowna's breast.

" *Ivan.* (*to NARITZIN*), Naritzin, stay, Stay thy rash hand, not on thy soul that curse.

" *Miro.* (*to FEDOR*), Wrest, wrest the dagger from him—
(*to Conspirators*) Rescue Ivan:

Think of your oaths.

" *Cons.* Rescue to Ivan.

" *Narit.* Never,
While I have being.

(*FEDOR wrests the dagger from NARITZIN, MIROVITZ rushes forward to slay him.*)

" *Miro.* Die then.

(*PETROWNA seizes the arm of MIROVITZ,*

" *Pet.* Ivan—Ivan—
I sooth'd thy sufferings: shield Petrowna's husband,
Or bury in this breast that murderous blade!

" *Ivan.* I will defend him—yea, and free his soul
From that fell dæmon's yoke.

" *Pet.* Ivan.

" *Ivan.* Hush! hush!

Oh! be at peace!—another word unman's me—
The wretched Ivan can no more sustain
The anguish of thy soul—

(*Snatches the dagger from MIROVITZ, and stabs himself.*)

Thus, thus, I end it—

And in thy arms, Petrowna, die in peace. (*Dies.*) P. 84.

The death of Ivan, with which the piece concludes, might appear unnatural, if we do not consider him as bound in filial affection to Naritzin and Petrowna, who, during his long captivity, were the ministers of the only comfort which he possessed. The plot is well managed, and the incidents are sufficiently striking to produce a considerable theatrical effect. In the characters we find nothing extraordinary, excepting in that of Ivan, which is well and powerfully drawn. The combination of tenderness towards his two protectors, and of virulence towards his oppressors, is ably portrayed. The scene in which he is brought by Naritzin into the presence of the empress, is perhaps the best in the play. The gradual rise of his passion, from a state of submission to absolute frenzy, does credit to the pen of Mr. Sotheby.

" *Ivan.* I will kneel before her:
Not for myself I sue thee, hear my prayer!

[*kneels.*

" *Emp.*

" *Emp.* I am not of harsh mood. Witness these tears!

" *Pet.* Must I retire? [to the Empress.

" *Emp.* Leave me not alone with Ivan!

Yet his no brutal nature.

" *Ivan.* Scorn me not!

" *Emp.* I cannot longer gaze upon his face:

Lead him away.

" *Ivan.* No, not till thou hast heard me.

" *Emp.* What would'st thou?

" *Ivan.* And hast thou the heart to ask it?

" *Emp.* Take, take him hence.

" *Ivan.* No, to thy knees I cling:

None but thyself can give my bosom peace.

I do entreat thee, as thou lov'st the heav'n's

That on thy brow have shower'd felicity,

Vouchsafe reply! live they? my wretched parents?

" *Emp.* They live!

" *Ivan.* And is their life—

" *Pet.* (*interrupting him*). Oh! ask no more!

" *Ivan.* Like Ivan's? how! you answer not! have mercy!

Have mercy. 'Tis for me alone they suffer.

Oh free them—wear my crown, and leave me here,

To Heaven and to Petrowna.

" *Pet.* Calm, assuage

The anguish of his spirit!

" *Emp.* (*to herself*.) Oh that the voice of truth had reach'd
my ear,

That I had known his gentle nature! Ivan

Hast thou no other prayer? none for thyself?

Speak, dread me not.

" *Ivan.* What should I dread? Behold me.

What more have I to suffer? Dark and deep

My dwelling, far from human sight and sound,

And the sepulchral roof that closes o'er me,

The bound that parts the living from the dead." P. 62.

" *Ivan.* Yet hear me!

Not for myself I sue thee, 'tis for them

My bosom bleeds, for them—my wretched parents,

Imprison'd for my crime; the crime, that Ivan

Was born to rule. Waste not in vain lament,

Waste not on me unfruitful tears. I know

My hapless doom, and am prepared to suffer.

But pity those who mourn the living Ivan,

And call the day accurst, which gave to light

Me, their first-born. Pause you? your silence kills.

Scorn not these tears!

" *Pet.* I dread what may ensue—

You heeded not his prayer—rage knits his brow.

" *Ivan.* Thou, called a God on earth, hast thou no mercy?

" *Pet.*

" *Pet.* His agitated bosom labours high

With violence unwonted—

[*to the Empress.*

I exhort you—

Avoid his sight.

" *Emp.* The voice of majesty

Shall curb his rage—Ivan!

" *Pet.* Not thus address him!

Not with loud voice of stern command! Hear Ivan!

Withdraw—

[*to the Empress.*

His cheek is fire—his eye darts flame.

" *Emp.* (*on IVAN's approach.*) Ivan—

'Tis vain; he heeds me not.—Petrowna, here,

Stand thou between us, 'tis thy Sovereign calls

On thee for aid.

" *Pet.* Stay, Ivan.

" *Ivan.* (*approaching the Empress.*) Thou, the usurper!

Is this the crowned brow? Let me behold it:

I will confront its terrors. Who art thou

Mortal! that mock'st omnipotence? Who thou

That in the hollow of thy right hand grasp'st

Yon orb of light, and with thy left hast yok'd

The freedom of the winds; and cri'st aloud,

'Sun, shine not thou on that devoted head!

'Nor let thy pure breath, unimprison'd air!

'Make cool those fever'd temples!' Let me trace

The signature and majesty of Heaven

Stampt on thy front.

" *Emp.* (*sinking on her seat.*) Help—I am faint—support me.

" *Pet.* Ivan!—He hears me not. I ne'er have witness'd

Such violence and rage. He knows me not—

'Tis past control.

[*IVAN's passion gradually rising to frenzy.*

" *Ivan.* Turn not away! Behold me!

What trace I on that brow?—Woe—terror—shame!

Where now thy power, thy sov'reignty o'er Ivan?

Usurper!—from thy temples lift the crown,

And fix it on my brow—and at my feet

Seek pardon. Give the sceptre to my wielding:

Mark its just use. Haste!—ope the prison gates—

Lo! how they issue forth, faint, pale, afraid

To look upon the light! Lo! how they creep

Bow'd down on the strange earth, like beings unused

To gaze on heaven with man's erected front!

[*to the Empress.*

Why dost thou weep, is it for me?—for Ivan?

I took thee for the Empress. Ha! who art thou—?

Thou,—thou my mother! Oh I knew thee not,

They long have sever'd us. Come to my arms:

O shield me from that torturer—Shield thy child?" P. 64.

The language is animated, but harsh ; perhaps, however, the ruggedness which strikes the ear in the closet, might disappear on the stage. Were the tragedy indeed brought forward at either theatre, we should have little doubt of its success.

We now come to "Ellen," or the Confession. Julian, count of Tortona, having been attracted by the charms of Ellen, abandons his former wife, and marries her. Struck with the horror of his crime, he takes refuge in the convent of St. Bernard. In the mean time he is supposed by his former countess to be dead, and a tomb is raised to his memory. To this tomb the wandering Ellen repairs, and, overcome with grief, sinks breathless upon the ground. She is carried into the castle of Tortona, and is kindly relieved and protected by the countess. At this period the play commences. After long concealment, she betrays her secret to the countess.

"Ellen. No, no—my word is truth : and would'st thou, lady,
Once more behold the form of him thou lovest,
And o'er him breathe forgiveness, with firm foot
Pursue my path, and thou too shalt behold
Peace and descending Mercy cleave the clouds,
And drive away the demon of despair,
That waits his parting spirit.

"Count. With firm foot
I will pursue thy path—Where would'st thou go?

"Ellen. Beyond the mountains, mid th' eternal snows,
In a deep glen, close hid from envious eyes,
There is a spot where peace once dwelt with Ellen.

"Count. And Julian there?

"Ellen. Oh where, but nigh those haunts—
That paradise, where first we view'd each other.
Search we yon Alps : their summit still retains
The traces of my footsteps, as I stray'd
A lonely wand'rer o'er th' eternal snows :
The echo of my groan still lingers there.
And—didst thou say, "Forget it?" Never, never!
Ask the perpetual aching of this bosom ;
Ask these hot tears, whose scalding currents flow
Like drops of molten lead ;
Ask this (*her heart*), whose flood is fire ; ask this (*striking her forehead*), whose pulse
Throbb'd by keen anguish, like a furnace burns,
Consuming all within. (*The vesper chimes heard.*)

"ALBERT and PAGE enter.

"Hark ! hark ! Farewell.

'Tis Julian calls.

(ELLEN rushes out.

"Count. Go, Claude ! attend on Ellen,
And to my arms restore her.—I myself
Will guide the sufferer to her native vale,

(CLAUDE goes.

And

And rest her forehead on some kindred bosom,
 Ere I may hope to taste repose in cloisters.
 Her word, methought, was truth: if nigh that spot
 Yet Julian lingers, to remorse abandon'd,
 I will assuage his anguish, and once more
 Win back his footsteps to regain the haunt
 Where peace abode with virtue. If the grave
 Has clos'd its portal o'er unpardon'd guilt,
 My consecrated gifts—thy prayer, good Albert!
 Shall draw from Heav'n's high throne an angel down,
 To reconcile his spirit to its God." P. 32.

We are now introduced to the convent of St. Bernard, and to Julian, who makes a confession of his crime to the conclave of the Monks. The countess and Ellen, as they wind up the mountain, are attacked by assassins, the countess is taken prisoner, but is rescued by Julian, who is wounded in the scuffle.

"*Count.* Oh! what words
 Can rightly praise—what earthly gifts reward thee?
 Thus, on thy hand, the Countess of Tortona
 Prints the warm kiss of gratitude.

(*JULIAN falls prostrate, and draws the cowl over his face.*)

"*Jul.* Oh! oh!

"*Count.* Whence that deep groan? Th' assassin's steel has
 pierc'd thee.

"*Jul.* Not that: I felt it not. Strike! strike me dead!

"*Count.* What! for this deed? Let it not grieve thy soul.
 Long ages past, a voice from heaven decreed,
 "Who spills man's blood by man his blood be spilt."
 Why art thou silent? Speak.

"*Jul.* But—but forgive me.

"*Count.* In what hast thou offended?

"*Jul.* (*to himself.*) I must speak.

The threatened torments of the world to come,
 Where sinners meet their doom, are centered here.

"*Count.* In what hast thou offended?

"*Jul.* I have I ft

The path where virtue led me; I have strewn
 In the smooth vale of innocence and peace
 Rank baleful seed; and I have pluck'd its fruit,
 That leaves a scar and blister on the soul,
 When all of earth sinks to its native dust.—
 You know me now. Away.

"*Count.* I know thee not.

"*Jul.* But—you do know my voice.

"*Count.* Lift up thy cowl;
 Thy features may instruct me.

"*Jul.* Ask not—that;
 You'll turn away in horror!

"*Count.*

" *Count.* If thy guilt
Aught touches me, this act of rescued life
Obliterates all trace of past offence.
Lift up thy cowl. *(he lifts it up reluctantly.)*
Oh! Heavens! I know thee not.
Nay, go not hence.

" *Jul.* I would not shock thy soul.
(To himself.) I will not see her more. But, oh! her pardon.—
I am—(but do not gaze on me)—I was
In happier years—thy husband—

" *Count.* *(recollecting him she screams)* Julian! Julian!
And yet I knew thee not—thou shalt not leave me.
My arms shall hold thee—thou art more than pardoned,
Husband!

" *Jul.* Oh sound once grateful to my soul—
But do not stain thy unpolluted lip!
Look, look not—so.

" *Count.* I cannot view on earth
One so belov'd.

" *Jul.* Not with that eye of kindness!
I cannot look on thee. Oh if thine eye
Flash'd vengeful lightning, I'd not turn away.
Why should'st thou weep?—I cannot shed a tear.—

" *Count.* *(embracing him.)* Weep in these arms." P. 57.

In the midst of this interview Ellen enters; Julian conceals his countenance. She commends the countess to his care, supposing him to be a monk of the convent.

" *Ellen.* You see Tortona's countess:
Hear what her kindness—I, who clasp your hand;
I am a peasant's child, a wretched being.
Once I knew peace, and then this cheek had bloom:
But peace and Ellen have long since been sever'd.
Sore woe, and wandering, and fierce suns and winds
That vex the houseless brow, have blanch'd this cheek
That stole a husband from her: yet, that angel,
My guardian angel graciously hung o'er me,
Night after night; and, when I woke and wept,
Or when the fiend in dreams abus'd my sense,
Bath'd with cool drop my lip of fire, and sooth'd me
As I had been her daughter.

" *Jul.* *(To himself in utmost agony.)* 'Tis complete—
The measure is complete.

" *Ellen.* I cry you mercy,
I knew you not; you are a cowl'd monk,
A man of peace. Oh! had that fearless brother
Stood by my side, or brave Tortona's count,
How had th' assassins fled. They both were valiant:
Both fam'd alike in arms: quick, fiery, both,

And

And so they smote each other. In these arms,
Not on the field of war, the brave man perished—
The blood that would have grac'd his trophied banner
Trickled down Ellen's bosom.

"Jul. Spare me! spare me!

"Ellen. Compassionate, kind man!—nay, groan not so,—
Weep not for Ellen's woe; it soon will cease:
Soon will the bitterness of death be past.
But, leave me not 'mid these bleak rocks to perish,—
Let me not die unblest. Why dost thou tremble?
No murd'ers now are lurking. From that rock
Sprang out the merciless man.—Then Ellen sav'd her—
'Twas Julian's gift, his nuptial present sav'd her,
So long here shrined. (*her bosom.*) But, oh! the heart that
warm'd it,

Once—twice—still beats—'tis cold, 'tis icy cold.
Your pray'r—your blessing—in your pray'r forget not
The name of Ellen, nor that hapless man.
For Ellen's sake reserve a pray'r for Julian:
And, if, in after time, his restless foot
Should wander nigh your walls, invite him in,
And sooth his anguish, as I fain had sooth'd it;
And say, that Ellen, that his Ellen, breath'd
In death forgiveness o'er him.

"Jul. (*to himself.*) Gracious Heaven!
The cry of penitence has reach'd thy throne;
Her voice has breath'd forgiveness,—deign to hear
My last, last pray'r:—Now, as I here expire,
Oh! let my failing eye, ere clos'd, behold her
At rest from earthly woe in death's still sleep:
Then, from her lip, seal'd in eternal peace,
My soul shall steal a blessing. (*kneels to her.*)

"Ellen. Dost thou kneel
In prayer for me? (*he falls.*) Oh! lay thy hallow'd hand
On Ellen's brow.—'Tis cold: 'tis death-like chill—
A breathless corse.—How's this? there's blood upon me.
They too have murder'd him. All, all, but Ellen,
In the still slumber of the dead, at peace:—
Why am I left for lengthen'd agony?
Break, break thou iron heart!—It yields, it breaks.
That, the keen death-pang.—Saint on earth, (*the Countess:*
receive

This kiss, 'tis all poor Ellen has to give.
I soon shall be at rest.—But he!—but he!—
A last faint flutter trembles on my heart.
Oh Julian! Julian!

"Jul. (*flinging back the cowl.*) Ellen!

"Ellen. Ha!—'Tis he—

For this my soul has pray'd—oh!—nearer—nearer—
Give me thy hand: I cannot see thy face—

Thy

Thy hand, thou honor'd saint! thus I unite you—
Thou too, forgive: speak peace unto his soul—
Now Ellen's voice may call down mercy on him.
Pardon, and peace, and hope of bliss eternal
Rest on thy soul.

"Jul. Farewell!

"Ellen. We meet in heav'n." P. 61.

From these scenes our readers will be enabled to form a fair opinion of Mr. Sotheby's tragic powers. In the last play there are some very tender and affecting passages, mixed with some good descriptive poetry; nor is the language altogether so harsh as in the former. As far as the plot is concerned, though by the punishment which falls upon the head of Julian, dramatic justice is apparently satisfied, yet, we confess, that we do not approve of adultery made amiable by all the sympathy which must be excited for the sufferings of Julian. Adultery is not a fit subject for the drama, especially where our feelings of compassion are strongly excited towards the criminal. Amidst the tears of sentimental sympathy, we gradually lose the sensation of disgust which the crime should inspire. It is for this reason that we disapprove of the play of the Stranger; and it is for the same reason that, notwithstanding many pretty passages which occur throughout, we should be sorry to see the Ellen of Mr. Sotheby represented upon the stage.

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any distinction has been conferred by the Sovereigns of these Kingdoms.

The Society for superseding the use of Climbing Boys in cleansing Chimneys, are about to publish the *Report of the Committee of the House of Commons* on this interesting subject, with additional information relating to it, under the direction of Mr. *W. Tooke*, Treasurer to the Society.

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An Inquiry into the Nature, History, and first Introduction of Poetry in general, but more particularly of Dramatic Poetry, and of that sort of Verse which the Latin Poets employed in their Comedies; tending to shew that Poetical Licences are unnecessary; and that the Verses of Sophocles, Plautus, Terence, Pindar, and Horace are erroneously regulated, but may be correctly distributed without any violation of the Laws of Prosodia, will speedily be published by *J. S. Hawkins*, Esq. F.S.A.

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The same Author is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of the public and private Life of the Right Hon. George Ponsonby*, with selections from his Correspondence, and a collection of his judicial and parliamentary Speeches.

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Professor *Orfila*, Author of a Treatise on *Animal, Mineral, and Vegetable Poisons*, has in the Press an *Elementary Work on Chemistry*. It is expected that an English translation will appear soon after the publication of the Original.

THE
BRITISH CRITIC,
FOR AUGUST, 1817.

ART. I. *Ethical Questions; or Speculations on the principal Subjects of Controversy in Moral Philosophy.* By T. Cogan, M. D. &c. Cadell and Davies. 1817.

DR. COGAN is a writer of considerable talent and reputation; more ingenious however than profound, and more remarkable for novelty in language than for originality of view. His various works on the Passions afford a good specimen of mental anatomy, accompanied, too, with a tolerably successful demonstration and exhibition of the parts, taken separately and unconnected; but in the attempt to establish a simple principle upon which to account for their complicated operations, and to lay the foundation of a more precise nomenclature than that which at present prevails in the department of Ethics, we see little to praise besides his indefatigable industry and love of truth.

The volume now before us, which is avowedly a mere supplement to his Philosophical and Ethical Treatises on the Passions, naturally reminds us, both by its title and subject, of Dr. Price's well-known "Review of the principal Question in Morals." The topics discussed, too, are very nearly the same, and are arranged in the following order, which we transcribe at length, as giving to our readers the best idea of the object of the work.

"1. What are the sources of *rational conviction*? And what are the characteristic differences of each?

"2. Is *benevolence* a principle distinct from *self-love*, or a modification of it?

"3. Is human nature endowed with a *moral sense*, to perceive moral principles, in a manner analogous to the organs of sense in the perception of external objects?

"4. Are the actions and volitions of men necessary in given circumstances;

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cumstances? or, circumstances being the same, could a contrary volition be formed, or a contrary conduct be adopted.

"5. Is human nature endowed with a *common sense*, destined to be the criterion of truth; and more infallible, in any case, respecting its decisions, than the deductions of reason?

"6. Are the sceptical opinions advanced by Mr. Hume in his *Enquiry into the human Understanding*, founded on the legitimate use or abuse of reason. Or, is it necessary to renounce our reason in order to reject them?

"7. Whence are our ideas of *moral obligation* derived; and what is the final cause of the obligation?"

It is not our intention to follow the author over the wide field of enquiry into which these questions would necessarily lead us: we shall rather confine ourselves to those of his speculations, one or two in number, in which the point at issue is most clearly perceived, and on which his arguments, of course, are the most intelligible. We begin with that which stands third in the list, wherein, as may be seen, by referring to the title, the learned Doctor professes to determine, whether or not human nature is endowed with a moral sense to perceive moral principles in a manner analogous to the organs of sense in the perception of external objects. Our readers are aware that several philosophers, and particularly the celebrated Professor Hutcheson of Glasgow, have maintained that the decisions of the mind, relative to moral actions and characters, are regulated not by the ordinary powers of intellect, but by a special faculty; which, because it acts with the promptitude, the certainty and universality of an instinctive principle, they have denominated a *sense*, and because it is confined in its operations to matters of right and wrong, they have called it the *moral sense*. Many, too, in that large class of writers who take up all their notions at second hand, have adopted the views of Hutcheson, as being apparently more simple than those of other ethical teachers, and as affording to virtue a more stable foundation than that hypothesis which traces moral approbation to the decisions of the understanding. For ourselves, however, we have to say, that our opinions are directly opposed to those of Hutcheson; that we have all along regarded them as resting upon a very narrow view of the philosophy of the human mind; and moreover, that if we admit the existence of a moral sense, we must necessarily encrease the number of the senses to correspond with all the various modes of mental operation in which the determinations of the judgment are accompanied with any emotion or sentiment. We feel, indeed, the full force of the observations upon which the Hutchesonian doctrine is supported, and readily admit that our perception of right and wrong is so quick and instantaneous,

stantaneous, that it is almost impossible to trace our moral decisions to any distinct process of the reasoning faculties. We likewise grant, that in relation to virtue and vice, in all unambiguous cases at least, the judgment of mankind is as prompt and uniform as when directed to the cognizance of mere sensible impressions arising from external objects; that the unsophisticated mind approves of what is good, and condemns what is bad, with the same readiness that it would pronounce on the smell of a rose, or on the taste of aloes. The general outlines of good and evil, of virtue and vice, of justice and generosity, are so clearly marked, that the distinction is instantly perceived, and the sentiment or emotion which follows that perception is instantly felt. All this, however, is not decisive of the question whether the human being is endowed with a special faculty, or sense, for judging and feeling in the department of morals. It must first be shewn, that the same instantaneousness of decision, and the same quick susceptibility of emotion, are not common to every exercise of our faculties, to which the mind has been so long accustomed as to render it what every act frequently repeated at length becomes, a mere association of ideas, or an intuitive perception, performed without effort, and almost without consciousness. In the department of taste, for example, an artist of a well-practised and enlightened mind perceives, at the very first glance, the excellencies of a master-piece in his own line, and feels with the rapidity of lightning the glow of admiration which such a production is calculated to excite in one so prepared to enjoy all its beauties. The man of honour, too, whose reputation is dearer to him than his life, perceives with the quickness of light the import of an injurious insinuation, and feels his soul on fire in the very twinkling of an eye. There is not a moment employed in comparing ideas, or in drawing conclusions. The judgment formed by the understanding in these cases, and the emotion accompanying that judgment, are as vivid and instantaneous as any moral sentiment whatsoever; and yet no philosopher has ever maintained that we are endowed with innate senses for judging of a picture, or for resenting an injury. In fact, our mental processes in every field of study, and in every pursuit of life, very soon become what Dr. Hartley called *automatic*, that is, we perform them with all the facility and quickness which characterize the operations of instinct, and with some degree of that unconsciousness which belongs to a machine; and thus the geometrician himself is found to acquire, from long practice in calculation, a sort of intuitive perception of the terms and conditions of his problems, which, by a philosopher of the Hutchesonian school, might be called the *mathematical sense*. But there is no occasion in any case of this nature, and whether

the subject be geometry or morals, to have recourse to the clumsy apparatus of a *sense*, meaning thereby an instrument of sensation analogous to the organs of sight and smell; for no opinion is more philosophical than that maintained by our author, and indeed by almost every ethical writer of eminence in the present day, and which teaches that the quickness and the apparent instantaneousness of our impressions, on every subject wherein the mind has been frequently exercised, may be easily explained by adverting to the well-known power of habit. The object of those who hold the doctrine of a moral sense is, as we have already hinted, to raise up a bulwark for virtue, by maintaining that an especial provision has been made for the immediate discernment of merit and demerit in human action; but numerous facts combine to prove that a similar facility of discernment, and of correspondent action equally pervades every other department of human agency. It is common to every thing we do. In every line of exertion, facility and quickness spring from use. The musician moves his fingers and reads his notes with a rapidity and unconsciousness, not indeed to be easily explained on any system of mental philosophy, and which would warrant, as fully at least as any instance of moral perception on record the appropriation of an especial *sense*.

The principal objection, however, to the existence of a moral sense is the practical doctrine so obviously connected with it, whereby every man's feelings are made to him the standard of right and wrong, of merit and of demerit. According to this view it is only necessary for a person to *feel* that he is in the right in order to be convinced that he is infallibly in the right; and thus the Chinese mother who suffocates her infant; the Indian widow who mounts the funeral pile of her dead husband; the savage who from humanity knocks out the brains of his father; the Brahmin who regards the use of animal food as a mortal sin; the good Catholic who holds the same opinion, restricted only to certain more sacred days; the usurer who takes fifty per cent. without remorse, merely because he does not steal it; and the gamester who, with a good conscience, pockets ten thousand pounds because it is a debt of honour; are all placed on the same footing in point of morality; are all equally in the right, because they *feel* they are in the right. The moral sense, in these cases, sustains no shock, is subjected to no compunction, creates no uneasy sentiment. The inquisitor puts his victim to the torture, suspends him over a slow fire, thrusts spikes into his body, and finally deprives him of life amid the most excruciating pains which he can possibly devise; and his moral sense all the while, so far from condemning such a manifest violation of the law of God and of man, is found to yield comfort to the gloomy murderer,

derer, to supply a voucher and a warrant for all his cruelties, to satisfy him, in short, that he is performing a pious and indispensable duty. Now, it requires only to be mentioned that the conduct of the Chinese mother, of the widow, of the savage, of the gamester, or of the inquisitor, is not approved by the moral sense of any well-educated Christian in this part of the world; whilst on the contrary, with regard to the five senses properly so called, there is a perfect uniformity in their exercise, and in the ideas founded upon them, through the whole of the human species. The healthy organs of all men in similar circumstances, are, as Dr. Cogan observes, affected in a similar manner. The colour which appears blue to one man will not appear yellow to another, and white to a third. The notes which are perfectly harmonious never appear discordant to a sound ear, although it may not be equally pleased as another with the tune that is performed. One person will indeed prefer a sour taste to sweetness, and another the reverse, yet the one taste is not in any instance mistaken for the other. But different persons, it is well known, will form the most opposite opinions, and feel very different sentiments, respecting the same action. One will censure as a proof of cowardice the precautions which another will applaud as highly prudential. One will deem an action to be courageous and heroic, which another will censure as rash, and bordering upon insanity. One will condemn as an unpardonable cruelty that which the judgment of another approves as an indispensable act of justice. Differences and mistakes like these have never been imputed to our corporeal organs, when in a sound and healthy state. There is a perfect uniformity of opinion concerning the shape, size, and colour of visible bodies, of roughness, smoothness, hardness, softness, in tangible bodies.

“ These essential differences,” continues the author, “ destroy the character of the moral sense as an infallible guide and director of conduct. They demonstrate that strong sensations, in moral subjects, are frequently very erroneous; nor ought the agent or the observer to trust to their decisions, in forming his judgment concerning the moral nature of particular acts. The heart may glow with the warm approbation of wrong actions, and be ashamed of what is right. National customs and manners, particular modes of education, romantic notions, partial views of a subject, may exert all that influence which is ascribed to a moral sense; may incite to actions justly reprobated by minds well-informed, and produce consequences of the most fatal nature. They introduce contrarieties which confound every system of morals that has ever been proposed. The rulers of the synagogue in a well-authenticated case, were restrained by their moral sense from purchasing a field with the price of blood, though it did not prevent them from the atrocious act of murdering the innocent. Saul, the Pharisee, persecuted

cuted the first proselytes to christianity, as mad enthusiasts, as followers of a man who was subverting the religion which he *knew* was from God; and he was instigated by his ardent zeal for the honour of God to support the cause of God. Paul, the Apostle, gloried in that cross which he had formerly considered as a scandal and a stumbling-block. His moral convictions now assured him, that in the days of his zeal without knowledge, he had been an enemy to the truth as it is in Jesus; that he had murdered the people of God, and impiously opposed the benevolent plans of heaven;"—that when he *consented* unto the death of Stephen, and held the clothes of those who slew him, his moral sense had led him astray.

It is commonly said in reply to such objections, that the feeling is right although the judgment be wrong, and that the moral sense resumes its proper functions as soon as the circumstances of the case are correctly ascertained. But this concession is tantamount to a surrender of the point at issue; for, as the feelings have to be regulated by the investigations of the understanding, and as the latter principle must be consulted before the propriety of any feeling can be ascertained, it follows that the moral sense can no longer be regarded either as an independent faculty, or as an infallible guide in our moral determinations. The feeling, however quick, which is excited by the contemplation of a good or bad action, does not immediately result from the perception of that action considered simply in itself, in the same manner, at least, that an impression is produced upon an organ of sensation by its corresponding object; the scent of a rose for example, or the flavour of a peach. An opinion must be previously formed concerning the particular circumstances of the action which inspires the feeling; and, as the sentiment follows the opinion, it will necessarily be as changeable as that opinion, taking, in fact, its character, its intensity, and its duration from the nature of the opinion, and not from any blind or instinctive impulse of our moral nature. Opinions, it is justly remarked by Dr. Cogan, may exist without exciting any sensation; whereas these strong moral feelings cannot have an existence before certain opinions are formed; and these, it is admitted, cannot be formed with any degree of accuracy, without an intimate knowledge of the various circumstances upon which the essential character, and the different colourings of any given action may depend. We may illustrate this statement by a familiar example taken, with a few alterations, from the treatise now before us. We are informed, we may allow ourselves to imagine, that a man has been killed suddenly: he was a stranger to us, but still we are struck with a degree of horror at the news. If, however, we personally knew the man, our horror is augmented by the influence of the social principle, and also accord-

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ing to the degrees of our intimacy. We hear, moreover, that his death was accidental; this excites no additional sensation, excepting that of pity. We hear that he was *murdered*: this renders the sensation extremely keen. Ideas of injustice, barbarity, &c. immediately arise, and we are incensed against the perpetrator of the crime. We are further informed that he was murdered in the act of protecting innocence, and that he lost his life in saving that of another person. Other emotions are now enjoined; love and admiration are now mingled with our other feelings, and greatly augment our regret. Should we, on the contrary, be told that he was the aggressor; that he was killed in the attempt to rob or murder another person, indignation would instantly take the place of our other sentiments. We should then acknowledge the justice of his punishment, and our natural horror at the event would be stripped of all those commiserating feelings which a prior information had excited. Vary the circumstances, in short, in every way which imagination can suggest, and it will be found that the emotion created in the mind by the recital of the supposed death, will be different exactly as the circumstances attending it are found to differ; thus affording the most unanswerable proof that our moral sentiments have their origin in the conceptions of the intellect, and not in an implanted, instinctive, irrational sense. The hypothesis, too, which we are combating, supposes that approbation or disapprobation is a simple act or state of the mind, such as smelling, or hearing, or seeing; a mere passive condition, in short, of a sensitive faculty. The slightest reflection, however, is sufficient to convince us that such a view of our moral judgments and feelings, is completely inconsistent with fact. Before an action or a character can be the occasion of exciting in us any sentiment of a moral nature; before we can either praise or blame; we must know something as to the intention with which the one was performed, and as to the principles upon which the other professes to act; in short, we first exercise the judgment, and then, according to an original law of our nature, we become conscious of a particular sentiment or emotion, agreeable to the nature of the case; and, although this process should be the work of an instant, conducted with a rapidity which at once baffles all recollection, and every attempt to retrace its steps, yet there is nothing in philosophy of which we are more certain than that, before the glow of sentiment is lighted up in the soul, the understanding has reviewed the leading circumstances which determine the character of the action or object which has given occasion to that sentiment.

We have followed up this view of the question with more ardour than its importance may seem to require; but, simple as the

the reasoning is by which the absurd doctrine of a moral sense has been overturned, it had no other effect on the acute mind of Dr. Price, one of the ablest opponents of this part of the Hutchesonian system, than to lead him from the successful exposure of one error, to fall into another not less absurd. He denied, as well as Dr. Cogan, that our moral judgments and feelings sprang from a *sense*, and his arguments in support of this assertion are, no doubt, extremely able and satisfactory; but instead of considering such judgments and feelings as originating in the ordinary operation of the understanding, and in that susceptibility of emotion with which we are endowed in relation to all events which affect our sympathy or self-love, he chose to describe our ideas of right and wrong as *simple and intuitive* perceptions, referable to some power in the human mind, which, without any *media* of proof, or process of reasoning, at once sees and determines, in all matters within the province of the moralist. He was led to this, as every body knows, by his pious wish to place the distinction between virtue and vice on the firm basis of *reality*, and the only method which occurred to him whereby to secure this great object, was to ascribe the mental process, by which that distinction is made out, to a faculty of the mind, conversant only with the *real* or *primary* qualities of matter. The qualities of body perceived by the senses having, agreeably to the scholastic notions of his day, no existence but in the mind which perceives them, it appeared to Dr. Price, that, if philosophers admitted into their system a faculty whose operations in determining moral good and evil, were analogous to those of the eye or the ear, morality would no longer have that immutable and eternal foundation in the nature of things, which Cudworth and other learned divines have laboured to establish. It struck him, in short, as an invincible objection to the views of Hutcheson, that virtue and vice were thereby rendered mere factitious, arbitrary, and varying conceptions of the mind; and that, of course, the difference between a good action and a bad one, would become as little fixed and determinate, as the difference between sweet and sour, red and yellow. When pronouncing concerning an action or opinion in the department of morals, we should, he conceived, if Hutcheson's views were admitted, only express a *feeling of sense*, a *modification* of our own thoughts, and not a *judgment of the understanding*: in one word, virtue and vice, for the very reason that they are perceived by a *sense*, would have to be regarded as secondary, and not as primary qualities, as depending on the percipient and not on the immutable attributes of an abstract and permanent reality.

This is not a proper occasion for entering upon the futility of
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the distinction between primary and secondary qualities, nor for exposing the childishness of Dr. Price's reasoning in relation to a moral sense when connected with that distinction. Virtue and vice, it is enough to observe, are not properties of matter, and could not, therefore, fall under either of the classes to which the distinction strictly applied; the term *sense* in this argument meaning nothing more than an internal faculty, the operations of which appeared too simple for analysis, and too uniform to be referable to the deductions of intellect. It is rather remarkable, too, that it did not occur to the learned Doctor, that, by describing our moral ideas as *simple and intuitive*, he lent the great weight of his authority to the very doctrine which he was labouring to refute; for Hutcheson and his followers could not have explained their moral sense in any other terms, than as being a power of the mind which exercised an *intuitive perception* in cases of moral good and evil.

We are therefore decidedly agreed with Dr. Cogan that our notions in matters of morality have the same origin with all our other notions—the understanding. And as to the instantaneousness and rapidity with which such notions are formed, we can discover nothing more than the all powerful effect of habit, rendering our judgments and feelings almost instinctive, an effect, however, which is equally manifest in every other field of human thought. A man for example, passing in the street, who sees a slate falling from a roof over his head, instantly springs from under it, and when the act is performed he finds it impossible to retrace the current of his ideas—the danger which threatened him, and the means of escape. A young lady dancing at an assembly, upon feeling her garter dangling about her ancles, is in a moment suffused with the blush of shame; a thousand ideas rush into her mind, as suddenly and vividly as if she had been detected in the theft of a diamond ring; and yet no writer has been so foolish as to contend for the existence of a special faculty to form ideas of danger or of decorum, and to awaken in the mind the sentiments corresponding to those ideas. If we were to establish *senses* for every class of actions and feelings which approach to the nature of instinct, we should not only cease to have the benefit of general principles as applied to the phenomena of mind, but we should at the same time encumber our phraseology with a load of unmeaning words. The works of Dr. Reid, the moral philosopher of the North, gave some countenance to that multiplication of original faculties, and consequent looseness of language in metaphysical discussions, by which all reasoning in this department of study, has in these days been rendered extremely vague and unsettled; and it is on that account chiefly, and without any predilection for the simplifying doctrines

doctrines of the French school, that we recommend the views of Dr. Cogan on this particular subject.

We do not, however, quite so heartily approve of his opposition to the philosophy of Dr. Reid, as expressed in his *Speculation on Common Sense*, the topic to which we now invite the attention of the reader; for he takes the views of it which he has chosen to controvert, not from Dr. Reid's *Enquiry*, the only original and authentic source, but from Dr. Beattie's *Essay on Truth*, a work which, with all its merits, contributed more than than any other, written at the period in question, to bring the doctrines of the Scottish philosophers into contempt. It cannot be necessary to state at this advanced stage of philosophical knowledge, that, by common sense, Dr. Reid intended to convey the notion of those fundamental principles upon which all reasoning proceeds. Such as the belief that a material world exists around us; that the course of nature always continues the same; that we ourselves exist, and that all the objects of our senses have an independent existence, as well at the moment we do not actually perceive them, as when we do perceive them.

"All reasoning," says that celebrated author, "must be from first principles, and for first principles, no other reason can be given than this, that by the constitution of our nature, we are under a necessity of assenting to them. Such principles are parts of our constitution no less than the power of thinking; reason can neither make nor destroy them, nor can it do any thing without them: it is like a telescope, which may help a man to see further who has eyes, but without eyes a telescope sees nothing at all. A mathematician cannot see the truth of his axioms, nor can he prove any thing unless he take them for granted. We cannot prove the existence of our minds, nor even of our thoughts and sensations." "It is a bold philosophy," he continues, "that rejects, without ceremony, principles which irresistibly govern the belief and conduct of all mankind in the common affairs of life, and to which the philosopher himself must yield, after he imagines that he has confuted them. Such principles are older and of more authority than philosophy; she rests upon them as her basis, not they upon her. They are a part of our constitution, and all the discoveries of our reason are grounded upon them. They make up what is called the common sense of mankind; and what is manifestly contrary to any of those first principles, is what we call absurd. A remarkable deviation from them, arising from a disorder in the constitution, is what we call lunacy. When a man suffers himself to be reasoned out of the principles of common sense by metaphysical arguments, we call this metaphysical lunacy, which differs from the other species of the distemper in this, that it is not continued but intermittent; it is apt to seize the patient in solitary and speculative moments; but when he enters into society, common sense recovers her authority."

It must be very evident, we think, from these extracts, that by "common sense," Dr. Reid meant nothing more than those first truths or fundamental principles, which constitute the basis of all reasoning and of all action among human beings: and this explanation will be still further confirmed, by reflecting on the nature of the doctrines, prevalent at the time he wrote, and against which he directed all the powers of his sagacious mind. Des Cartes had seriously set about proving his own existence, as being, in his estimation, a question fairly open to controversy: Berkeley had denied, and, as most people of his age believed, had completely disproved, the existence of matter; Hume, by carrying Berkeley's mode of thinking, a little farther than he himself had thought proper to carry it, had brought into doubt the existence of mind as well as of matter. Reid instantly saw that the foolish scepticism of these distinguished men, arose entirely from their attempt to prove that which ought to be regarded as an essential element of human reason, or a fundamental principle of all knowledge—their own existence and the existence of the material world. It is a conviction impressed upon the minds of all men, not positively insane, that they are connected, by means of their senses, with beings of various orders which live and exercise the vital functions around them, as also with a system of organized matter in the shape of trees and plants, as well as with hills and vallies, placed at certain distances, and reflecting certain colours; and this sense, or conviction, being universal, was called by Dr. Reid a sense, *common* to mankind. Perhaps the terms common sense were not very judiciously chosen, but no man who peruses the works of Reid with attention can possibly misunderstand them; it was not therefore without some surprise that we found Dr. Cogan entering upon the subject of his Fifth Speculation, viz. "Is man endowed with a common sense destined to be the criterion of truth, and more infallible, in any case, respecting its decisions than the deductions of reason," prepared to combat only with the unsubstantial shadow of Dr. Reid's system, conjured up from the Essay of Dr. Beattie. Why not take up the subject as it is explained at length in the admirable enquiry of the former writer; and why view it through the imperfect medium of a work, in which all the followers of Dr. Reid, have been beforehand with our author in pointing out the grossest misapplication of his notions, and the most lax and unphilosophical use of his language. Dugald Stewart, in the second volume of his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, pronounces the language of Beattie to be "loose and unsettled;" and Dr. Cogan in the laboured dissertation now before us proves, and attempts to prove, nothing more. He even confesses that he does not know what Dr. Beattie means by the phrase "common sense," but

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seems willing to take it for granted that the doctrine advanced by him is to this effect.

"That there is a something within us to which the name of common sense may be given, but what it is does not so clearly appear, which is to direct us into the knowledge of the most important truths. It is different from reason, and far superior to it in the promptitude and accuracy of its decisions; and in this we ought to have an implicit confidence, in opposition to the most powerful arguments."

This way of going to work is extremely disingenuous, and altogether unworthy of Dr. Cogan's pretensions to the name of a philosopher. He knows, or at least ought to know, that Dr. Reid never attempted to substitute his principle of common sense for the exercise of reason, in any case to which reason could be applied: On the contrary he limited the use of that faculty, if faculty it should be called, to those ultimate impressions on first truths, which are believed by all and acted upon by all, yet which are altogether unsusceptible of proof or confirmation, by any imaginable process of argument. Common sense was not set up by Dr. Reid in *opposition* to reason, nor in competition with reason; but as the origin or instrument of a species of knowledge upon which all reasoning must be founded and conducted. Let Dr. Cogan, if he can, point out any *media* of proof, by which we shall satisfy an ideal philosopher that there exists a material world independent of the impressions made upon his senses, and then proceed to explain the ground of this belief as it prevails among mankind at large, who have never felt disposed to distrust the evidence of their senses. Let him carry the chain of reason one link farther back than Berkeley or Hume could carry it, and let him fasten it securely upon axioms capable of demonstration, and then will we cordially join with him in deriding the clumsy philosophy of Dr. Reid. But if he has only one word to substitute for another; if he has nothing in store but a better chosen term to replace one injudiciously applied, why all this contempt and triumph in his mouth whilst he brings it forward. His "speculation," however, ends in less than even grammatical or verbal emendation; it ends literally in nothing at all. He begins by telling us that he could not understand Dr. Beattie, and he leaves off without shewing us that he better understood any body else who has written on the subject. He laughs at common sense, but fails to recommend any principle more deserving of our respect. The following short extract contains the only specimen of reasoning or illustration which our author has been pleased to adduce, deserving of a moment's notice, and even in this, his statement proves nothing

so clearly as that he has not formed an accurate conception of the point at issue.

"Numberless," says he, "are the instances of a deception on the first appearance of things, and of permanent deceptions on ignorant minds. What can strike the senses more forcibly than the *rising* of the sun in the east and its *setting* in the west? We not only see its change of place, but at the verge of its rising or setting, we think that we see it in motion, while we are unconscious of motion in the earth. That the heavens move and the earth stands still has been the universal opinion, or, in the Doctor's language, the common sense of mankind. It is the opinion now of every one ignorant of astronomy, and yet the rational powers of man confute it. If Dr. Beattie's attachment to common sense has not made him reject the Copernican system, his astronomical creed is in direct opposition to the evidence of his senses. Or let him place himself in a boat in rapid motion on a canal. He will see the adjacent trees swiftly pass by him, and the distant trees move in an opposite direction. Will he in such cases confide in the report of his favourite common sense? There are some cases in which our senses make opposite reports respecting the same objects. If I place one hand that has been chilled to thirty degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, into a bason of water at the temperature of fifty, the water will feel warm; and I must pronounce it to be warm with as much confidence as I believe it to be water. I place my other hand heated to seventy or eighty degrees into the same water; now I must believe the water to be cold, positively cold; for things must be as our senses represent them. A dog, a monkey, and a child view themselves in a mirror for the first time. The dog barks at another dog, so confident is he that his senses do not deceive him. The monkey grins, chatters, and paws at his comrade. The child goes behind the glass in search of a companion. None of them could be deceived according to the Doctor's principle. They positively saw an object. Nor can this deception be discovered without the deductions of reason."

Dr. Cogan certainly does not require to be informed that this very objection has been noticed and completely answered by Mr. Stewart, in the work to which we have already alluded. Having quoted from several ancient writers expressions and sentiments which coincide very closely with the views of Dr. Reid, he proceeds to observe, that

"It cannot be denied that against this summary species of logic, when employed without any collateral light, as an infallible touch-stone of philosophical truth, a strong objection immediately occurs. By what test (it may be asked) is a principle of common sense to be distinguished from one of those prejudices to which the whole human race are irresistibly led in the first instance, by the very constitution of their nature? If no test or criterion of truth can be pointed

pointed out but universal consent, may not all those errors which Bacon has called *idola tribus*, claim a right to admission among the incontrovertible axioms of science? And might not the popular cavils against the supposition of the earth's motion, which so long obstructed the progress of the Copernican system, have been legitimately opposed as a reply of paramount authority, to all the scientific reasonings by which it was supported. It is much to be wished that this objection, of which Dr. Reid could not fail to be fully aware, had been more particularly examined and discussed in some of his publications, than he seems to have thought necessary. From different parts of his works, however, various important hints towards a satisfactory answer to it might be easily collected. At present I shall only remark, that although *universality of belief* is one of the tests by which, according to him, a principle of common sense is characterized, it is not the only test which he represents as essential. Long before his time Father Buffier, in his excellent treatise on First Truths, had laid great stress on two other circumstances, as *criteria* to be attended to on such occasions; and although I do not recollect any passage in Dr. Reid where they are so explicitly stated, yet the general spirit of his meaning plainly shows that he had them constantly in view in all the practical applications of his doctrine. The first criterion mentioned by Buffier is, that the truths assumed as maxims of common sense should be such, that it is impossible for any disputant either to defend or to attack them but by means of propositions, which are neither more manifest, nor certain than the propositions in question. The second is, that their practical influence should extend even to those individuals who affect to dispute their authority. To these remarks of Buffier, it may not be altogether superfluous to add, that wherever a prejudice is found to obtain universally among mankind in any stage of society, this prejudice must have some foundation in the general principles of our nature, and must proceed upon some *truth* or fact inaccurately apprehended or erroneously applied. The suspense of judgment, therefore, which is proper with respect to particular opinions, till they be once fairly examined can never justify scepticism with respect to the general laws of the human mind. Our belief of the sun's motion is not a conclusion to which we are necessarily led by any such law, but an inference really drawn from the perceptions of sense, which do not warrant such an inference. All that we see is, that a relative change of position between us and the sun takes place; and this fact, which is made known to us by our senses, no subsequent discovery of philosophy pretends to disprove. It is not therefore the evidence of perception which is overturned by the Copernican system, but a *judgment* or inference of the understanding, of the rashness of which any person must be fully sensible the moment he is made to reflect with due attention on the circumstances of the case; and the doctrine which this system substitutes instead of our first crude apprehensions on the subject, is founded not on any process of reasoning *a priori*, but on the demonstrable inconsistency

inconsistency of these apprehensions with the various phenomena which our perceptions present to us. Had Copernicus not only asserted the stability of the sun, but, with some sophists of old, denied that any such thing as *motion* existed in the universe, his theory would have been precisely analogous to that of the non existence of matter; and no answer to it could have been thought of, more pertinent and philosophical than that which Plato is said to have given to the same paradox in the mouth of Zeno, by rising up and walking before his eyes."

We had intended to pass a few remarks on the Speculation ranked number four, and to enter a little into the question therein discussed, "Are the actions and volitions of men necessary in given circumstances? Or circumstances being the same, could a contrary volition be formed, or a contrary conduct be adopted?" Dr. Cogan, however, has left so much to be said on that intricate point, appearing entirely ignorant of all that has been written on it by other authors, that we have neither room nor inclination to make up the deficiency. We have simply to observe that he has not done much justice to the cause which he has espoused, is not likely to make many converts, and as little likely to satisfy such as already hold his opinions.

On the whole, these Ethical Questions manifest more thinking than reading, a wish on the part of the author to give his own views rather than to recommend or condemn the views of others; but his thinking is never very deep, and his reasoning is neither close nor consequential. He pleases indeed, occasionally, with a shrewd remark or a judicious criticism, but he fails to delight us with any continued series of ratiocination or of sustained eloquence. In these days, we admit, a small portion of original argument should weigh against the largest mass of quotation or plagiarism; yet where a writer enters upon subjects avowedly controversial, he does not commit his reputation for original thinking by showing his acquaintance with what has been advanced on either side of the question.

ART. II. *Some Account of the Rev. Thomas Robinson, M.A. late Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, and some Time Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, with a Selection of original Letters. By the Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, M.A. Vicar of St. Martin's and All Saints in Leicester, Rector of Foston, Leicestershire, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 470 pp. 12s. Whittingham and Arliss. 1815.*

WHEN we had read this volume carefully on its first appearance, and were prepared to give our report of it, an accident of a serious

rious nature suspended our labours. On resuming our task, after the delay of more than a year, a remark of Mr. Cowper's, on another subject, which occurred on the first perusal, again forcibly struck us; and, while we readily allow that the volume "contains much that we love," we are compelled to say, it contains also "much that we abhor." The exemplary diligence of Mr. Robinson, his talents and learning (though not of the first order), the exact arrangement of his time and studies, his manly support of subscription to the XXXIX Articles, his strenuous opposition to Jacobinical principles, to Roman Catholic emancipation, and to the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, together with his efforts for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and his warm and constant loyalty; these and other traits, as here exhibited, demand and receive our unqualified approbation. Other particulars, some in the Writer and some in the Life, which we cannot applaud, but are obliged to condemn, require more distinct notice; and one circumstance of this sort meets us as soon as we open the book. The back of the title page is occupied with a collection of mottos, some from the classics, which might be applied without scruple to Shakspeare or to Milton, (as, "*Mens diviniior atque os Magna sonaturum*") and some from Scripture, which we should have thought shame itself would have blushed to apply to any man since the days of the Apostles: "I will give you a mouth and wisdom"—"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." Such a silly profanation of the words of Holy Writ, in the very front and outset of the work, affords an inauspicious conjecture of the taste and discretion of the biographer. But leaving him for a moment, let us view Mr. Robinson.

He was born at Wakefield in Yorkshire, August 29, 1749, and educated at the Grammar School in that town, till he was of age to go to College, when the governors of the school, much to their own credit and that of the young man, unanimously agreed to allow him a double exhibition, and he was admitted a Sizar of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected Scholar in 1771, and Fellow the year following, having taken his first degree with reputation, standing seventh in the Senate-House Examination, in the same year in which Bishop Tomline was the senior Wrangler.

The biographer, who is ever on the watch for something sudden and extraordinary, does not always find it. "It does not appear, that Mr. R. had any strong religious impressions in early youth," his "cordial devotedness to God's service was not a sudden, but a gradual and deliberate choice," and therefore, we add, the more honourable, and likely to be permanent. Mr. V. however, from the testimony of one of Mr. Robinson's early friends,

friends, dates the commencement of his religious character from the second year of his residence in college; when he was much affected with reading Hervey's *Theron and Asparin*; and "was persuaded"—of what every member of the Church of England knows from his childhood, "that it is not by any imperfect works of man's righteousness, but by God's mercy through Jesus Christ, that he must be saved."

When he had been admitted to his first degree, he was ordained by Bishop Keene, and undertook the curacies of Wicham and Wichford, in the Isle of Ely, where his conduct from the first appears to have been uncanonical and irregular. Not satisfied with delivering two sermons on Sunday, he preached "once between the Sundays," and had a lecture on Sunday evening in his house, and by introducing hymns into the Church service, excited so warm a controversy in the parish and neighbourhood, that in two years he withdrew from the curacies, which he would otherwise, as it appears, have been compelled to relinquish.

In the science of morals, as in others, facts must sometimes be admitted, of which it may not be easy to assign the precise cause. It is undeniable, that the hymns, which are generally in circulation, have a tendency to infuse a puritanical spirit, or what is emphatically denominated *Canting*. The sentiments in these compositions, though not perhaps directly repugnant to Scripture, yet being not immediately taken, or not correctly taken, from that unerring volume, exhibit a picture of man, which does not accord with his genuine features, as he is portrayed in Scripture, and as he is seen in the world. Like the preachers that patronize them, they run into opposite extremes. They debase him too much, and exalt him too high; now he is a mere mass of corruption, and presently he is arrayed with sinless perfection; and a false humiliation and the gloom of despair are naturally succeeded by groundless self-confidence and pharisaical pride. Man, as we behold him in Scripture and in life, is neither an angel nor a devil; he has capacities of good, and propensities to evil; and diligent culture, aided by divine grace, may improve the one and correct the other; but culture is indispensable while life endures.

In the hymns and in the prayers of the conventicle, as in their prototype the Church of Rome, there is sometimes the abjectness of a slave, and sometimes the familiarity of an equal, but very rarely, what there always should be, the cheerful yet humble and affectionate reverence of a son. On the contrary, the Psalms of David and of his inspired compeers, (though not always free from a puritanical tinge as they come from the hands of

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Sternhold and Hopkins) of themselves present the most admirable portrait of the human heart: and are therefore in either of the prose translations, or in Tate and Brady, in Sandys or in Merrick, the faithful ally of true devotion. The inimitably beautiful transitions from prayer to praise, from confession of guilt to declarations of hope, to predictions and promises, together with constant allusions to the history of one nation, in which, human nature being always the same, the history of every nation, and indeed of every man, is virtually included; these and a thousand other nameless excellencies render the Psalms, which have been constantly used in the Church of God from the days of Moses to this hour, incomparably the best vehicle of the various aspirations of the heart to Him who made the heart. They leave on the mind the impressions of true humility, vigorous faith, undissembled cheerfulness.

When Mr. R. was inquiring after a new situation, three different curacies were proposed to him at the same time; one of which was at Leicester. But this he thought the least likely of the three; for in passing through the town a few years before, during the heat of a contested election, he "had privately whispered a prayer in the stage coach, that it might never be his portion to reside at Leicester." The good sense of a heathen, regarded it as a want of reverence to the gods, to defer to them such questions as mere numeration and a man's own understanding was competent to resolve. The young divine was at liberty to decline the situation, which he did not approve. But destiny is to attend a saint. The difficulty was overcome on the suggestion of a friend, that if the place was "disorderly," there was "special need of a restorer." Where should a man labour so soon, as where he is most wanted?

Leicester, by Mr. Vaughan's report, was at that time, like "many other provincial towns," a place "in which pure gospel light had for a long time been obscured. What little of vital religion there was appeared principally amongst the Dissenters." After this compliment to those, who, if the doctrine of that Church, of which Mr. V. is a minister, is true, are guilty of wilful schism, the very next sentence, with marvelous inconsistency, is this: "But in this general dearth of evangelical spirit, there was a small remnant of Churchmen; persons cordially attached to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England; who waited for redemption in Israel;" by which terms, thus grossly misapplied, we presume is intended the arrival of what is denominated by the party "a gospel preacher."

On this point Mr. V. and Mr. R. are in perfect unison, except that the pupil seems to outstrip his master. Mr. Robinson, as late as the year 1809, when the light of his teaching and example

had

had for many years been displayed in Leicester, "lamented the gross spiritual darkness that hung over it." Before he came thither, Mr. V. represents it as "fallow ground," where there were "many who had scarcely so much as heard that there was a Christ" "the very heart of Satan's kingdom," where "religion, both the thing and the name, had been trodden under foot."

Such is the manner, in which Calvinists allow themselves to speak of a place, where, assuredly, public prayers in the name of Christ, and the word and sacraments of Christ were duly administered, by pastors of the Church of England, of whom, we are persuaded, there is not one in a thousand, who does not believe and teach as that Church teaches, that our trust is "not in our own righteousness, but in the manifold and great mercies" of God in Christ. But if the truth has not the shade and colouring of Geneva, it is nothing.

When he had been curate of St. Martin's about six months, and discovered that there was a probability of his continuing at Leicester, he married a lady, who, with her two sisters, was a hearer and convert of Mr. Robinson's. The church of Mepal being crowded at the wedding, "the ceremony having been performed with peculiar solemnity, the newly married couple devoted themselves to God, by an express act of renewed self-dedication, *in the presence of all the people.*" With what words, or in what manner, this "self-dedication" was performed, we are not told; but few will deny, that a more ill-timed and ostentatious act, with whatever garb of sanctity it might be veiled, could not well be imagined. Mrs. Robinson, however, was a faithful and affectionate wife, of steady piety, and bore eleven children, of whom six survived her. When her lingering malady became hopeless, her husband said to the physician, "Now is the time, Sir, in which I am called to show my principles." An observation most true, and most injudicious. With far more propriety, and, surely, with far better prospect of benefit, would his principles have been shown only, as they were in part shown, by "silent, manly, Christian sorrow," not by his being thus, especially in such an hour, the herald of his own praise. Mrs. R. died in 1791, aged 43.

In framing his narrative Mr. V. has not followed a strict chronological order, "but has pursued subjects, rather than the course of events." To this method, when used with moderation, we have no objection. The nature of biography, which professes to give a true delineation of character, not a connected chain of annals, renders it in a certain degree necessary; and it is sanctioned by the example of the great biographers of antiquity. "*Partes sigillatim, neque per tempora, sed per spe-*

cies exsequar : quo distinctius demonstrari cognoscique possint." Suet. in Aug. c. ix. Mr. V. however has not always accomplished his object with complete success. The order of time being too much interrupted, the narrative instead of being, "more distinct" and luminous, is sometimes confused and obscure.

"The living of St. Mary's," (to which he was presented by the Lord Chancellor in 1778, through the interest of the Earl of Dartmouth, "was not a bed of roses to the new incumbent." At St. Martin's the great majority of the people had been adverse to his person and doctrine, and an acrid party spirit divided his new congregation. "The dulcet notes of a flourishing choir of singers were far from harmonizing with the grave tones and solemn aspirations of his prayings and preachings." Two different psalms were given out and sung, one in the singers' gallery, the other in the clerk's desk. The parishioners were on one side; the aliens and foreigners, of whom there was a constant influx, were on the other. There was a long and tumultuous contest also respecting the erection of a gallery; the plan was formally resisted, and the petition for a faculty, after hearing evidence, rejected; but at length, after the delay of nine years, the measure was finally, and we willingly collect, peaceably accomplished.

One of the most prolific sources of error is the want of discrimination between ancient and modern times, the confounding of what is local and temporary with what is general and permanent in religion. The doctrine, if indeed it is the doctrine, of holy scripture, is ever the same; but the circumstances, under which it is to be delivered, may and do essentially vary. The clergyman, who addresses a congregation of the Church of England, addresses those, who, like the Galatians of old, are "all the children of God by faith and baptism," though, like them also, many of them may neither be wise nor diligent as they ought to be. But every such assemblage of Christians Mr. V. divides into two parts by a line as broad and clear, as if the one part were believers in Christ, and the other heathens and idolaters; and the opposition, which it might be expected and was foretold that the Apostles would encounter, when they went forth to overturn the kingdom of Satan, to subdue Gentile malignity and Jewish prejudice; the same he thinks every minister of the Gospel may now expect among Christians, if he declares what Mr. V. denominates the peculiar and characteristic doctrines of the Gospel; and he does not scruple to apply to such teachers the awful declaration of our Saviour: "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

If by the "peculiar doctrines of the Gospel," Mr. V. means,

as we apprehend he does, the Calvinistic dogmas of absolute irrespective decrees and irresistible grace, it is to be hoped, that such horrid notions, repugnant alike to reason and to Scripture, will, wherever they are broached, meet with decided opposition. But if the appointed messenger of Christ teaches, as the truth is, in Jesus, that the God and Father of all is no respecter of persons, that Christ Jesus gave himself a ransom for all, even for those, who, notwithstanding he died for them, will finally "perish*;" if he teaches, that original guilt is washed away in baptism, so that there is, on that account, "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus†;" yet that the propensity to evil remains, and that divine grace, offered to all men to profit withal, may be improved or resisted, and that it will be more tolerable for sinners of the Gentiles, than for impenitent Christians: these awful but sober truths will find an echo in every intelligent and honest breast; they will kindle no flame, they will excite no hatred, however they may, through human infirmity, too often fail to convince, to convert, and to save.

"About the time of high tide in Mr. Robinson's success, the late William Huntington's doctrines and writings spread rapidly and widely in the congregation, and the whole foundation of his spiritual edifice seemed shaken at its centre." The profligate and dauntless Huntington carried the Calvinistic doctrines to their natural and necessary consequences, which *moderate Calvinists*, as they choose to call themselves, generally endeavour to keep out of sight. "The doctrinal principles," we are told, "are sound and scriptural; but there is much of delusion and danger in the deductions drawn from them." It used to be regarded as an undeniable maxim, that if the consequence is absurd, the premises which lead to it are not true. But, as far as appears, there is, in Mr. V's. judgement, neither absurdity, nor impicity in the case: "Whether is easier to say, the believer in Christ Jesus is no longer liable to the penalty of everlasting death for his deviations from the pure will of God, or to say, though he incur the penalty of everlasting death, that penalty, through repentance and the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, is again and again and again remitted!" If we could excuse the misapplication of the language of our Lord, it is doubtless as easy to say, that "sin is not sin in the believer," as to say, that "unless he repent, he shall surely perish;" but the question is, Which of those propositions is consonant to Scripture? For, whether Mr. V. sees it or not, there is, to any plain

* 1 Cor. viii. 11. Rom. xiv. 15. † Rom. viii. 1.
understanding,

understanding, "that essential difference between them," that they cannot both of them be agreeable to the ever-consistent and infallible Scripture of truth. In a passage to which Mr. V. himself here alludes, it is declared by an Apostle, humbly including himself in the statement, that "*We all offend in many things* *." The nature of the deed therefore is not changed, an offence is an offence, sin is sin, whether it be found in a believer or an infidel. "The Lord hath put away thy *sin* †." It was therefore sin, and (are we not compelled to say?) greatly aggravated sin, as committed by one so wise and so highly favoured, until, upon his humble confession, his sin was "put away" and forgiven.

Mr. R. was scrupulous, we are told, in avoiding the use of certain obnoxious terms; and he meets with censure rather than praise from his biographer, on that account. "Why should he so cautiously abstain from the terms *election* and *final perseverance*, when he strenuously upholds the thing?" The "mercy of God," Mr. R. says, "is not forfeited even by the ingratitude of his children," "a wary form of declaring" what his less timid historian scruples not to affirm, "that even the sins and failings of his regenerated, believing, servants, do not provoke him to cast them off!" "Is it not maintained by the most judicious interpreters, that what is true of the Church as a community, is true of every individual member?" Not knowing what interpreters are here alluded to, we cannot answer for the justness of their claim to general estimation; but let us try the maxim by an instance or two. Of the "Church as a community" it is true (in virtue of Christ's promise) that it cannot fail—therefore no individual member of it can fail. The whole race of mankind cannot die (for it is promised that they shall not)—therefore no individual of the whole race can die! Mr. V. has said, and we believe with great truth, that Mr. R. "did not usually excel in the statement and exposition of questions, on which metaphysical accuracy was required;" and if the writer himself had possessed a little more of that useful talent, we think his work might have been the better for it.

The well-known passages of Ezekiel, which were alledged against Mr. R. in a review of the day, Mr. R. "would have quoted as boldly as his reviewer," and would have "maintained, that the provisions of the covenant preclude the possibility of a (once) righteous man dying in unrighteousness." We would ask, Was Balaam once a true prophet? Was Judas fit to be

* "James iii. 2."

† "2 Sam. xii. 13."

chosen an apostle? And did they not both fall? But the plain result is, the Scripture deceives by putting impossible cases as possible; but Mr. R. and his biographer see through the deception, and teach the truth.

We had noted many other passages, which require animadversion, but the article already exceeds due limits. We will advert only to two points more.

Mr. R. was a great advocate for private clerical meetings for the purpose of prayer and theological discussions; on which head while the biographer candidly admits, that "possibly he did not render full justice to the objections" made to them, he maintains, "that the advantages greatly preponderated over the *real* and even imagined *evils*" of them. Here again a little logic would have been useful to the biographer, and would have taught him, that nothing can be advantageous or lawful, in the doing of which there is "evil;" and that we are not at liberty to tell a lie, if we could save the world by it.

Mr. R. however continued to attend "the annual clerical meeting at Creton," in Northamptonshire, which "was his scene of highest gratification," "his garden of delights." Of what is usually transacted at this far-famed meeting we have no very distinct and circumstantial information; but Creton is the known fountain-head and seminary for the education of Calvinistic Methodists; that is, of those who often assume the ministerial office without any appointment, and generally without that appointment, which the national Church, of which "it may be questioned," Mr. V. says, "whether a more zealous and affectionate defender than Mr. R. ever existed," declares to be alone "lawful" and valid*.

Mr. R. as will naturally be supposed, was a great friend and admirer of the celebrated Mr. Romaine, and "delighted" in particular "to tell of his Litany-day, and to recommend a similar practice." Now, good reader, what was this highly extolled practice? "Every Friday Mr. Romaine devoted two hours to particular intercession with God for his friends. He had their names *written down on paper*, and used to *walk about his room*, mentioning them one by one, and specifying their wants as far as he knew them, with earnest supplications." Every sincere Christian, whether of the laity or clergy, doubtless prays to God in Christ, on his knees, with the door shut, not only "every Friday," but every day of his life, for his friends, and (if such he have) for his enemies, with special mention or distinct thought of those in particular, whom pre-

sent circumstances, whether of joy, or of sorrow, recommend as more peculiarly proper subjects for prayer or praise; but Mr. Romaine's *walking supplications*, and written bead-roll of names are, surely, only a fit match for the fifteen repetitions of the name of Jesus, or the fifteen Aves, or other fooleries of popish devotees.

Nothing is permanent but truth, nothing consistent but sincerity. We scarcely ever read or think of the self-styled *Evangelicals* of the pre-ent day, without being reminded of the declaration of the Almighty concerning the friends of Job: "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath*." They, like others, had a mighty zeal for God, and treated with ridicule and scorn his truly meek and unostentatious servant, and fancied themselves the only righteous. But He who sees the heart, saw their guilt, and pronounced an atoning sacrifice to be necessary for them, lest they should be dealt with after their folly.

One of the mottos, which Mr. V. applies to Mr. R. is "Qualis ab incepto;" and we regard it as strictly applicable to him, though not perhaps in the sense, which Mr. V. intended: He was *ομολος ανεμολος*, *uniformly inconsistent* from beginning to end. Mr. V. himself represents him as "above vanity," but "not devoid of" it. He called himself "a moderate Calvinist," and "unequivocally maintained the personal election and final perseverance of the saints," while he "cautiously abstained from the terms," and shrunk from the necessary counterpart of the tenet, "the doctrine of reprobation." "He maintained the doctrine of universal redemption," and yet taught that "all are not redeemed." Holding and frequenting private meetings, though "aware" of the danger of them, as "the means of fomenting strife and ambition, of exciting a sectarian spirit, of converting hearers into teachers, and of diminishing the just influence of the parochial minister," he at length, on experience of such consequences, "relinquished private meetings altogether," and yet "expressed a high veneration for such plans and societies."

On the whole this volume exhibits a curious, and, certainly in the writer's intention, no unfavourable representation of the party, with sufficient solicitude to depreciate those whose sentiments are different; of whom it is said, that they "care not if they corrupt one another;" and of one in particular, who had a controversy with Mr. Robinson, that "his vanity was of no mean size;" that "it was not truth, but victory, or rather

* "Job xlii. 7."

detraction, which he sought by his argumentation ;" and that " he was the aggressor, the sole aggressor, a foul aggressor ;" though Mr. V. himself has recorded a previous and gross insult on the part of Mr. Robinson. The spirit of party is at all times unfavourable to truth ; and we certainly know of no set of men, who more wilfully sacrifice all that is just and honourable to their prejudices, than those to whom the biographer of Mr. Robinson is unfortunately attached.

ART. III. *Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*
(Continued from p. 13.)

WE have already noticed the skilful manner in which Mr. Lingard has put together assertions and arguments, intended to prove that certain religious rites, or points of ecclesiastical discipline, rejected by the Protestant Churches, were universally observed in the first ages of Christianity. But as he has passed over, with becoming caution, the papal claim of infallibility, he would have done little for his Church, if he had not, at least, attempted to prove, that the doctrine of transubstantiation was firmly held by the Saxon Clergy, and that

" To them the modern doctrine, that the Eucharist is the mere manducation of the material elements, in commemoration of the passion of the Messiah, was entirely unknown." P. 196.

He has accordingly in a note of some pages, which "swelled," as he tells us, "insensibly to the bulk of a dissertation ;" endeavoured to convict Parker, L'Isle, Usher, Whelock, Hickes, and Collier, of profound ignorance ; and to prove the orthodoxy, according to his own system, of certain Saxon divines, who would, most undoubtedly, have been brought to the stake in the 16th century, had they ventured to use, within the reach of the papal arm, the language, which we shall presently quote from their works.

It was, as we have before observed, in the course of the period which the Anglo-Saxon history embraces, that the doctrine of transubstantiation was first proposed in set terms. When new-invented rites, and showy or superstitious ceremonies were becoming so numerous, and assuming such importance, as to throw the vital doctrines of Christianity into the shade ; it was natural, that the merit and importance of those few, and originally simple rites, which could confessedly be traced

traced to our Saviour's commands, would be elevated in the most extravagant terms. Language, which might not have passed uncontradicted, had it been applied to institutions whose origin was still recent and authority disputable, was heard with reverence and received with satisfaction, when employed in amplifying the dignity of those holy mysteries, which seemed to impart by reflection some lustre to other inferior mysteries and rites.

"Thus the going off from the simplicity in which Christ did deliver the Sacrament, and in which the Church at first received it, into some sublime expressions about it, led men once out of the way, and they still went farther and farther from it. Pious and rhetorical figures pursued far by men of heated imaginations, and of inflamed affections, were followed with explanations invented by colder and more designing men afterwards, and so it increased till it grew by degrees to that to which at last it settled on *."

In the course of this process from exaggerated respect to superstitious belief, the point of transition would be that, in which thinking men would begin to examine and inquire, Whether terms borrowed from the material world, and, thus generally applied to describe the spiritual benefits of a participation in the holy communion, were really to be confined to a spiritual meaning; or whether their constant use did not denote the positive assertion of some perpetual miracle, corresponding not in figure, but in some grosser sense, to the words employed? And as the ninth century, (the period in which this question actually fell under discussion) was an age, in which the relics of every petty saint in the calendar were supposed to be endued with the power of suspending the laws of nature; we cannot wonder, that the opinion, which favoured the idea of a perpetually repeated miracle, should have become the popular sentiment. The world was not, however, so buried in ignorance, but that some of the clergy would be found to be acquainted with the more correct ideas, on this subject, which had been left on record by Justin Martyr, Augustin, Chrysostom, and many of the early fathers. This better informed class of theological writers, might naturally be expected to come forward, on such an occasion, and remind their hearers or readers, that the language generally used, though an imitation of the figure employed by our Saviour, was liable to abuse; and must, in its acceptation, be limited to a figurative,

* "Burnet on Article xxviii."

or at most, to a spiritual sense. Yet even these writers would scarcely rise so superior to their age, as to speak at all times, with the same degree of correctness, on this topic. Their opinions and their stile would, most probably, receive some tinge from those immediate predecessors, the laxity of whose language was at such complete variance with the precision now desirable. Hence, though the opposition made by Rabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mentz; Bertram and John Scotus Erigena, who wrote at the command of Charles the Bald; these and other divines delayed, what may be called, the official adoption of the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, till the middle of the eleventh century; yet abundant traces of firm belief in this enormous superstition may be found amongst the vulgar and ignorant during the intervening period; nor will an able controversialist, like Mr. Lingard, be at a loss to find very ambiguous, and apparently contradictory expressions, in the writings even of those theologians who endeavoured to check the growing errors of their day.

Mr. Lingard, accordingly, divides the ecclesiastical history of the Anglo-Saxons into two periods; the second of which, may, he says, "when compared with the first, almost be called an age of darkness." Note N. p. 494. The more brilliant period closes, as might be expected, precisely at that point of time, when certain divines began the enquiry lately noticed, as to the force of the inflated language, which had become so general in speaking of the Lord's Supper. From the writers, who lived in this earliest portion of Saxon history, he is, of course, able to produce several quotations in favour of Transubstantiation; these being some of the very writers from whose incorrect expressions the error sprung. The divines of the second period have given him much more trouble. He has had to prove by the help of certain inconsistencies, which do occasionally occur in their writings, that they held precisely those doctrines which these unlucky writers imagined themselves to be employed in confuting. To enable our readers duly to appreciate the difficulty of the task, which Mr. Lingard has imposed upon himself, we shall present them with as much of a sermon still extant in the Saxon of Alfric*, as bears upon the question; neither shall we make any apology for the length of our extract, satisfied that the importance of the document, and the circumstance of its not falling in the way of every theological student, must

* The original Saxon, may be seen in L'Isle's Monuments. Published, London, 1638, or in Whelock's Bede, p. 462.

make such a specimen of the opinions of our forefathers an object of some curiosity.

The sermon commences with an account of the Paschal Lamb under the old covenant, which it describes as the type of our Saviour, and of his sufferings for our redemption. The preacher then proceeds to notice the language used in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and connects it with the institution of the Last Supper, as follows :

“ He that eateth this bread, he liveth for ever. He consecrated bread before his suffering, and divided it amongst his disciples, saying thus, Eat this bread it is my body ; and do this in my remembrance. Again, he blessed wine in a cup, and said, Drink ye all of this. This is my blood, which is shed for many, for the forgiveness of sins. The Apostles did as Christ commanded, in that they again, afterward, consecrated bread and wine for the host *, in his remembrance. In like manner, since their departure, all priests do consecrate bread and wine for the host in his name, with the apostolical blessing. Now some men have often inquired, and do yet frequently inquire, How the bread, which is gathered from corn and baked by the heat of fire, can be changed to Christ's body ; or the wine, which is pressed from many grapes, be changed by any blessing into the Lord's blood. Now we say to such men, that some things are said of Christ by a figure †, some of a certainty. It is a true and certain thing, that Christ was born of a Virgin, and voluntarily suffered death, and was buried, and as on this day rose from death. He is, by a figure, called Bread, and a Lamb, and a Lion, and a lofty Hill. He is called Bread, because he is life to us and to angels. He is called a Lamb, because of his innocence ; a Lion for his strength, in that he overcame the power of the devil. But yet Christ is neither Bread, nor a Lamb, nor a Lion, as to the truth of nature. Why then is the holy host called Christ's body, or his blood, if it is not really what it is called ? Truly the bread and the wine which are consecrated by the mass of the priest, shew one thing externally to men's understandings, but express another thing internally to the minds of believers. Outwardly they are seen as bread and wine, both in form and taste, yet they are truly, after

* L'Isle and Lingard have retained, in their translations, the Saxon word *Husel*. The Romish term *host* comes, however, near enough, as implying an offering ; and as confined to the consecrated elements, and in its most common acceptation, to the bread.

† *Thurh getacnung*. See Lye's Saxon Dictionary, under the word *Tacnung*.

their consecration, the body and blood of Christ by a spiritual mystery. An heathen child may be baptized, and he altereth not his outward shape, though he be changed internally. He is brought to the font, sinful through Adam's disobedience. Howbeit he is washed from all sin within, though he hath not changed his shape without. Just as the holy water of the font, which is called the well-spring of life, is like in appearance to other waters, and is subject to corruption, but the power of the Holy Ghost cometh, through the priest's blessing, to the corruptible water, and afterwards it can wash the body and soul by spiritual power from all sin. Observe, now, we see two things in this one creature. After its proper nature, that water is corruptible water, and after a spiritual mystery, it hath hallowing power. So, also, if we regard the blessed host after a bodily sense, then we see that it is a corruptible and mutable creature; if we discern therein the spiritual power, then we understand that life is therein, and that it giveth immortality to them that eat it with faith. There is much between the invisible power of the blessed host, and the visible appearance of its proper nature. It is in its nature corruptible bread and corruptible wine, and, by the power of the divine word, it is truly the body and blood of Christ, not so, however, bodily, but spiritually. There is much between the body in which Christ suffered, and the body which is consecrated for the host. The body, truly, in which Christ suffered, was born of the flesh of Mary, with blood and with bone, with skin and with sinews, with human limbs, and with a reasonable living soul. But his spiritual body which we call *the host*, is collected from many grains, without blood, or bone, without limbs or a soul; and therefore nothing is to be understood therein bodily, but all is to be taken spiritually. Whatever there is in the host, which giveth us the substance of life, that is from the spiritual power and invisible operation. Therefore is that blessed host called a sacrament, because one thing is seen in it, and another understood. That which is seen hath a bodily form, and that which is there understood hath spiritual power. Certainly Christ's body, which suffered death, and arose from death, dies now no more, but is eternal and impassable. The host is temporal, not eternal: corruptible, and divided into pieces; chewed between the teeth, and sent into the stomach. But nevertheless it is, as to spiritual power, a whole in every piece. Many receive that blessed body, and yet, notwithstanding, it is a whole in every part through a spiritual mystery. Though a smaller part fall to some men, yet there is no more power in a greater piece than in a less; because it is entire in all men as to its unseen power. This sacrament is a pledge and a figure; Christ's body is truth itself. This pledge we do keep mystically, till that we be come to the truth itself, and then this pledge will be at an end. Truly it is, as we before said, the body and blood of Christ; not after a bodily, but after

after a spiritual manner. Nor should ye search how it is made so ; but hold in your belief, that it is so made.

“(We read in another book, called *Vitas Patrum*, that two monks desired of God some evidence touching the blessed Host, and after, as they stood at mass, they saw a child lying on the altar, where the priest said mass, and an angel of God stood with a sword, and waited till the priest brake the Host. Then the angel divided that child upon the dish, and shed his blood into the cup. Again, when they went to the Host, then was it changed to bread and wine, and they did eat it, giving God thanks for that demonstration. Also the holy Gregory desired of Christ, that he would shew to a certain woman, doubting about his sacrament, some great affirmation. She approached the Host with a doubting mind, and Gregory forthwith obtained of God, that to them both was shewed that part of the Host which the woman should receive, as if there lay on the dish a joint of a finger all bloody, and so the woman's doubts were forthwith cured.”)

“ But now hear the Apostle's words about this mystery. Paul, the Apostle, speaketh of the old Israelites, writing thus in his Epistle to the faithful ; all our forefathers were baptized in the cloud and in the sea ; and they all eat the same spiritual meat, and drank the same spiritual drink. They truly drank of that rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ ; neither was that rock, from which the water then flowed, Christ in a bodily manner ; but it betokened Christ, who called thus to all the faithful, ‘ Whosoever thirsteth, let him come to me and drink ; and from his bowels floweth living waters ; ’ this he said of the Holy Ghost, which they received who believed on him. The Apostle Paul saith, that the Israelites did eat the same spiritual meat, and drink the same spiritual drink ; because that heavenly meat that fed them forty years, and that water which flowed from the rock, prefigured Christ's body and his blood, which are now daily offered in the church of God. We said unto you, lately, that Christ consecrated bread and wine for the Host before his passion, and said, ‘ This is my body, and my blood.’ Yet he had not then suffered, but nevertheless he by invisible power changed that bread into his own body, and that wine into his blood, just as he had before done in the wilderness, ere he was born to men, when he turned that heavenly food to his flesh, and the flowing water from that rock to his own blood. Very many eat of that heavenly food in the wilderness, and drank that spiritual drink, and were nevertheless dead, as Christ said. And Christ meant not that death, which none can escape, but that everlasting death, which some of those people merited for their unbelief. Moses and Aaron, and many others of that people, which pleased God, eat that heavenly bread, and they died not that everlasting death, though they died the common death. They saw that the heavenly food was visible and corruptible, and they spiritually understood concerning that visible thing, and spiritually received it.

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The Saviour saith: 'He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life.' And he did not bid them to eat that body, which he was going about with; nor to drink that blood which he shed for us: but he meant by those words, that blessed Host, which spiritually is his body and his blood; and he that tasteth it with a believing heart, hath that eternal life. Under the old law, faithful men offered to God divers sacrifices, which prefigured Christ's body, which he himself, for our sins, has since offered to his heavenly Father for a sacrifice. Certainly this Host, which is now consecrated at God's altar, is a remembrance of Christ's body, which he offered for us, and of his blood which he shed for us; as he himself commanded—'Do this in remembrance of me.' Christ once suffered of himself, but yet nevertheless his suffering is daily renewed by the mystery of this blessed Host at the holy mass. Therefore that holy mass doeth much both for the living and the dead, as it hath been often shewn. We ought also to consider, that that blessed Host is both the body of Christ, and of all the faithful, by a spiritual mystery. Thus the wise Augustine saith of it; If ye will understand concerning Christ's body, hear the Apostle Paul, thus speaking; 'Ye truly be Christ's body and his members. Now is your sacrament laid on God's table, and ye receive your mystery, which ye yourselves be. Be that which ye see on the altar, and receive that which ye yourselves be.' Again, the Apostle Paul saith concerning it. 'We many are one bread and one body.' Understand now and be thankful, many are one bread and one body in Christ. He is our head, and we are his limbs. And the bread is not of one corn, but of many. Nor the wine of one grape but of many. So also we all should be at unity in our Lord; as it is written of the army of the faithful, that they were in such great unity, as though all had one soul and one heart. Christ consecrated on his table the mystery of our peace and of our unity: he who receiveth that mystery of unity, and keepeth not the bond of true peace, he receiveth not a sacrament for himself, but a witness against himself. It is very good for Christian men that they go often to the sacrament, if they bring to the altar innocence in their heart, and if they be not given up to sin. To an evil man it turneth to no good, but to destruction, if he receive unworthily that blessed Host. Holy books command that water be mingled with the wine, which shall be intended for consecration; because that water signifieth the people, as the wine the blood of Christ. And therefore shall not the one be offered without the other, at the holy mass; that Christ may be with us, and we with Christ: the head with the limbs, and the limbs with the head."

In this sermon, to use the words of Parker and the Bishops who join him in attesting the authenticity of the transcript,

"Some things be spoken not consonant to sound doctrine; but rather to such corruption of great ignorance and superstition, as hath taken root in the church of long time, being overmuch cumbered

bered with monckerie. As where it speaketh of the masse to be profitable to the quick and dead : of the mixture of water with wine ; and whereas here is also made report of two vaine miracles, *which notwithstanding seem to have been enforced*, for that they stand in their place unaptly, and without purpose ; and the matter without them both before and after, doth hang in itself together most orderly : with some other suspicious words sounding to superstition."

Yet the main drift of the argument, the illustrations to which the preacher resorts, as well as the express assertions contained in detached sentences, are most decidedly, and (one would have thought,) indisputably opposed to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Mr. Lingard, however, is not to be driven so readily from the field. "I am free to assert," says he, speaking of this very sermon, "that no Catholic divine will pronounce it repugnant to the Catholic doctrine."—Note N. p. 502. In his attempt to support this assertion, some readers would expect to find Mr. L. dwelling triumphantly on the two miracles ; but he has chosen to make only a slight allusion to these prodigies ; and that, in the last paragraph of his argument. Not that Mr. L. is inclined to concede to L'Isle and Archbishop Parker, that these miracles have been inserted, at a period subsequent to the composition of the sermon ; but because the stories are, unluckily, rather too particular. Both of them are in direct opposition to the language of the Council of Trent. Sess. xiii. cap. iii. where it is declared that "*Totus et integer* Christus, sub panis specie, et sub *quavis ipsius speciei parte*, totus item sub vini specie, et sub ejus partibus existit."—and that this too happens "*vi naturalis illius connexionis et concomitantie, qua partes Christi Domini, qui jam ex mortuis resurrexit, non amplius moriturus, inter se copulantur.*" We quite feel for the delicacy of Mr. L's situation ; thus obliged, either to keep in the back ground his easiest and strongest argument ; or, supporting the story of the finger, to incur all the terrors of a sentence expressed with the usual unbending precision of his church—"siquis negaverit, in venerabili sacramento Eucharistie sub unaquaque specie, et sub singulis cujusque speciei partibus, separatione facta, totum Christum contineri ; Anathema sit." Our author has, therefore, in strict prudence, preferred proving the Catholicism of Alfric by the following process. Every theological writer, not expressly excepted against as a heretic, and living previous to the pretended Reformation, was a good Catholic. No orthodox writer could assert what the church did not hold to be true. The church neither errs, nor changes ; therefore what it once held, it still holds ; and consequently whatever was written in the first ages, and not declared at that time to be heretical, is still in unison with

with the faith of the true Catholic and Apostolic Church at this day. Thus, Mr. L. says,

"It is true, that Ælfric denies the perfect identity of the natural and eucharistic body of Christ. But the same doctrine is admitted by the most orthodox among the Catholic writers." P. 502.

Then follows a Norman archbishop.

"There have been some, who have adopted still stronger language." P. 503.—"With the truth of their opinion, I have no concern; but *if it has been maintained without the imputation of heterodoxy*, I cannot see what there is in the writings of Ælfric repugnant to the catholic faith." P. 503.

Mr. L. must have seen numerous precedents for this mode of reasoning in the controversial works of his friends. Yet he does not appear to be quite satisfied with it; for he betrays his impatience of the difficulty, by observing, after all,

"The language and distinctions used by Ælfric were certainly singular; but I am at a loss to conceive, why we must consider them as the standard of Anglo-Saxon orthodoxy." P. 504.

We can tell Mr. Lingard. He passed through the different gradations of ecclesiastical preferment to the metropolitan chair of Canterbury; and his Epistles were held in such estimation, as to be *infarced* (to use L'Isle's favourite word) by bishops into their books of canons, to be used instead of exhortations. Hence, from his language,

"It is not hard to know not only so much, what Ælfric's judgment was in this controversie, but also, that more is, what was the common received doctrine herein of the whole Church of England."—L'Isle's Preface to Ælfric's Sermon.

We cannot imagine how Mr. L. could be so far influenced by prejudice, as to be induced to assert, as he does in the next sentence, that "Ælfric stands alone, in his opinions on the Eucharist;" (an assertion, by the way, rather at variance with the one which so positively announced his Catholicism;) and that "it is in vain to search for a single allusion to the same opinions in any other Saxon records." It is impossible, that Mr. L. whose familiarity with the works of Hickes, appears every moment, should have overlooked three passages, which that learned scholar has brought together in one page (p. 80, *Gram. Angl. Sax.*) from a MS. of ecclesiastical canons and constitutions, all expressive of the same distinction between the eucharist and the natural body of our Lord*.

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* Mr. L. has not attempted to prove, that the laity were denied the cup in the Anglo-Saxon Church. A curious instance of the

The supremacy of St. Peter is so much less important a point, that we should have left Mr. Lingard's statements of the belief of the Anglo-Saxon church on this head uncontradicted; if he had not spoken so contemptuously "of the sophistry of Hickes." Now this sophistry consisted in producing the following plain passage, from page 237, E. H. Bedæ ap. Wheloc.

"Augustinus tractavit, quod Petrus in figura significat ecclesiam, quia Christus *petra*, *petrus* populus Christianus. Ær than fyrst was his nama Simon. ac Drilthen him gesette thisne naman Petrus. that is Stænen. to thi that he hæfde getacnunge Cristes gelathunge. Crist is cwæden Petra, that is stan. and of tham naman is gecwæden Petrus eal Christen folc: Crist cwæth thu eart Stænen, and ofer thisne stan. that is ofer tham geleafan the thu nu andertest. ic getimbrige mine cýrcan*."

The error, which attached such pre-eminent honour to St. Peter, certainly grew upon the Saxon church; yet not so, but that the following sentence occurs in a homily on the blessed Virgin. Seint Powel the is the hegest lorthewon the we habbeth inne hælig cýrc, i. e. St. Paul who is the highest teacher that we have in Holy Church †.

Mr. Lingard is, throughout the whole of his work, employed in representing the clergy of a barbarous age, as models, from whose perfection the English ecclesiastics of the present day have egregiously degenerated; and he is extremely indignant at finding, that the Saxon clergy have been accused by certain rash Protestants, of teaching a defective system of morality. Is it

gradual manner in which this abuse crept on, lately fell under our notice. Our readers are aware of the superstitious care with which the spilling of the least portion of the wine was guarded against, after the notion, of its being the blood of our Lord, had become prevalent. As this excessive care could not be taken where the clerical establishment was small, and the furniture of the altar poor, a Council held in the year 1281, noticing this difficulty, decrees, that *Solis celebrantibus, sanguinem sub specie vini consecrati sumere, in hujusmodi minoribus ecclesiis est concessum.* Concilium Lambethæ, cap. 10. apud Labbe. Conca. SSa. Lut. Parm. 1671.

* "Before that his name was, at first, Simon, but the Lord gave him this name Petrus, that is stony, to the end that he might have in him a type of Christ's church. Christ is called Petra, that is a stone, and from this name the whole body of Christians is called Petrus. Christ said, thou art stony, and upon this stone, *that is upon that faith which thou now confessest, I will erect my Church.*"

† L'Isle's introduction. We have retained the word Lorthewon, not doubting but that it ought to be Lareow.

then

then consistent with Mr. Lingard's idea of Christian morality, that the rich should be taught to imagine, that, having violated the laws of God, they might elude his punishments by a mere legal quibble? We allude to a mode of proceeding sanctioned by the canons of King Edgar*. When a severe penance had been required from a powerful thane, he was allowed to

"Summon his friends and dependents to his castle; they assumed with him the garb of penitence: their food was confined to bread, herbs, and water; and these austerities were continued, till the aggregate amount of their fasts equalled the number specified by the canons. Thus, with the assistance of one hundred and twenty associates, an opulent sinner might, in the short space of three days, discharge the penance of a whole year†."

Is it, we may also ask, compatible with Mr. Lingard's view of the Gospel, to add to the excommunication which separates a sinner from the Church, a form of imprecation, calling on heaven to augment the miseries of the wretched, with an elaborate minuteness of detail which seems to have exceeded the limits that human malice could have been expected to reach‡?

But the monkish christianity, to use the words of Mr. Turner, was not apostolical christianity. Yet it had not been so far perverted, but that its propagation was most truly the source of advantages such as even a deist might acknowledge. If it did not attempt to eradicate all the vices of the individual, by whom it was professed, it taught him to abandon many. It exhibited to the contemplation of all, a picture of perfect benevolence and purity. It gradually implanted a moral sense in the bosom of all its converts, and taught the mind the habit of moral reasoning, and its application to life. By rearing an ecclesiastical power, which at one time opposed the king, and at another the aristocracy of the chiefs, it certainly favoured the emancipation, and contributed much towards the freedom of the people. The *peace of the Church* was a positive benefit to all. Moreover christianity could neither be known nor communicated, unless some portion of literature was attained or diffused. It, therefore, brought learning with it into England, and taught the fe-

* Be mihtigum mannun. Wilk. p. 228, or Spelman, *Concilia*, p. 474.

† Lingard, p. 207.

‡ In *Hickes' Thesaurus*, vol. ii. p. 137, one of these Saxon forms of excommunication is preserved. Wanley's reference is *Coll. Corp. Chr. apud Cantabrigienses*, s. 17, l. xx. p. 338. Spelman's *Glossary*, article *Excommunicatio*, contains a form of the same kind. Another instance is more familiarly known to many readers, as transcribed in *Tristram Shandy*.

rocious Saxons to value and to cultivate intellectual pursuits*.

Of the progress which the Saxons did make in the acquisition of knowledge and literature, Mr. Lingard has given the world a pompous, and Mr. Turner a very elaborate and entertaining account. The moral philosophy of their learned men was respectable. As to their knowledge of natural history, Mr. Turner's précis of the MS. Tib. b. 5. in the Cotton Library is too amusing to be withheld.

"From this we learn, that there is a place in the way to the Red Sea, which contains red hens, and that if any man touches them, his hand and all his body are burnt immediately: also that pepper is guarded by serpents, which are driven away by fire, and this makes the pepper black. We read of people with dogs' heads, boars' tusks, and horses' manes, and breathing flames. Also of ants as big as dogs, with feet like grasshoppers, red and black. These creatures dig gold for fifteen days. Men go with female camels, and their young ones, to fetch it, which the ants permit, on having the liberty to eat the young camels. The same learned work informed our ancestors, that there was a white human race fifteen feet high, with two faces on one head, who in the time of parturition went to India to lay in. Other men had thighs twelve feet long, and breasts seven feet high. They were cannibals. There was another sort of mankind with no heads, who had eyes and mouths in their breasts. They were eight feet tall, and as many broad. Other men had eyes which shone like lamps in a dark night. These fables even came so near as Gaul, for we are told, that in Liconia in Gaul, there were men of three colours, with heads like lions. They were twenty feet high. They run away, and sweat blood, but were thought to be men. The descriptions of foreign ladies were not very gallant. It is stated that, near Babylon, there were women with beards to their breasts. They were clothed in horses' hides, and were great hunters, but they used tigers and leopards instead of dogs. Other women had boars' tusks, hair to their heels, and a cow's tail. They were thirteen feet high. They had a beautiful body, as white as marble, but they had camels' feet."

As a specimen of their medical charms, Mr. Turner gives from another MS. in the same collection, the following incantation to cure a fever.

"In nomine dni nri Jhu Xri. tera, tera, tera testis contera taberna gise ges mande leis bois cis andies mandies moab leb lebes. Dns Ds adjutor sit illi ill eax filiax artifex eam†."

* History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii. p. 443.

† Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, b. xii. c. 6.

If the merit of their best treatises on moral and natural philosophy must, in all fairness, be ascribed to the Latin or Greek authors, whose works came within their reach; their faults may be traced to the same sources. Such of the absurdities lately quoted, as were not the exaggerations of cotemporary travellers, may be found in books with which it was creditable to the Saxons to be acquainted. The story of the ants (and we are surprized that this should have been unknown to Mr. Turner, and unnoticed by Mr. Lingard) is taken from Herodotus*; and it is not the only wonder, in the list, which has the venerable sanction of the father of history. Nor is the incantation without a classical parallel from a person of considerable reputation. The elder Cato recommends the following infallible recipe for the cure of a fracture or strain.

“Take a green reed, and slit it along the middle; throw the knife upwards; and join the two parts of the reed again, and tie it so to the place broken or disjointed; and say this charm, *Daries, dardaries, astataries, dissunapiter*; or this, *Huat hanat huat, ista pista fista, domiabo damnaustra*. This will make the part sound again †.”

When the laws of nature were so little understood, neither Greek nor Saxon could distinguish between improbabilities and impossibilities. The ignorant man would believe in the existence of nothing, which differed very widely from the objects of his own narrow experience; whilst the sage or the traveller, who had already found that many things existed of a nature be-

* Thalia, 102, 104, 105. It is probable, that the absurd part of this singular story originated in some ambiguity of the word, by which Herodotus understood *the ant* to be intended. He says it was an animal between the size of a dog and a fox; and that it was to be seen amongst other curious animals sent as presents to the king of Persia.

It is odd enough that Busbequius and De Thou assert, that such an animal was sent by Shah Thamas, the Sophi of Persia, to the camp of Soliman the Turkish emperor, in 1559. Reciting the presents brought by the Persian ambassadors, Busbequius says, “In his aliquando inusitati generis animantes, qualem memini dictum fuisse allatam formicam Indicam mediocris canis magnitudine; mordacem admodum et sævam.” Ep. iv. p. 343. Elzevir ed. De Thou’s words, “Nuncius quidam oratoris titulo ad Solimanum venit cum muneribus, inter quæ erat formica Indica canis mediocris magnitudine, animal mordax ac sævum.” Lib. 24. But De Thou was probably copying Busbequius, though they speak of the Persian monarch under the dissimilar names of Tecmeses and Sagthama.

† Cato de Rustica, c. 160.

yond his comprehension, would, with greater facility, acquiesce in the existence of other prodigies not more incomprehensible to him, though such as would be readily rejected by us.

We have had much occasion to differ from Mr. Lingard, but we would not willingly withhold the praise which is due. His acquaintance with the records, and the productions of the learned, in the age of which he is the historian, appears to be very extensive. It is no slight commendation, that the zealous antiquary may find in Mr. Lingard's book several articles of information which had escaped the industry of Mr. Turner. Mr. L's. researches into the remains of the old ecclesiastical writers of the continent have, particularly enabled him to glean incidentally several curious circumstances relating to our island.

From one of these, we learn that the psalmody of our country churches has not much degenerated from its ancient national character. An Italian writer is speaking of the singers of the North, and complains that,

"Bibuli gutturis barbara feritas, dum inflexionibus et repercussionibus mitem nititur edere cantilenam, naturali quodam fragore, quasi plaustra per gradus confuse sonantia, rigidas voces jactat, sicque audientium animos, quos mulcere debuerat, exasperando magis, ac obstrependo, conturbat." Joan. Diacon. vit. Greg. l. ii. c. 7. in Lingard, p. 193.

On the ecclesiastical architecture of the Saxons, Mr. Lingard would not expect to be considered, as writing so scientifically as Bentham or Dr. Milner. Yet he has ventured to support the opinion of the former, where it has been opposed by the prelate of his own church.

"The Saxon churches," says Bentham, "were *mostly square, or rather oblong* buildings, and generally turned circular at the east end*." Now, if we understand Dr. Milner correctly, he thinks, that the cruciform was not the least usual shape of the Saxon churches†. Yet our author (p. 480, App. F.) says decidedly, that "in general, the Anglo Saxon churches approached the form of a square." We believe that Mr. Lingard is perfectly correct in his opinion, and we should wish him, or any other person, who feels an interest in such researches, to endeavour to ascertain by actual measurement (wherever the Saxon part of any church can be distinguished, and its original limits

* History of Ely, § 5.

† Milner's Treatise on Ecclesiastical Architecture, c. ii. If Dr. M. only meant to prove that they were sometimes cruciform, it was unnecessary for him to reprove Bentham, whose expression, as given above, is not one of universal negation.

determined) what is the proportion which the sides of the oblong bear to each other. It is the conjecture of an ingenious antiquary, that the ratio would be found to be that of the chord of 120° to the radius of the circle; as an oblong of this kind, from its capability of perpetual trisection into parts similar to the whole and to each other, was thought to afford an apt emblem of the Trinity.

ART. IV. *Phrosyne, a Tale; Alashtar, a Tale.* By H. Gally Knight, Esq. 8vo. 112 pp. 5s. 6d. Murray. 1817.

THE Poems before us form a series, of which *Ilderim, a Tale*, which we have lately noticed, was the first. They are intended to give a poetical illustration of the scenery and manners of the three Eastern countries in which their action is respectively laid. The scene of *Ilderim*, as our readers will remember, was in Syria; that of *Phrosyne* is in Albania; and that of *Alashtar*, in Arabia. Though *Ilderim* was published first without a name, we were assured that it was the production of a man both of scholarship and taste; nor were we deceived in the opinion which we expressed either of the author or of his powers. The name of Gally Knight is well known in the literary circles of the day, and the Poems which the volume before us contains, fully justify the estimation in which we held his former production, and the expectation which we then formed of any subsequent effort. Mr. G. Knight has had the peculiar advantage of having travelled amidst the scenery which he describes, and of having mixed with the nations, whose manners he portrays, which gives his different portraits a distinction both in the outline and in the colouring, which no fancy could invent, nor labour supply. The general manners of the East may be caught with ordinary accuracy from the accounts of travellers, and Oriental eclogues may be written with very tolerable success by a man, to whom the port of Yarmouth has been the boundary of his Eastern expeditions: but when there is a distinction to be marked both in appearance, character, and custom, it is personal observation alone, which can either describe the diversity itself, or add that interest to its description, which results from a portraiture of real life. In distinguishing the features of the several countries, in which the scenes of his Poems are respectively laid, we think that Mr. G. Knight has been especially happy. He appears to have entered into the peculiar prejudices and habits of each with much spirit, and to have portrayed them with much fidelity.

The

The scene of Phrosyne is laid in Albania, in the city of Callirete, which, from its situation on an almost impregnable height, is protected from the tyranny of the Turkish dominion. It appears, that its inhabitants are seafaring men, and during the summer months leave their city to make their usual harvest upon the neighbouring seas, and that at the beginning of winter they return to Callirete, and enjoy their homes till the ensuing summer calls them again to their accustomed labours. Such is Callirete.

“ Guarded by rocks, and floods that rush between,
The Grecian's fortress on the height is seen :
The whiten'd dwellings to the summit rise,
Row above row, ascending to the skies.
Three sides a gulph defends—and deep below
Half lost to sight, resounding torrents flow.
The one access, ascending from the plain,
Winds, up the height, a narrow, sinuous, train :
So slight the path, it seems a slender thread,
Destin'd alone for mountain goat to tread.

“ Nor e'er has fairer prospect met the sight,
Than Spring unfolds around the magic height ;
When blooming Nature clothes the craggy piles,
And Beauty, in the lap of Terror, smiles.” P. 3.

Among the fairest of the daughters of Callirete was Phrosyne, the heroine of the tale. But we will not take her beauty for granted, we will give it in the Poet's own words.

“ 'Twas there, within those wild retreats entomb'd,
A lovely maid, the young PHROSYNE, bloom'd—
Last of a gen'rous race—the fairest flow'r
Of Beauty's wreath in Beauty's native bow'r.
In other days her faultless form had been
The sculptor's model for the Cyprian Queen :
E'en now, when, sportive round, the mountain air,
Fann'd the loose tresses of her auburn hair,
Wak'd on her roseate cheeks a brighter hue,
And added lustre to her eyes of blue—
E'en pausing Age a look of wonder cast,
Stood still to gaze, and bless'd her as she past.

“ Gentle as fair, unenvy'd as approv'd,
Queen of a willing train, PHROSYNE mov'd ;
Pride of her sister nymphs and native height—
Still seen, yet ever seen with fresh delight.” P. 4.

That such a nymph should long be without a swain is contrary at once to poetry and love. Her townsman Demo, engages her affections, and plights his vows according to the custom of his country. From the day, however, of the betroth-
ment

went to the day of the marriage, according to another custom of the same country, he is forbidden to see his betrothed; after one summer voyage more his parents promise that he shall be free to make her his bride. At the solemnities which precede the accustomed voyage, Demo cannot even be present, as it is unlawful for him even to behold his future bride. In the midst of these festivities, the troops of Ali Pasha are described winding up the distant heights. The alarm, however, of the inhabitants, is diminished, by a message from Ali, stating, that his visit to Callirete was a visit of curiosity alone, and not of conquest. He arrives and is welcomed by all the assembled inhabitants of Callirete. With the following character of Ali Pasha, our readers will be pleased, as it is drawn with much discrimination and knowledge of the man.

“ And now the crowd bend low—each hand has prest,
In due salute, the forehead and the breast :
For, girt with many a chief, in princely state,
Albania's lord has reach'd the city's gate.
ALI, with gracious mien and specious art,
That feign'd a virtue foreign to the heart,
Smil'd on the crowd—for well he knew to win
With angel-looks, and hide the fiend within.
Thy heart had sworn him fealty, hadst thou seen
His figure mild, and venerable mien !
His snowy beard beneath his bosom fell,
And prov'd the years his port dissembled well ;
His eye shed mercy—and his tranquil air
Diffus'd around the peace he seem'd to share.
But all was false—for all conceal'd within
A heart by passion torn, and clogg'd by sin :
Relentless Cruelty and fitful Rage,
And savage Lust amidst the frost of Age.
Stern Avarice, and thirst of lawless gain,
Direct his thoughts, and o'er his bosom reign :
Dreadful his smile ! it sparkles but to hide
The purpose dark, and omens ruin wide.” P. 13.

We must confess that we should prefer “ augurs” to *omens*, as the latter verb does not exist in the language: and there is no reason why a new word should be coined, when we have another of the precisely same sense, and the same number of syllables, which will answer the same purpose equally well. But to return to the tale. The festivities, which were interrupted by the approach of Ali, are, at his desire, renewed. There is too much elegance and spirit in the following description of the dance, which Phrosyne leads, not to be presented at length to the reader.

“ At

" At length, PHROSYNÉ's turn is come—to lead
 Her sister nymphs, and in the maze precede :
 To deck her charms, attentive Art had brought
 Each little aid that Eastern fancy taught.
 Her flowing dress the classic robe bely'd—
 Still Grecian beauty's undiscarded pride :
 The silken folds, that modestly conceal'd
 Her form, each graceful motion well reveal'd ;
 Around that form the Cashmire shawl entwinn'd,
 And silver clasps the flowing robe confin'd ;
 Amidst her locks, arrang'd in many a braid,
 The bright sequins in wonted splendour play'd—
 Row above row, her polish'd brow they crown'd,
 And o'er her neck in golden circles wound.
 Such were the nymphs that erst in Grecian land,
 Had mov'd APÉLLES, and inspir'd his hand !
 Such were the forms, ere Freedom fled dismay'd,
 That o'er PHROSYNÉ's native mountains stray'd !
 Reveal'd she stands, and on that lovely face
 Soft blushes spread that heighten every grace :
 Fearful, yet pleas'd, to meet the dreaded glance
 Of ALI's eye, she trembled to advance.
 At length, the timid maid begins her part
 With trembling footsteps and a beating heart :
 Till, gaining force, she feels her bosom swell
 With all a woman's study to excel.
 With arms that float, and feet that smoothly glide,
 She moves along in slow majestic pride ;
 And leads the nymphs, and bids the virgin choir
 With grace advance, or gracefully retire.
 ALI, when first he saw the maid advance,
 Had mark'd her charms, and watch'd her in the dance ;
 And now he thought some Houri, heav'nly fair !
 Had left the skies, and led the measure there.
 Awaken'd passion fills the breast of Age—
 Passion that burns, and fires that fiercely rage :
 Yet, still dissembling—still the tyrant wore
 The calm indiff'rence he preserv'd before,
 And watch'd, with tranquil eye, PHROSYNÉ's way—
 As from his lair the lion marks his prey.

" The quicken'd music breathes a gayer sound—
 With quicken'd steps PHROSYNÉ strikes the ground.
 The zone extending to the nymph she leads—
 She twines around it as the dance proceeds :
 Yet quicker now—and quicker still, repeats
 The circling course—flies forward, and retreats—
 Glances like light, irregular with skill—
 Seems lost, enraptur'd—and is graceful still :
 Till from the lyres the gayest strain ascends,
 And the quick dance in hurried movements ends." P. 16.

Ali Pasha, after a munificent distribution of presents to those from whose sports he had received so much delight, retires with his troops. The summer in the mean time proceeds, and after one tender but unlawful parting word from Phrosyne, Demo embarks, and the city is soon cleared of all its sturdier inhabitants, who pursue their accustomed voyage. The charms of Phrosyne had made so deep an impression on the heart of Ali, that he resolves to possess her by force, and takes the opportunity of the absence of the chief inhabitants, to carry her off with an armed force. He sends his armed ambassadors to demand her of her parents, and upon their refusal to declare that if persuasion failed, force should make her theirs. They assemble round the house of Phrosyne, and at the entreaties of her parents, allow one hour for her to take leave of her kindred. Upon hearing the dreadful intelligence, her resolution is quickly formed.

“ Resolv’d the deed, the means were wanting still
Means seldom miss’d, when fix’d the desp’rate will ;
These to the doubtful band, whilst awe deny’d
Or speech or thought, PHROSYNE’S self supply’d—
She, constant yet, and unsubdu’d alone,
Unfasten’d from her waist the silken zone—
The lover’s gift! at this, th’ instructed train,
Nerv’d by Despair, nor fortified in vain,
Wildly surrounded—o’er her face the maid
Hurried her veil—the signal thus display’d,
The friendly Furies rush’d—deep groans and cries,
Rising around, proclaim’d the sacrifice.
The circle parted, and that parting band
Shew’d the pale victim—sav’d from ALI’S hand!

“ By this the guard without, impatient grown,
Repeated loud—‘ The hour we gave is gone!
Bring forth the damsel, or ourselves invade
The chamber, and secure the loit’ring maid.’
‘ She comes!’ the kindred cry’d—‘ O’erpast her woe,
She comes—consenting now, and fix’d to go!’
They said—and swift compos’d with pious care,
The lifeless limbs—compos’d the streaming hair ;
Then rais’d the tragic load! six maidens bore
The breathless maid—their joy and pride before ;
HELEN precedes ; the rest on either side,
In solemn order duly rang’d, divide.

“ They reach’d the portal—HELEN open’d wide
The jarring gate, and ‘ Chiefs, advance!’ she cry’d ;
• PHROSYNE comes!’—at this the savage foe
Drew near, and mockery began to flow—
Insult and triumph!—soon the gladsome strain
Was chang’d to wonder, when appear’d the train.

Slow the procession mov'd—nor tear, nor sigh,
 Disturb'd the still and stern solemnity ;
 'The pride of conquest there with grief unites,
 And blends a triumph with funereal rites ;
 Severe each look, and fortify'd each face ;
 Mourners—but mourners of a Spartan race !

“ Silent they mov'd—at length (approach'd the host,
 That stood amaz'd, in strange conjecture lost)
 Their burthen on the ground the mourners laid—
 Unveil'd the face—reveal'd the lifeless maid !
 And cry'd, ‘ Now, servants of a tyrant's word !
 Now bear PHROSYNE to Albania's lord !
 And tell Albania's lord, that thus alone
 The Calliretian maids approach his throne ! ” P. 48.

With these lines the tale concludes. The finishing couplets are cast in a mould truly classical ; we could almost imagine them to be a translation from an ancient epigram. The story is not only simple but true. The circumstances have actually taken place, and the characters have a real existence. This is only one among the many barbarities of Ali Pasha, a man whose genius and whose crimes go hand in hand. Uniting the sternest despotism with policy the most profound, he is *autocrat* of Albania and the greater part of modern Greece, and dictates in reality to that court, of which he is nominally a dependent. To clothe in poetical language any action of a living character is, generally speaking, a very difficult task, so strange and ungraceful does reality appear when enveloped in the flimsy robe of fiction. In the character of Ali Pasha, the case is not, perhaps, so difficult. There is so much of romance in the character of the man, the scene of his actions is so little known, the manners of its inhabitants so associated with fiction, that we can the more easily get rid of reality, and imagine the story itself, and the personages which it involves, to have lived a thousand years ago, or perhaps not to have lived at all. From these and other circumstances, we find in *Phrosyne* the rare combination of reality with the ornaments of fiction, and of truth with the interest of romance.

Alashtar, the second tale in the publication before us, is intended to exhibit a poetical view of the manners and habits of the Arabs. It opens with a spirited address to the children of ancient Ishmael.

“ Children of ISHMAEL ! to realms confin'd
 Where sternly nature frowns throughout the year,
 Unfetter'd sands, that mount before the wind,
 Plains ever wild, and valleys ever drear,
 Where Spring's unwilling footsteps scarce appear ;

For

For you no harvests rise, no vintage grows,
No shadowy groves the sultry noon to cheer ;
Nor blooms the painted pink or scented rose ;
But all around is waste, and desolate repose !" P. 53.

The second stanza contains nothing remarkable, except as it gives birth to the idea which is so beautifully amplified in the third.

" As bounteously the dews of bliss descend
On the lone Desert, as on Tempé's vale :
True joys are of the soul—on mind depend,
Nor influence own of scene, or veering gale.
The sons of Greece tell sorrow's bitter tale
Beside the rill, beneath the spreading tree ;
In citron groves the Grecian maids bewail ;
While speeds o'er sands the Arab blest and free,
And loves his native home—the home of Liberty." P. 54.

The story of the tale is sufficiently simple. Alashtar the chief of the Arab tribe of AD, had lost a brother, who fell by the hands of Mohareb, the chief of the tribe of SAAD. Mohareb had long been enamoured of the charms of an Arabian maid, who was given by her parents, to the brother of Alashtar in preference to himself. Excited by jealousy, he laid wait for his happier rival on the day of his marriage, put him to the sword, and made himself master of his bride. Alashtar, burning with revenge for the injury offered both to his tribe and to himself, had pursued Mohareb, but in vain : till repeatedly foiled in his object, he had contracted an habitual gloom. His followers, in the mean time, are enraged that he refuses to avenge the outrage upon the tribe to which Mohareb belonged ; but he treasures up his anger for the author of the injury. He is thus defended by Hassan, the eldest of the land.

" " When he, beneath whose arm that brother fell,
Escaping fled, o'er wide Arabia's reign
Flew not ALASHTAR, crossing hill and dell,
The stranger's land, the desert's boundless plain,
Tracing each course, th' assassin's track to gain ?
And, if he fail'd to find the latent foe,
Shall not his look of agony and pain,
Years of regret and endless length of woe,
Disarm the stern reproof, and lay detraction low ?

" " ALASHTAR smiles no longer ; still his soul,
Wounded and pierc'd, not harden'd, by despair,
Relaxing, bows to Nature's soft control ;
Whether he hears the stranger-suppliant's prayer,
Or on the tents of AD bestows his care.

And

And still, when battle gives a pause from thought,
 Rises he not as lion from his lair?
 What sword like his with might and fury fraught?
 Had yonder spoil been won, unless ALASHTAR fought?"

P. 60.

But we must introduce our readers to the hero, though we fear he will not be quite so great a favourite with the ladies as the hero of Lord Byron, who has of late appeared in so many different dresses: inasmuch as (though a little in the dumps it is true) he neither frets nor frowns, nor sulks, nor scowls, nor talks one-half so much about himself as the romantic Mungo of the noble Lord. Notwithstanding all these dreadful deficiencies, we must make him acquainted with our readers, and we cannot better effect our purpose than in the following stanzas; the first of which, where Alashtar compares the roving hordes of the Arabs with the luxury of the Syrian cities, is extremely beautiful.

" ' Fair is the Syrian Queen—our comrades there
 Will view the gushing stream, the verdant grove,
 The halls where dashing fountains cool the air,
 The thrones of ease, of luxury, and love;
 But who within that magic circle move?
 Not men, but trembling slaves; the Desert's horde
 Scorn the green arbour of the captive dove;
 These sands their choice, secur'd by freedom's sword,
 Where victor never trod, nor sway'd a tyrant lord.

" ' Yes! in the glist'ning eyes that sparkle round,
 I read th' assenting spirit I revere;
 Thron'd on the Desert's stern unconquer'd ground,
 Reign ISHMAEL's children, yet unknown to fear,
 Here blest with freedom's good, and only here—
 All, all, save one, content'—the darksome cloud,
 That for a space had seem'd to disappear,
 Now wrapt ALASHTAR's brow in wonted shroud;
 Lost in his secret thoughts, he saw nor tents nor crowd.

" ' Alas!' (cried HASSAN,) ' are the children blest
 Who read that anguish in the father's face?
 Oh! son of SORAB! ALLAH grant thee rest!'—
 ' MOHAREB lives! then shall the world's wide space
 For scorn'd ALASHTAR yield a resting-place?
 Oh! might th' assassin's dark retreat be known,
 Might thirsty vengeance drink! Eternal grace!
 Give me to hear MOHAREB's dying moan,
 And be that parting sigh succeeded by my own!

" ' AGIB! my brother! years have circled round,
 Since thou hast fill'd thy cold and bloody grave,

Nor

Nor yet thy restless shade has quiet found.

Nightly before my tent I see thee wave,

Thy crimson'd vest—"Oh! impotent to save

How long," thou criest, "his arm shall vengeance stay!

ALASHTAR! rise! draw forth the tardy glaive!

Remember AGIB!" years have roll'd away,

Yet nightly speaks the voice, and chides the base delay.

" 'Shame is on SORAB's race!—Ye dew's of heav'n

Fall not where'er conceal'd the assassin lies!

Withhold, oh Earth! thy fruits; in fury driven,

Rise from thy fiery bed, SIMOOM, arise!

And cross his blasted way—turn flame, ye skies,

That give MOHAREB breath!"—The circle near

Watch'd the wild flashing of ALASHTAR's eyes,

And started at the voice they paus'd to hear;

E'en DARAN's soul was struck, and own'd a sense of fear."

P. 62.

The bell of a distant camel is now heard. A stranger is brought in, who had been discovered by a part of the tribe wounded and alone. According to the laws of Arab hospitality

"The guest became a friend, a comrade of their own."

The second Canto opens with an address to Charity, which, as we cannot allow with our Poet, that "Charity inhabits the deserts of the wilds alone," we shall pass over. Charity shuns indeed the haunts of fashionable life, nor do we believe that there is a greater enemy to the spirit of benevolence, than the selfish apathy engendered by a round of continued dissipation. But we never can allow that Charity shuns "the haunts of science and of art;" and we are assured, that our Poet himself would change his opinion, could he witness the proceedings of the numberless scientific institutions, which our vast metropolis exhibits, for the alleviation of every species of human misery, both physical and moral. But it is hardly fair, perhaps, to restrain a poet, especially on Arab ground, within the confines of reality; so let us proceed to Alashtar, whom we find attending the couch of the stranger, who in relating his history, discovers himself to be the very man, for whose life Alashtar had so long sought in vain.

"Like palm-tree, bent beneath the wintry wind,

Trembled ALASHTAR's form—for wild and dread

The rushing thoughts, the horrors undefin'd,

Wak'd by the stranger's words, that flash'd across his mind.

"Silent

" Silent he stood, for speech refus'd to flow ;
 At length fierce struggles way for utterance found ;
 Yet scarce he said, in hurried voice and low,
 ' Stranger, reveal thy name.'—' On Arab ground
 'Twas once MOHAREB !'—At the hated sound,
 The fatal hinge of all his destinies,
 Like one transfix'd by sudden mortal wound,
 ALASHTAR started back ; before his eyes
 The object of his search, the hidden serpent lies !

" Wond'ring MOHAREB saw the troubled mien,
 The pale and quivering lip, the reddened eye ;
 And, ' thus,' he cried, ' is mild compassion seen ?
 Is this the look of promis'd sympathy ?'
 Wild, bursting forth the phrenzied Chief's reply
 Struck on his soul. ' Oh ! ting'd with bloody stain ;
 Oh ! thou who badst thy hapless rival die ;
 Expect not now compassion's meed to gain,
 ALASHTAR at thy side : the brother of the slain !'

" Sprung from his couch, as if without an ill,
 MOHAREB (gush'd his opening wounds anew) ;
 ' Amongst the sons of AD ? no—distant still
 The unforgotten border-line they drew—
 These the avoided tents ?—the hostile crew ?—
 ALASHTAR, thou ?'—' The sons of AD are here.
 On scent of prey, from distant home we flew ;
 And AGIB's name, resounded in thine ear,
 Shall dissipate the doubt, and prove th' Avenger near.'

" Now (for ALASHTAR's phrenzy, heard without,
 Through all the camp had scattered swift dismay)
 Rush'd to their Emir's tent the Arab rout,
 ' Behold MOHAREB !' triumph's lurid ray
 Illum'd each face, as wonder sunk away.
 Mov'd by remembrance of ALASHTAR's woe,
 ' Revenge ;' the voices clamour'd, ' smite and slay ;'
 Fierce DARAN's voice provok'd the righteous blow,
 ' Now take our Chief his due ; the life-blood of his foe ;'

" Pale from his recent wound, but undeprest,
 MOHAREB stood with lifted front elate ;
 The lion thus, whom hunters close invest,
 Glares on the circling host ; and ' welcome, fate !'
 He cried ; ' ALASHTAR ! flesh the steel of hate !
 Yet, ere I fall, that never brand of shame
 On one of SAAD's free-born race may wait,
 Mark, that himself to save from vengeful aim,
 MOHAREB never fled, or veil'd his father's name.

“ ‘ At ZEINEB’s prayer, with ZEINEB’s self he fled,
Seduc’d and won by timid beauty’s tear,
Who, had he for himself alone to dread,
Had met thee hand to hand, and spear to spear,
And then defied thee, as he braves thee here.’
Flew to his sword ALASHTAR’s eager hand,
And seem’d MOHAREB’s fated moment near ;
But, potent still his fury to command,
ALASHTAR slow replac’d the half unsheathed brand.
“ ‘ MOHAREB ! for revolving years,’ he cried,
‘ ALASHTAR’s soul has long’d to meet his foe.
In search of thee, he travers’d regions wide,
The plains of flame, the distant heights of snow ;
And now this sword might give the final blow.
But thou hast shar’d my tent—a man distress—
And therefore safe: e’en vengeance must forego
His bloody right, the steel of hate must rest ;
Sacred the stranger’s claim—secure ALASHTAR’s guest ! ’ ”
P. 73.

After this sacrifice to the laws of Arabian hospitality, Alashtar warns Mohareb, that after three moons he should renew his thirst for vengeance. Mohareb departs. As the lines which follow, mark with peculiar beauty the principal features of an Arabian pilgrimage, we shall willingly extract them.

“ Nor long or ere, refresh’d and freed from pain,
MOHAREB, not alone, began his way ;
Then struck the band their tents; then mov’d again
The joyous troop, impatient of delay ;
The shout of pleasure hail’d the parting day.
Sagacious of the path where, vast and wide,
Trackless as Ocean’s breast the Desert lay,
Onward they sped ; at night their ruling guide
As erst to seaman’s course, the starry host supplied.

“ How fair is night to Arab rover’s eyes !
What though alone the dreary waste he dare,
Companion’d still he feels, so gemm’d the skies
With myriad habitants, that, sparkling there,
Discomfit darkness, making all the air
One living blaze : nor cloud nor vapour chill
Obscures the azure vault ; but harmless flare
The meteor lights that seem to rove at will—
Oh ! fair is eastern night ; so cool, so bright, so still.

“ Three days the band advanc’d ; a fearful sign
The fourth reveal’d—th’ horizon, thick and red,
Announc’d the Desert’s storm—the wrath divine
Sounds in the blast, and fierce and dark, and dread,

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The

The rushing progress of the tempest sped ;
 Heap'd into waves, the sandy ocean, riven,
 Tumbles convuls'd, and rises from its bed—
 The Desert moves ; and, lash'd by winds of heav'n.
 A curtain dark of death across the wild is driven.

“ Trembling the band survey'd the storm's advance—

ALASHTAR trembled not ; but gazing round,
 Fix'd on the cloud a wild, indignant glance :

‘ Comes then destruction when the foe is found ?—

Shall vengeance fail ?’ he cried, ‘ nor mortal wound
 Repay MOHAREB ?’ but the written doom

Decreed not this ALASHTAR's vital bound :
 The veering tempest turn'd the coming gloom,
 And bore to other plains the army's sandy tomb.

“ Rescued from fate, the scarce recover'd train
 Beneath the sun advanc'd ; but soon descried
 A palmy island rising from the plain :
 Arriv'd at length, the Desert's secret tide
 They found, to all but Arab eyes denied.
 The tents are pitch'd ; they chas'd the thoughts of fear ;

And, hunger's dictates briefly satisfied,
 The social ring they form, and pause to hear
 Tradition's oral tale, to Arab circle dear.

Again they mov'd, or ere the East was red,
 And left the level sand—the morning's light
 Reveal'd the rocks, the toiling camel's dread.

But here, though hill and dell arose to sight,
 Still mourn'd the region, curst by nature's blight ;
 Stern desolation's standard, still unfurl'd,
 Shadow'd each stony vale and barren height—
 It seem'd as reflux ocean, backward curl'd,
 Had ceded to mankind a new and dreary world.” P. 79.

They reach at length the encampment of the tribe of Av,
 amidst the rocks of Arabia Petraea.

The third Canto introduces us to another personage, Zora, the sister of Alashtar, who was content to resign the marriage state, to sooth and attend upon her brother. The domestic scenes, if we may so term them, which ensue, and their meeting at the tomb of the murdered Agib, are all well portrayed. At the end of the three months, Alashtar, according to his promise, seeks Mohareb, but he is not to be found. Goaded by the spirit of disappointed vengeance, Alashtar departs, with a vow that he would not return until he had dyed his spear with the blood of his enemy.

" ALASHTAR saw them come, nor stay'd, nor spoke,
Reckless of friend or foe : the faithful band
Observ'd his course aloof, nor silence broke.

The sun shot level on the burning sand ;
But Shame's severer flame, and hotter brand,
Smote on ALASHTAR's breast, and urg'd his speed.

He sought beneath no shading rock to stand ;
He past the well, nor would its treasures heed,
Tho' parch'd his fever'd lip, and faint his panting steed.

" All, all was hush'd beneath the blazing sky ;
The very lizard fled the scorching gleam :—
Sudden, a distant troop the band descri ;
Nor less in desperate haste the strangers seem ;
Nor less regardless of the noon-tide beam—
They come—by whom, what chieftain, are they led ?
Does fortune smile, or does ALASHTAR dream ?
Near and more near the rapid horsemen sped—
Lo ! SAAD's eager sons—MOHAREB at their head !

" Red flash'd the lightning from ALASHTAR's eyes—
As famish'd lion from his dreaded lair,
Forward th' Avenger springs, and distant cries—
' Coward, well met—behold thee in the snare
Thou sought'st to shun—now tremble, now despair,
Nor flight itself can baffle vengeance more.'
The foe rush'd on—' that sword I come to dare ;
(Nor shame nor terror on his brow he wore ;)
Thy vengeance I defy—nor sought to shun before.'

" ' Oh ! false as base !' in fury and disdain,
ALASHTAR cried ; but check'd his fierce career ;
' What new device shall screen thy fame again ?
Speak, and be brief.' " P. 97.

Mohareb had been taken prisoner by another tribe, nor was he released till the camels, bearing his ransom, could arrive. Alashtar and Mohareb now engage ; Alashtar is the conqueror, and Mohareb expires before him ; he does not, however, long enjoy his victory ; for, mortally wounded himself in the contest he sees his adversary expire—and is no more.

In this, as in the previous tale, Mr. G. Knight, has been very successful in embodying in his Poem the peculiar characters of the race he would describe. The imagery, the allusions, the language, is perfectly Arabian, to a degree of fidelity indeed, which a residence in the country itself could only impart.

From the long extracts which we have made, our readers will be enabled to judge of the general character of the poetry. The versification is even and flowing, the language is correct and classical, with fewer modernisms either of the Scott or By-

ron breed, than in any poetry which has lately appeared. Though by no means too long upon the whole, yet there are one or two parts in both poems that might have been shortened with advantage; especially the parting scene between Phrosyne and Demo, in the former, and the earlier part of the first Canto in the latter. Of these poems we can fairly say, that they contain little to be censured, much to be commended. We are especially pleased to see the revival of a chaste and classical taste, which in the hands of Mr. G. Knight will be improved and strengthened, we trust, in every subsequent production.

The ear, however, which has been accustomed to ancient Greek, will start a little at the quantity of Phrosyne; being accustomed, if not to the word itself, at least to all its compounds, with their penultima short as *ευφροσύνη*, &c. They must not, however, accuse the taste of Mr. Gally Knight, but must remember that, with the modern Greeks, quantity follows accent; and that as in *φροσύνη* the accent is on the penultima, the quantity of the syllable is necessarily long. And as the poem is written with reference to the manners and habits of modern Greece, we think our poet correct in preferring the present to the former pronunciation, though it be at the expence of his better classical taste.

ART. V. *Harrington, a Tale; and Ormond, a Tale.* By Maria Edgeworth. Author of *Comic Dramas, Tales of Fashionable Life, &c. &c.* In three Vols. 12mo. 21s. Hunter. 1817.

THERE are few of those who write for the amusement of the public, who in their publications, display more extraordinary inequalities than Miss Edgeworth. In the same series we find tales of a character so different, that we could scarcely have believed them to have been the work of the same hand.

This remark cannot be more strongly exemplified than in the volumes before us; which contain two separate tales; the one entitled, *Harrington*, the other *Ormond*. The first of these is a rambling, dull, and awkward narrative, clumsy in its contrivance, silly in its sentiment, and overcharged in its characters: with just interest enough to fix the attention of a novel-reading Miss, and just absurdity enough to provoke the muscles of a laughing school-boy.

The hero of the tale, Mr. Harrington, had been in his nursery so terrified with the threats of the waiting maid to call in the
“ old

"old Jew," to little master, when he was fractious, that the child was seized with convulsions even at the sight of an old cloathsman. This aversion grows up with him to an extraordinary degree, till he gets to school; he then appears to turn as warm an admirer of the Israelitish tribe, which continues with him to manhood. After he is grown up, he sees a young lady at the play, with whom he is much struck: she proves to be the daughter of a rich Spanish Jew, who is of course a model of perfection. In his love to the daughter, however, he finds a rival in a school-fellow, Lord Mowbray, who endeavours to persuade the father, that Harrington is afflicted with fits of temporary insanity. This plot to ruin him in the eyes of the father and daughter, is discovered by Harrington's old nurse; the rival is dispatched, and Harrington is united to his beloved; who turns out to be not a Jewess, but a Christian, her mother having been of that *persuasion*, as we suppose Miss Edgeworth would term it.

It appears that this aforesaid tale was written as an *amende honorable* to the Jewish nation, in consequence of a letter received by Miss Edgeworth from an American Jewess, complaining of the illiberality with which that sect had been treated in some former work of our authoress. We heartily wish that this American Jewess would herself have undertaken the defence of her nation, as she would at least have understood the character of those, whose cause she would advocate, better than their present patroness. In Cumberland's comedy, there was some originality; in Miss Edgeworth's tale there is none; excepting some of the happy anachronisms which it displays; such as the "silver toned Barry," playing Romeo in 1780; some time after the aforesaid silver-toned gentleman had quitted, as we believe, the stage of life, certainly a very long time after he had quitted the stage of Covent-garden.

As we find but little that would amuse our readers in the shape of an extract, we shall lay Harrington aside, and proceed to the consideration of Ormond. This is indeed a tale of quite another cast. Though not quite equal in all its parts, it is still a most entertaining and pleasing production. The scene is laid in Ireland. This is perhaps the secret of its excellence. In portraying the Irish character, Miss Edgeworth is working with colours, the values of which she well understands. It is not, perhaps, in the single Irishman, that she so much excels as in the group. The beauty and the spirit of the piece appear to rise in proportion to the numbers which it exhibits. Miss Edgeworth understands the Irish character in every stage and rank of life in which it can be placed. From the palace to the hut, her portraits display the most varied and brilliant colouring; whether it

be statesman or peasant, countess or cabin girl, all is nature, all is vivacity, all is life.

The tale opens with a scene at Castle Hermitage, the Seat of Sir Ulick O'Shane:

" 'What! no music, no dancing at Castle Hermitage to night; and all the ladies sitting in a formal circle, petrifying into perfect statues,' cried Sir Ulick O'Shane, as he entered the drawing-room, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by what he called his *rear-guard*, veterans of the old school of good fellows, who at those times in Ireland, times long since past, deemed it essential to health, happiness, and manly character, to swallow, and shew themselves able to stand after swallowing, a certain number of bottles of claret per day or night.

" 'Now then,' continued Sir Ulick, 'of all the figures in nature or art, the formal circle is universally the most obnoxious to conversation, and, to me, the most formidable: all my faculties are spell bound—here I am like a bird in a circle of chalk that dare not move so much as its head or its eyes, and can't, for the life of it, take to its legs.'

" 'A titter ran round that part of the circle where the young ladies sat—Sir Ulick was a favourite with them, and they rejoiced when he came among them; because, as they observed, 'he always said something pleasant, or set something pleasant a-going.'

" 'Lady O'Shane, for mercy's sake, let us have no more of these permanent sittings at Castle Hermitage, my dear—'

" 'Sir Ulick, I am sure I should be very glad if it were possible,' replied Lady O'Shane, 'to have no more *permanent sittings* at Castle Hermitage, but when gentlemen are at their bottle, I really don't know what the ladies can do but sit in a circle.'

" 'Can't they dance in a circle, or any way—or have not they an elegant resource in their music; there's many here who, to my knowledge, can caper as well as they modulate,' said Sir Ulick, 'to say nothing of cards for those that like them.'

" 'Lady Annaly does not like cards,' said Lady O'Shane, 'and I could not ask any of these young ladies to waste their breath, and their execution, singing and playing before the gentlemen came out.'

" 'These young ladies would not, I'm sure, do us old fellows the honour of waiting for us; and the young beaux deserted to your tea table a long hour ago—so why you have not been dancing is a mystery beyond my comprehension.'

" 'Tea or coffee, Sir Ulick O'Shane, for the third time of asking?' cried a sharp female voice from the remote tea table.

" 'Wouldn't you swear to that being the voice of a presbyterian?' whispered Sir Ulick, over his shoulder, to the curate: then aloud he replied to the lady, 'Miss Black, you are three times too obliging.—Neither tea nor coffee I'll take from you to-night, I thank you kindly.'

" 'Fortunate

“ ‘Fortunate for yourself, Sir—for both are as cold as stones,—and no wonder!’ said Miss Black.

“ ‘No wonder!’ echoed Lady O’Shane, looking at her watch, and sending forth an ostentatious sigh.

“ ‘What o’clock is it by your ladyship?’ asked Miss Black, ‘I have a notion it’s tremendously late.’

“ ‘No matter—we are not pinned to hours in this house, Miss Black,’ said Sir Ulick, walking up to the tea table, and giving her a look, which said as plainly as look could say—‘You had better be quiet.’

“ Lady O’Shane followed her husband, and putting her arm within his, began to say something in a fondling tone, and in a most conciliatory manner she went on talking to him for some moments.—He looked absent, and replied coldly.

“ ‘I’ll take a cup of coffee from you now, Miss Black,’ said he, drawing away his arm from his wife, who looked much mortified.

“ ‘We are too long, Lady O’Shane,’ added he, ‘standing here like lovers, talking to no one but ourselves—awkward in company!’

“ ‘*Like lovers*—’ the sound pleased poor Lady O’Shane’s ear, and she smiled for the first time this night,—Lady O’Shane was perhaps the last woman in the room, whom a stranger would have guessed to be Sir Ulick’s wife.

“ He was a fine gallant *off-hand* looking Irishman, with something of *dash* in his tone and air, which at first view might lead a common observer to pronounce him to be vulgar; but at five minutes after sight, a good judge of men and manners would have discovered in him the power of assuming whatever manner he chose, from the audacity of the callous profligate to the deference of the accomplished courtier—the capability of adapting his conversation to his company and his views, whether his object were ‘to set the senseless table in a roar,’ or to insinuate himself into the delicate female heart.—Of this latter power, his age had diminished, but not destroyed the influence. The fame of former conquests still operated in his favour, though he had long since passed his splendid meridian of gallantry.

“ While Sir Ulick is drinking his cup of cold coffee, we may look back a little into his family history. To go no further than his legitimate loves, he had successively won three wives, who had each, in their turn, been desperately enamoured. The first he loved and married imprudently, for love, at seventeen.—The second he admired, and married prudently, for ambition, at thirty.—The third he hated, but married from necessity, for money, at five and forty. The first wife, Miss Annaly, after ten years martyrdom of the heart, sunk, childless, a victim, it was said, to love and jealousy.—The second wife, Lady Theodosia, struggled stoutly for power, backed by strong and high connexions; having, moreover, the advantage of being a mother, and mother of an only son and heir, the representative of a father in whom ambition had, by this time, become the ruling passion; the Lady Theodosia stood her ground,

ground, wrangling and wrestling through a fourteen years wedlock, till at last, to Sir Ulick's great relief, not to say joy, her ladyship was carried off by a bad fever, or a worse apothecary.—His present lady, formerly Mrs. Scraggs, a London widow, of very large fortune, happened to see Sir Ulick when he went to present some address, or settle some point between the English and Irish government:—he was in deep mourning at the time, and the widow pitied him very much. But she was not the sort of woman he would ever have suspected could like him—she was a strict pattern lady, severe on the times, and not unfrequently lecturing young men gratis. Now Sir Ulick O'Shane was a sinner, how then could he please a saint? He did, however—but the saint did not please him—though she set to work for the good of his soul, and in her own person relaxed, to please his taste, even to the wearing of rouge and pearl-powder, and false hair, and false eyebrows, and all the falsifications which the *setters up* could furnish. But after she had purchased all of youth which age can purchase for money, it would not do—The Widow Scraggs might, with her 'lack lustre' eyes, have speculated for ever in vain upon Sir Ulick, but that, fortunately for her passion, at one and the same time the Irish ministry were turned out, and an Irish canal burst—Sir Ulick losing his place by the change of ministry, and one half of his fortune by the canal, in which it had been sunk, and having spent in schemes and splendid living more than the other half, now, in desperate misery, laid hold of the Widow Scraggs.—After a nine days courtship she became a bride—and she and her plum in the stocks—but not her message, house and lands, in Kent, became the property of Sir Ulick O'Shane. But 'love was then the lord of all' with her, she was now to accompany Sir Ulick to Ireland. Late in life she was carried to a new country, and set down among a people whom she had all her previous days been taught to hold in contempt or aversion; she dreaded Irish disturbances much, and Irish dirt more; she was persuaded that nothing could be right, good, or genteel, that was not English. Her habits and tastes were immutably fixed.—Her experience had been confined to London life, and in proportion as her sphere of observation had been contracted, her disposition was intolerant. She made no allowance for the difference of opinion, customs, and situation, much less for the faults or foibles of people who were to her strangers and foreigners—Her ladyship was therefore little likely to please or be pleased in her new situation,—her husband was the only individual, the only thing, animate or inanimate, that she liked in Ireland,—and while she was desperately in love with an Irishman, she disliked Ireland and the Irish:—even the Irish talents and virtues, their wit, humour, generosity of character, and freedom of manner, were lost upon her,—her country neighbours were repelled by her air of taciturn self-sufficiency; and she, for her part, declared, she would have been satisfied to have lived alone at Castle Hermitage with Sir Ulick. But Sir Ulick had no notion

of living alone with her, or for any body. His habits were all social and convivial—he loved shew and company: he had been all his life in the habit of entertaining all ranks of people at Castle Hermitage, from his excellency the lord lieutenant and the commander in chief for the time being, to Tim the gauger, and honest Tom Kelly, the *stalko*.” P. 1.

To this family picture we must add the hero of the tale. Ormond was the son of an early friend and fellow-soldier of Sir Ulick O'Shane. His father dying in India, Sir Ulick had bred up the child, till he became a still greater favourite than Marcus, his own son. The two young men had been across the water to celebrate the birth-day of Mr. Cornelius O'Shane, the king of the Black Islands, a character with which we shall presently be better acquainted. The ball waits for their return, as Sir Ulick is particularly anxious that his son should lead off the dance with Miss Annaly, a relation of his former wife, who in the event of her brother's death, which from his weak state of health, was more than probable, would become heir to an immense fortune. This young lady Sir Ulick intends for his son. The ball begins, but the young men do not appear. They arrive at last, after an unfortunate adventure, in which Ormond had severely wounded a man, with whom Marcus had disputed upon the road. Ormond had seized a pistol in defence of his friend, which he afterwards unintentionally fired. Ormond, who long before this adventure had been no favourite with Lady O'Shane or her companion, is now considered in the light of a murderer. To restore peace in the family, he determines, and apparently much against the wish of Sir Ulick, to leave Castle Hermitage, and to go over to the Black Islands, where he would find a warm friend in King Corney, as their proprietor was called. In the mean time the wounded man, Moriarty Carrol, is attended night and day by Ormond, and is in a fair way of recovery. The mother of Miss Annaly surprizes him in the act of prayer, by the bed-side of the sick Moriarty; she takes the opportunity of offering her protection, as an old friend of his father's, and kindles in him a zeal to improve himself, which in his rude and uncultivated mind he had never before experienced:

“ Full of sudden zeal for his own improvement, Ormond sat down at the foot of a tree, determined to make a list of all his faults, and of all his good resolutions for the future.—He took out his pencil, and began on the back of a letter the following resolutions, in a sad scrawling hand and incorrect style:—*Harry Ormond's good resolutions*.

“ Resolved 1st.—That I will never drink more than (*blank number of*) glasses.

“ Resolved

“ Resolved 2dly.—That I will cure myself of being passionate.

“ Resolved 3dly.—That I will never keep low company.

“ Resolved.—That I am too fond of flattery—women’s especially I like most.—To cure myself of that.

“ Here he was interrupted by the sight of a little gossoon, with a short stick tucked under his arm, who came pattering on barefoot in a kind of pace indescribable to those who have never seen it—it was something as like walking or running as chaunting is to saying or singing.

“ “ The answer I am from the Black Islands, Master Harry, and would have been back wid you afore nightfall yesterday, only *he*—king Corny—was at the fair of Frisky—could not write till this morning any way—but has his service to ye, Master Harry, will be in it for ye by half after two with a bed and blanket for Moriarty, he bid me say on account he forgot to put it in the note.—In the Sally Cove the boat will be there *abow* in the big lough, forenent the spot where the fir dale was cut last seraph by them rogues.”

“ The despatch from the king of the Black Islands was then produced from the messenger’s bosom, and it ran as follows :

“ “ Dear Harry.—What the mischief has come over cousin Ulick to be banishing you from Castle Hermitage?—But since he *conformed* he was never the same man, especially since his last mis-marriage.—But no use moralising—he was always too much of a courtier for me.—Come you to me, my dear boy, who is no courtier, and you’ll be received and embraced with open arms—was I Briareus the same way.—Bring Moriarty Carroll (if that’s his name), the boy you shot, which has given you so much concern—for which I like you the better—and honour that boy, who, living or dying, forbad to prosecute.—Don’t be surprised to see the roof the way it is:—since Tuesday I wedged it up bodily without stirring a stick:—you’ll see it from the boat, standing three foot high above the walls, waiting while I’m building up to it - to get attics—which I shall for next to nothing—by my own contrivance.—Mean time, good dry lodging, as usual, for all friends at the palace. *He* shall be well tended for you by Sheelah Danshauglin, the mother of Betty, worth a hundred of her! and we’ll soon set him up again with the help of such a nurse, as well as ever, I’ll engage—for I’m a bit of a doctor, you know, as well as every thing else.—But don’t let any other doctor, surgeon, or apothecary, be coming after him for your life—for none ever gets a permit to land, to my knowledge, on the Black Islands—to which I attribute, under Providence, to say nothing of my own skill in practice, the wonderful preservation of my people in health—that, and woodsorrel, and another secret or two not to be committed to paper in a hurry—all which I would not have written to you, but am in the gout since four this morning, held by the foot fast—else I’d not be writing, but would have gone by my coach of the way for you myself in stile, in lieu of sending, which is all I can now do, my six oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing like mad—for I would not have you be coming like

like a banished man, but in all glory to Cornelius O'Shane, commonly called king *Corny*—but no *king* for you, only your hearty old friend.'

" 'Heaven bless Cornelius O'Shane!' said Harry Ormond to himself, as he finished this letter, 'king or no king, the most warm-hearted man on earth, let the other be who he will.'

" Then pressing the letter to his heart, he put it up carefully, and rising in haste, he dropped the list of his faults.—That train of associations was completely broken, and for the present completely forgotten; nor was it likely to be soon renewed at the Black Islands, especially in the palace, where he was now going to take up his residence. Moriarty was laid on—what he never laid before—a feather-bed, and was transported, with Ormond, in the six-oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing, across the lake to the islands. Moriarty's head ached terribly, but he nevertheless enjoyed the playing of the pipes in his ear, because of the air of triumph it gave Master Harry, to go away in this grandeur, in the face of the country. King *Corny* ordered the discharge of twelve guns on his landing, which popped one after another gloriously,—the *hospitable echoes*, as Moriarty called them, repeating the sound. A horse, decked with ribbands, waited on the shore, with king *Corny's* compliments for *prince* Harry, as the boy, who held the stirrup for Ormond to mount, said he was instructed to call him, and to proclaim him—' *Prince Harry*' throughout the island, which he did by sound of horn, the whole way they proceeded to the palace—very much to the annoyance of the horse, but all for the greater glory of the prince, who managed his steed to the admiration of the shouting ragged multitude, and of his majesty, who sat in state in his gouty chair at the palace door. He had had himself rolled out to welcome the coming guest.

" 'By all that's princely,' cried he, 'then, that young Harry Ormond was intended for a prince, he sits a horse so like myself; and that horse requires a master hand to manage him.'

" Ormond alighted—

" 'The gracious, cordial, fatherly welcome, with which he was received, delighted his heart.

" 'Welcome, prince, my adopted son, welcome to *Corny castle*—*palace*, I would have said, only for the constituted authorities of the post-office, that might take exceptions, and not be sending me my letters right. As I am neither bishop nor arch—I have in their blind eyes or conceptions no right—Lord help them!—to a temporal palace. Be that as it may, come you in with me, here into the big room—and see! there's the bed in the corner for your first object, my boy—your wounded chap—And I'll visit his wound, and fix it and him the first thing for ye, the minute he comes up.'

" His majesty pointed to a bed in the corner of a large apartment, whose beautiful painted ceiling and cornice, and fine chimney-piece with caryatides of white marble, ill accorded with the
heaps

heaps of oats and corn—the thrashing cloth and flail which lay on the floor—

“ ‘It is intended for a drawing room, understand,’ said king Corny, ‘but till it is finished, I use it for a granary or a barn, when it would not be a barrack-room or hospital, which last is most useful at present.’

“ ‘To this hospital Moriarty was carefully conveyed. Here, notwithstanding his gout, which affected only his feet, king Corny dressed Moriarty’s wound with exquisite tenderness and skill; for he had actually acquired knowledge and address in many arts, with which none could have suspected him to have been in the least acquainted.

“ ‘Dinner was soon announced, which was served up with such a strange mixture of profusion and carelessness, as showed that the attendants, who were numerous and ill caparisoned, were not much used to gala-days. The crowd, who had accompanied Moriarty into the house, was admitted into the dining-room, where they stood round the king, prince, and father Jos, the priest, as the courtiers, during the king’s supper at Versailles, surrounded the king of France. But these poor people were treated with more hospitality than were the courtiers of the French king; for as soon as the dishes were removed, their contents were generously distributed among the attendant multitude. The people blest king and prince, ‘wishing them health and happiness long to reign over them;’—and bowing suitably to his majesty the king, and to his reverence the priest, without standing upon the order of their going, departed.

“ ‘And now, father Jos,’ said the king to the priest, ‘say grace, and draw close, and let me see you do justice to my claret, or the whiskey-punch if you prefer; and you, prince Harry, we will set to it regally as long as you please.’

“ ‘Till tea-time,’—thought young Harry. ‘Till supper-time,’—thought father Jos. ‘Till bed-time,’—thought king Corny.

“ ‘At tea-time young Harry, in pursuance of his *resolution* the first, rose, but he was seized instantly, and held down to his chair. The royal command was laid upon him ‘to sit still and be a good fellow.’ Moreover the door was locked—so that there was no escape or retreat.

“ ‘The next morning when he wakened with an aching head, he recollected with disgust the figure of father Jos, and all the noisy *mirth* of the preceding night. Not without some self-contempt, he asked himself what had become of his *resolution*?—

“ ‘The wounded boy was axing for you, Master Harry,’ said the girl, who came in to open the shutters.

“ ‘How is he?’ cried Harry, starting up.

“ ‘He is *but soberly* *; he got the night but middling; he con-
fesses he could not sleep becaase he did not get a sight of your ho-

“ ‘*But soberly!*—not very well, or in good spirits.”

hour

nour afore he'd settle—I tell him 'tis the change of beds, which always hinders a body to sleep the first night.'

"The sense of having totally forgotten the poor fellow—the contrast between this forgetfulness and the anxiety and contrition of the two preceding nights, actually surprised Ormond; he could hardly believe that he was one and the same person. Then came excuses to himself—'Gratitude—common civility—the peremptoriness of king Corny—his passionate temper, when opposed on this *tender* point—the locked door—and two to one—In short, there was an impossibility in the circumstances of doing otherwise than what he had done. But then the same impossibility—the same circumstances—might recur the next night, and the next, and so on: the peremptory temper of king Corny was not likely to alter, and the moral obligation of gratitude would continue the same;' so that at nineteen, Ormond was to become, from complaisance, what his soul and body abhorred—an habitual drunkard? And what would become of Lady Annaly's interest in his fate or his improvement?" Vol. II. P. 79.

The second day, however, his resolution is put to a severe test, by a quarrel which ensues between King Corny and himself. The matter is however compromised, and Ormond is to drink no more than pleases himself. This Mr. Cornelius O'Shane, otherwise King Corny, is a character true to nature, though perfectly original; the strong powers of mind, and the keen discrimination with which he was endowed, were almost lost for want of fit objects to exercise themselves upon. An ingenious mechanic, a competent surgeon, a successful farmer, he sighed for no farther intellectual acquirements; he was contented with himself, and his subjects were contented with him. His religion was Catholic; his philosophy was somewhat of a curious cast, as the following anecdote will shew.

"In the middle of the night our hero was wakened by a loud bellowing. It was only king Corny in a paroxysm of the gout. His majesty was naturally of a very impatient temper, and his maxims of philosophy encouraged him to the most unrestrained expression of his feelings.—The maxims of his philosophy—for he had read, though in a most desultory manner, and he had thought often deeply, and not seldom justly.—The turns of his mind, and the questions he asked, were sometimes utterly unexpected—

" 'Pray now,' said he to Harry, who stood beside his bed—
" now, that I've a moment's ease—did you ever hear of the stoics that the bookmen talk of, and can you tell me what good any one of them ever got by making it a point to make no noise, when they'd be *punished* and racked with pains of body or mind. Why I will tell you all they got—all they got was no pity—who would give them pity, that did not require it?—I could bleed

to death in a bath, as well as the best of them, if I chose it; or chew a bullet, if I set my teeth to it, with any man in a regiment—but where's the use? nature knows best, and she says *roar!*"

"And he roared—for another twinge seized him—nature said—*sleep!* several times this night to Harry, and to every body in the palace, but they did not sleep, they could not, while the roaring continued. So all had reason to rejoice, and Moriarty in particular, when his majesty's paroxysm was past. Harry was in a sound sleep at twelve o'clock, the next day, when he was summoned into the royal presence. He found king Corny sitting at ease in his bed, that bed strewed over with a variety of roots and leaves, weeds and plants. An old woman was hovering over the fire, stirring something in a black kettle.—

" 'Simples these! of wonderful unknown power,' said king Corny to Harry, as he approached the bed, 'and I'll engage you don't know the name of even of the half of them.'—

"Harry confessed his ignorance.

" 'No shame for you—was you as wise as king Solomon himself, you might not know them, for he did not, nor couldn't, he that had never set his foot a grousing on an Irish bog.—*Sheelah!* come you over, and say what's this?'"

"The old woman now came to assist at this bed of botany, and with spectacles slipping off, and pushed on her nose continually, peered over each green thing, and named in Irish, 'every herb that sips the dew.'

"Sheelah was deeper in Irish lore, than king Corny could pretend to be: but then he humbled her with the 'black hellebore of the antients,' and he had, in an unaccountable manner, affected her imagination by talking of 'that famous bowl of narcotic poisons, which that great man Socrates drank off.'—Sheelah would interrupt herself in the middle of a sentence and curtsy, if she heard him pronounce the name of Socrates—and at the mention of the bowl, she would regularly sigh, and exclaim:—

" 'Lord save us!—But that was a wicked bowl.'"

"Then after a cast of her eyes up to heaven, and crossing herself on the forehead, she would take up her discourse at the word where she had left off.

"King Corny set to work compounding plaisters and embrocations, preparing all sorts of decoctions of roots, and leaves famous *through the country*. And while he directed and gesticulated from his bed, the old woman worked over the fire in obedience to his commands. Sometimes, however, not with that 'prompt and mute obedience,' which the great require.

"It was fortunate for Moriarty, that king Corny, not having the use of his nether limbs, could not attend even in his gouty chair to administer the medicines he had made, and to see them fairly swallowed.—Sheelah, whose conscience was easy on this point, contented herself with giving him a strict charge to 'take every

every bottle to the last drop.' All she insisted upon for her part was, that she must tie the charm round his neck and arm. She would fain have removed the dressings of the wound to substitute plaisters of her own, over which she had pronounced certain prayers or incantations: but Moriarty, who had seized and held fast one good principle of surgery, that the air must never be let into the wound, held mainly to this maxim, and all Sheelah could obtain was permission to clap on her charmed plaister over the dressing.

"In due time, or as King Corny triumphantly observed, in 'a wonderful short period,' Moriarty got quite well, long before the king's gout was cured, even with the assistance of the black hellebore of the antients.—King Corny was so well pleased with his patient for doing such credit to his medical skill, that he gave him and his family a cabin, and spot of land, in the Islands—a cabin near the palace—and at Harry's request made him his wood-ranger and his game-keeper, the one a lucrative place—the other a sinecure." Vol. II. P. 98.

A few days after this his majesty receives a visit from his cousin Sir Ulick, whom he cordially hates, and not the less for his dismissal of Ormond. The sagacity of Corny led him to suspect that the visit of Sir Ulick was made for some purpose. A curious interview now ensues between the cousins, in which is displayed, with much spirit and vivacity, the playful politic sliminess of the baronet, contrasted with the keen, caustic, severity of Corny. The following is the latter portion of the scene.

" 'After all, I have very good prospects in life,' said Sir Ulick.

" 'Aye, you've been always living on prospects; for my part, I'd rather have a mole-hill in possession, than a mountain in prospect.'

" 'Cornelius, what are you doing here to the roof of your house?' said Sir Ulick, striking off to another subject. 'What a vast deal of work you do contrive to cut out for yourself.'

" 'I'd rather cut it out for myself, than have any body to cut it out for me,' said Cornelius.

" 'Upon my word, this will require all your extraordinary ingenuity, cousin.'

" 'Oh, I'll engage I'll make a good job of it, in my sense of the word, though not in yours; for I know, in your vocabulary, that's only a good job where you pocket money, and do nothing; now my good jobs never bring me in a farthing, and give me a great deal to do into the bargain.'

" 'I don't envy you such jobs, indeed,' said Sir Ulick; 'and are you sure that at last you make them good jobs in any acceptation of the term?'

" 'Sure! a man's never sure of any thing in this world, but of being

being abused. But one comfort, my own conscience, for which I've a trifling respect, can't reproach me; since my jobs, good or bad, have cost my poor country nothing.'

"On this point Sir Ulick was particularly sore, for he had the character of being one of the greatest *jobbers* in Ireland. With a face of much political prudery, which he well knew how to assume, he began to exculpate himself. He confessed that much public money had passed through his hands; but he protested that none of it had stayed with him. No man, who had done so much for different administrations, had been so ill paid—

" 'Why the deuce do you work for them, then—You won't tell me it's for love—Have you got any character by it--if you haven't profit, what have you? I would not let them make me a dupe, or may-be something worse, if I was you,' said Cornelius, looking him full in the face.

" 'Savage!' said Sir Ulick again to himself.—The tomahawk was too much for him—Sir Ulick felt that it was fearful odds to stand fencing according to rule with one who would not scruple to gouge or scalp, if provoked. Sir Ulick now stood silent—smiling forced smiles, and looking on while Cornelius played quite at his ease with little Tommy, blew shrill blasts through the whistle, and boasted 'that he had made a good job of that whistle any way.'

"Harry Ormond, to Sir Ulick's great relief, now appeared. Sir, Ulick advanced to meet him with an air of cordial friendship, which brought the honest flush of pleasure and gratitude into the young man's face, who darted a quick look at Cornelius, as much as to say,—

" 'You see you were wrong—he is glad to see me—he is *come* to see me.'

"Cornelius said nothing, but stroked the child's head, and seemed taken up entirely with him; Sir Ulick spoke of Lady O'Shane, and of his hopes that prepossessions were wearing off—'If Miss Black were out of the way, things would all go right, but she was one of the mighty good—too good ladies, who were always meddling with other people's business, and making mischief.'

"Harry, who hated her, that is, as much as he could hate any body, railed at her vehemently, saying more against her than he thought, and concluded, by joining in Sir Ulick's wish for her departure from Castle Hermitage, but not with any view to his own return thither. On that point he was quite resolute and steady—'He would never,' he said, 'be the cause of mischief. Lady O'Shane did not like him,—why, he did not know, and had no right to enquire—and was too proud to enquire, if he had a right. It was enough that her ladyship had proved to him her dislike, and refused him protection at his utmost need,—he should never again sue for her hospitality. He declared, that Sir Ulick would never more be disquieted by his being an inmate at Castle Hermitage.'

" Sir

"Sir Ulick became more warm and eloquent in dissuading him from this resolution, the more he perceived that Ormond was positively fixed in his determination.

"The cool looker on all the time remarked this, and Cornelius was convinced, that he had from the first been right in his own opinion, that Sir Ulick was '*shirking the boy*.'

"'And where's Marcus, Sir? would not he come with you to see us?' said Ormond.

"'Marcus is gone off to England. He bid me give you his kindest love, he was hurried, and regretted he could not come to take leave of you; but he was obliged to go off with the Annals, to escort her ladyship to England, where he will remain this year, I dare say.—I am much concerned to say, that poor Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly'—Sir Ulick cleared his throat, and gave a suspicious look at Ormond—

"This glance at Harry, the moment Sir Ulick pronounced the words *Miss Annaly*, first directed aright the attention of Cornelius—

"'Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly! are they ill? What's the matter, for Heaven's sake?' exclaimed Harry, with great anxiety; but pronouncing both the ladies' names precisely in the same tone, and with the same freedom of expression.

"Sir Ulick took breath—'Neither of the ladies are ill—absolutely ill—but they have both been greatly shocked by accounts of young Annaly's sudden illness. It is feared an inflammation upon his lungs, brought on by violent cold—his mother and sister left us this morning—set off for England to him immediately. Lady Annaly thought of you Harry, my boy—you must be a prodigious favourite—in the midst of all her affliction, and the hurry of this sudden departure, this morning, gave me a letter for you, which I determined to deliver with my own hands.'

"While he spoke, Sir Ulick, affecting to search for the letter among many in his pocket, studied with careless intermitting glances our young hero's countenance, and Cornelius O'Shane studied Sir Ulick's: Harry tore open the letter eagerly, and coloured a good deal when he saw the inside.

"'I've no business here reading that boy's secrets in his face,' cried Cornelius O'Shane, raising himself on his crutches, 'I'll step out and look at my roof—Will you come, Sir Ulick, and see how the *job* goes on?' His crutch slipped as he stepped across the hearth; Harry ran to him—'Oh, Sir, what are you doing? You are not able to walk yet without me: Why are you going? secrets, did you say?'—(The words recurred to his ear.)—'I have no secrets—there's no secrets in this letter—it's only—the reason I looked foolish was that here's a list of my own faults, which I make like a fool, and dropt like a fool—but they could not have fallen into better or kinder hands than Lady Annaly's.'

"He offered the letter and its inclosure to Cornelius and Sir Ulick. Cornelius drew back—'I don't want to see the list of
N your

your faults, man,' said he, 'do you think I haven't them all by heart already; and as to the lady's letter, while you live never shew a lady's letter.'

"Sir Ulick, without ceremony, took the letter, and in a moment satisfying his curiosity that it was merely a friendly note, returned it, and the list of his faults to Harry, saying, 'If it had been a young lady's letter I am sure you would not have shewn it to me, Harry, nor, of course, would I have looked at it. But I presumed that a letter from old Lady Annaly could only be, what I see it is, very *edifying*.'

"'Old Lady Annaly, is it?' cried Cornelius: 'Oh, then, there's no indiscretion, young man, in the case. You might as well scruple about your mother's letter, if you had one; or your mother-in-law, which, to be sure, you'll have, I hope, in due course of nature.'

"At the sound of the words mother-in-law a cloud passed over Sir Ulick's brow, not unnoticed by the shrew'd Cornelius; but the cloud passed away quickly, after Sir Ulick had darted another reconnoitering glance on Harry's open unconscious countenance.

"'All's safe,' said Sir Ulick to himself, as he took leave.

"'Woodcocked! that he has; as I foresaw he would,' cried King Corny, the moment his guest had departed. 'Woodcocked! if ever man did, by all that's cunning.' P. 128.

Corney had boasted to Father Jos, before the arrival of Sir Ulick, that he would discover the secret of Harry Ormond's dismissal from Castle Hermitage from the baronet's own mouth.

"King Corny sat for some minutes after Sir Ulick's departure, perfectly still and silent, leaning both hands and his chin on his crutch. Then, looking up at Harry, he exclaimed—

"'What a dupe you are! but I like you the better for it.'

"'I am glad you like me the better, at all events,' said Harry; 'but I don't think I am a dupe.'

"'No—if you *did* you would not be one: so you don't see that it was, and *is* Sir Ulick, and not her ladyship that wanted, and wants to get rid of you?'

"'No, Harry did not see this, and would not be persuaded of it. He defended his guardian most warmly; he was certain of Sir Ulick's affection; he was sure Sir Ulick was incapable of acting with such duplicity.'

"King Corny repeated, at every pause, 'you are a dupe; but I like you the better for it.' And, added he, 'you don't, blind buzzard! as your want of conceit makes you—for which I like you the better too—you don't see the reason why he banished you Castle Hermitage—you don't see that he is jealous of your rivalling that puppy Marcus his son.'

"'Rivalling Marcus in what, or how?'

"'With whom? boy is the question you should ask, and in that

that case the answer is—Dunce, can't you guess now?—Miss Annaly.'

" 'Miss Annaly!' repeated Harry with genuine surprise, and with a quick sense of inferiority and humiliation. 'Oh, Sir! you would not be so ill-natured as to make a jest of me?—I know how ignorant, how unformed, what a raw boy I am. Marcus has been educated like a gentleman.'

" 'More shame for his father that couldn't do the same by you when he was about it.'

" 'But Marcus, Sir—there ought to be a difference—Marcus is heir to a large fortune—I have nothing—Marcus may hope to marry whoever he pleases.'

" 'Aye, whoever he *pleases*; and who will that be, if women are of my mind,' muttered Corny. 'I'll engage if you had a mind to rival him.'

" 'Rival him! the thought of rivalling my friend never entered my head.'

" 'But is he your friend?' said Cornelius.

" 'As to that—I don't know—he was my friend, and I loved him sincerely—warmly—he has cast me off—I shall never complain—never blame him directly or indirectly—but don't let me be accused or suspected unjustly—I never for one instant had the treachery, presumption, folly, or madness, to think of Miss Annaly.'

" 'Nor she of you? I suppose you'll swear.'

" 'Nor she of me! assuredly not, Sir,' said Harry, with surprise at the idea. 'Do you consider what I am—and what she is?'

" 'Well, I am glad they are gone to England out of the way!' said Cornelius.

" 'I am very sorry for that,' said Harry, 'for I have lost a kind friend in Lady Annaly; one who at least I might have hoped would have become my friend, if I had deserved it.'

" 'Might have hoped—Would have become—that's a friend in the air, who may never be found on earth. *If you deserved it!*—Murder! who knows how that might turn out—*if*—I don't like that kind of subjunctive mood tenure of a friend. Give me the good imperative mood, which I understand—be my friend—at once—or not at all—that's my mood. None of your *if* friends for me, setting out with a proviso and an excuse to be off; and may be when you'd call upon 'em at your utmost need—Oh! I said *if* you deserve it—Lie there like a dog. Now, what kind of a friend is that? If Lady Annaly is that sort, no need to regret her. My compliments to her, and a good journey to England—Ireland well rid of her! and so are you too, my boy!'

" 'But, dear sir, how you have worked yourself up into a passion against Lady Annaly for nothing.'

" 'It's not for nothing—I've good reason to dislike the woman—what business had she, because she's an old woman and you a young man, to set up preaching to you about your faults. I hate prachers, feminine gender especially.'

" 'She is no pracher, I assure you, sir.'

" 'How dare you tell me that; was not her letter very edifying?' Sir Ulick said."

" 'No, Sir: it was very kind: will you read it?'

" 'No, sir, I won't; I never read an edifying letter in my life with my eyes open, nor never will—quite enough for me that impertinent list of your faults she inclosed you.'

" 'That list was my own, not hers, Sir: I dropped it under a tree'

" 'Well, drop it into the fire now, and no more about it. Pray, after all, for curiosity's sake, what faults have you?'

" 'Dear Sir, I thought you told me you knew them by heart.'

" 'I always forget what I learn by heart; put me in mind, and may be I'll recollect as you go on.'"—P. 143.

In the midst of the catalogue, however, he is interrupted by Corny, who conducts him to a farm in the remote part of the island, which principality he makes over to Ormond, alias Prince Harry, in a legal form. Soon after this Dora, the daughter of Corny arrives, whom, much to his subsequent regret, he had engaged in her infancy, over a bowl of punch, to one of the sons of Connal, an Irish grazier, of immense property. The young lady with her maiden aunt, Miss O'Faley, a great admirer of the French, now appear upon the scene, with a white Connal, the elder of the two brothers. This betrothed suitor, a vulgar, penurious, conceited blockhead, is no favourite with Dora: she coquets it not a little with our hero, who appears especially interesting in his conflict between love to the daughter and honour to the father. White Connal, however, soon disappears from the stage, by a very convenient dislocation of the neck, in attempting to ride a spirited horse, which was above his hand. The lady, however, is not free, as the promise of Corny extends to the survivor of the brothers, who is denominated Black Connal, an officer of the Irish brigade in the French service. This gentleman is more successful, and notwithstanding large offers to resign his right, he marries the lady, and leaves poor Ormond in despair. The departure of the bride and bridegroom from the island is succeeded by the melancholy death of king Corny, by the bursting of a fowling piece of his own manufacture. The following description, interspersed with touches of real pathos, will give the reader a notion of an Irish funeral.

" A boy passing by saw what had happened, and ran to the house, calling as he went to some workmen, who hastened to the place, where they heard the howling of the dogs. Ormond neither heard nor saw—till Moriarty said—'He must be carried home;'⁺ and some one approaching to lift the body, Ormond started up, pushed the man back, without uttering a syllable—made a sign to Moriarty,

Moriarty, and between them they carried the body home.—Sheelah and the women came out to meet them, wringing their hands, and uttering loud lamentations, and the dogs ran to and fro yelling. Ormond, bearing his burden, as if insensible of what he bore, walked onward, looking at no one, answering none, but forcing his way straight into the house, and on—on—till they came to O'Shane's bed-chamber, which was upon the ground floor—there laid him on his bed.—The women had followed, and all those who had gathered on the way rushed in to see and to bewail. Ormond looked up, and saw the people about the bed, and made a sign to Moriarty to keep them away, which he did, as well as he could.—But they would not be kept back—Sheelah, especially, pressed forward, crying loudly, till Moriarty, with whom she was struggling, pointed to Harry.—Struck with his fixed look, she submitted at once—‘*Best leave him!*’ said she.—She put every body out of the room before her, and turning to Ormond, said, they would leave him ‘a little space of time till the priest should come, who was at a clergy dinner, but was sent for.’

“When Ormond was left alone he locked the door, and kneeling beside the dead, offered up prayers for the friend he had lost, and there remained some time in stillness and silence, till Sheelah knocked at the door, to let him know that the priest was come.—Then retiring, he went to the other end of the house, to be out of the way. The room to which he went was that in which they had been reading the letters just before they went out that morning.—There was the pen which Harry had taken from his hand, and the answer just begun.

“‘Dear General, I hope my young friend, Harry Ormond—’”

“That hand could write no more!—That warm heart was cold!—The certainty was so astonishing, so stupifying, that Ormond, having never yet shed a tear, stood with his eyes fixed on the paper, he knew not how long, till he felt some one touch his hand.—It was the child, little Tommy, of whom O'Shane was so fond, and who was so fond of him. The child, with his whistle in his hand, stood looking up at Harry without speaking.—Ormond gazed on him for a few instants, then snatched him in his arms, and burst into an agony of tears.—Sheelah, who had let the child in, now came and carried him away.—‘God be thanked for them tears,’ said she, ‘they will bring relief’—and so they did.—The necessity for manly exertion—the sense of duty—pressed upon Ormond's recovered reason.—He began directly, and wrote all the letters that were necessary to his guardian, and to Miss O'Faley, to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Dora. The letters were not finished till late in the evening. Sheelah came for them, and leaving the door, and the outer door to the hall open, as she came in, Ormond saw the candles lighted, and smelt the smell of tobacco and whiskey, and heard the sound of many voices.

“‘The wake, dear, which is beginning,’ said she, hastening back to shut the doors, as she saw him shudder—‘Bear with it,
Master

Master Harry,' said she—'hard for you!—but bear with us, dear, 'tis the custom of the country—and what else can we do but what the forefathers did—how else for us to shew respect, only as it would be expected, and has always been?—and great comfort to think we done our best, for *him that is gone*—and comfort to know his wake will be talked of long hereafter, over the fires at night—of all the people that is there without—and that's all we have for it now—so bear with it, dear.'

"This night, and for two succeeding nights, the doors of Corny Castle remained open for all who chose to come.

"Crowds, as many, and more than the Castle could hold, flocked to king Corny's wake, for he was greatly beloved.

"There was, as Sheelah said, 'plenty of cake, and wine, and tea, and tobacco, and snuff—every thing handsome as possible, and honourable to the deceased, who was always open-handed, and open-hearted, and with open house too.'

"His praises from time to time were heard, and then the common business of the country was talked of—and jesting and laughter went on—and all night there were tea-drinkings for the women, and punch for the men. Sheelah, who grieved most, inwardly, for the dead, went about incessantly through the crowd, serving all, seeing that none, especially them who came from a distance, should be neglected—that none should have after to complain—or to say that any thing at all was wanting or niggardly. Mrs. Betty, Sheelah's daughter, sat presiding at the tea-table, giving the keys to her mother when wanted, but never forgetting to ask for them again. Little Tommy took his cake, and hid himself under the table, close by his mother, Mrs. Betty, and could not be tempted out but by Sheelah, whom he followed, watching when she would go in to Mr. Harry; and when the door opened, he held by the gown, and squeezed in under her arm—she not hindering him. When she brought Mr. Harry his meals, she would set the child up at the table with him *for company*—and to tempt him to take something.—The child slept with him, for Tommy could not sleep with any body else.

Ormond had once promised his deceased friend, that if he was in the country when he died, he would put him into his coffin.—He kept his promise.—The child hearing a noise, and knowing that Mr. Harry had gone into the room, could not be kept out;—the crowd had left that room, and the child looked at the bed with the curtains looped up with black—and at the table at the foot of the bed, with the white cloth spread over it, and the seven candlesticks placed upon it.—But the coffin fixed his attention, and he threw himself upon it, clinging to it, and crying bitterly upon king Corny, his dear king Corny, to come back to him.

"It was all Sheelah could do to drag him away;—Ormond, who had always liked this boy, felt now more fond of him than ever, and resolved that he would see that he was taken care of hereafter.

" 'You

“ ‘You are in the mind to attend the funeral, sir, I think you told me,’ said Sheelah.

“ ‘Certainly,’ replied Ormond.

“ ‘Excuse me then,’ said Sheelah, ‘if I mention—for you can’t know what to do without.—There will be high mass, may be you know, in the chapel.—And as it’s a great funeral, thirteen priests will be there, attending.—And when the mass will be finished, it will be expected of you, as first of kin considered, to walk up first with your offering—whatsoever you think fit, for the priests—and to lay it down on the altar;—and then each and all will follow, laying down their offerings, according as they can.—I hope I’m not too bold or troublesome, sir.’

“ Ormond thanked her for her kindness,—and felt it was real kindness.—He, consequently, did all that was expected from him *handsomely*. After the masses were over, the priests who could not eat any thing before they said mass, had breakfast and dinner joined.—Sheelah took care ‘the clergy was well served.’—Then the priests—though it was not essential *all* should go, did *all*, to Sheelah’s satisfaction, accompany the funeral the *whole way*, three long miles, to the burying-place of the O’Shanes; a remote old abbey ground, marked only by some scattered trees, and a few sloping grave stones. King Corny’s funeral was followed by an immense concourse of people, on horseback and on foot; men, women, and children;—when they passed by the doors of cabins, a set of the women raised the funeral cry—not a savage howl, as is the custom in some parts of Ireland, but chaunting a kind of funeral cry, not without harmony, simple and pathetic. Ormond was convinced, that in spite of all the festivity at the wake, which had so disgusted him, the poor people mourned sincerely for the friend they had lost.” Vol. II. P. 370.

After the funeral and settlement of his own affairs, Ormond is invited to the house of Dr. Cambray, the new vicar of the adjoining parish. His departure for the Black Islands, with the attendant circumstances, is so sweetly and so naturally drawn, that we cannot forbear to present it to our readers as an exquisite *morceau*.

“ Next day Ormond was to leave the Black Islands; Sheelah was in despair when she found he was going: the child hung upon him so, that he could hardly get out of the house, till Moriarty promised to come back for the boy, and bring him over in the boat often, to see Mr. Ormond. Moriarty would not stay in the islands himself, he said, after Harry went—he let the cabin, and little tenement, which O’Shane had given him, and the rent was to be paid him by the agent.—Ormond went, for the last time, this morning, to Ormond’s Vale, to settle his own affairs there; he and Moriarty, took an unusual path across this part of the island to the water side, that they might avoid that which they had followed the last time they were out, on the day of Corny’s death. They went, therefore,

across a lone track of heath bog; where, for a considerable time, they saw no living being.

"On this bog, of which Cornelius O'Shane had given Moriarty a share, the grateful poor fellow had, the year before, amused himself with cutting in large letters of about a yard long, the words—

" 'LONG LIVE KING CORNY.'

"He had sowed the letters with broom seed in the spring, and had since forgotten ever to look at them,—but they were now green, and struck the eye.

" 'Think then of this being all the trace that's left of him on the face of the earth!' said Moriarty, 'I'm glad I did even that same.'

"After crossing this lone bog, when they came to the water side, they found a great crowd of people, seemingly all the inhabitants of the islands assembled there, waiting to take leave of Master Harry, and each got a word and a look from him before they would let him step into the boat.

" 'Aye, go to the continent,' said Sheelah, 'aye, go to fifty continents, and in all Ireland you'll not find hearts warmer to you, than those of the Black Islands, that knows you best from a child, Master Harry, dear.' " Vol. II. P. 387.

In a short time Ormond receives a letter from Sir Ulick, in which he is informed that the baronet is separated from his wife, and is about to keep open house at Castle Hermitage, to which our hero is invited. Soon after his arrival a dispatch arrives from India, giving an account of the death of his mother-in-law and half-brother, by which he comes into a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. Ormond, however, is not overset by his sudden accession of property, but feels an additional incitement to that promised improvement, which during his residence in the Black Islands had been so much neglected. The list of fashionables who appear at Castle Hermitage, and the momentary conquest of the several heroines over the heart of Ormond, are described with much life and spirit. After this he takes a tour of Ireland, and, in the ardour of youthful enthusiasm, he is engaged in a duel with a gentleman, who had been somewhat lavish in his abuse upon his guardian Sir Ulick. In his route homewards he pays a visit to Lady Annaly, where, as the reader will probably suspect, he falls desperately in love with her fair daughter. He had no longer a rival in Marcus, as the young lady had long since dismissed him. The estate of the Annaly's lay along the sea-shore, where wrecks were frequent. To prevent the plunder which was customary on these occasions, young Sir Herbert Annaly had made the greatest exertions.

"This estate stretched along the sea-shore—the tenants whom he found living near the coast were an idle, profligate, desperate
set

set of people; who, during the time of the late middle landlord, had been in the habit of *making their rents* by their nefarious practices. The best of the set were merely idle fishermen, whose habits of trusting to their *luck* incapacitated them from industry—the others were illicit distillers—smugglers—and miscreants who lived by *raids* and *strays*; in short, by the pillage of vessels on the coast. The coast was dangerous,—there happened frequent shipwrecks; owing partly, as was supposed, to the false lights hung out by these people, whose interest it was that vessels should be wrecked. Shocked at these practices, Sir Herbert Annaly had, from the moment he came into the possession of the estate, exerted himself to put a stop to them, and to punish where he could not reform the offenders.—The people at first pleaded a sort of *tenant's right*, which they thought a landlord could scarcely resist. They protested that they could not make *the rent*, if they were not allowed to make it their own way; and shewed, beyond a doubt, that Sir Herbert could not get half as much for his land in those parts, if he looked too scrupulously into the means by which it was made. They brought, in corroboration of their arguments or assertions, the example and constant practice of ‘many as good a gentleman as any in Ireland, who had his rent made up for him that ways, very ready and punctual. There was his honour, Mr. Such-a-one, and so on; and there was Sir Ulick O’Shane, sure! Oh! he was the man to live under—he was the man that knew when to wink and when to blink; and if he shut his eyes *properly*, sure his tenants filled his fist.—Oh! Sir Ulick was the great man for *favour and protection*, none like him at all!—He is the good landlord, that will fight the way clear for his own tenants through thick and thin—none dare touch them.—Oh! Sir Ulick’s the kind gentleman that understands the law for the poor, and could bring them off at every turn, and shew them the way through the holes in an act of parliament, asy as through a *riddle*! Oh, and if he could but afford to be half as good as his promises, Sir Ulick O’Shane would be too good entirely!’

“Now Sir Ulick O’Shane had purchased a tract of ground adjoining to Sir Herbert’s, on this coast; and he had bought it on the speculation, that he could set it at very high rent to these people, of whose *ways and means* of paying it he chose to remain in ignorance. All the tenants whom Sir Herbert *banished* from his estate flocked to Sir Ulick’s.

“By the sacrifice of his own immediate interest, and by great personal exertion, strict justice, a generous and well secured system of reward, Sir Herbert had already produced a considerable change for the better in the morals and habits of the people. He was employing some of his tenants on the coast, in building a light-house, for which he had a grant from parliament; and he was endeavouring to establish a manufacture of sail cloth, for which there was sufficient demand. But almost at every step of his progress, he was impeded by the effects of the bad example of his

his neighbours on Sir Ulick's estates, and by the continual quarrels between the idle, discarded tenants, and their industrious and now prospering successors.

"Whenever a vessel in distress was seen off the coast, there was a constant struggle between the two parties who had opposite interests; the one to save, the other to destroy. In this state of things, causes of complaint perpetually occurred; and Ormond, who was present, when the accusers and the accused appealed to their landlord, sometimes as magistrate, had frequent opportunities of seeing both Sir Herbert's principles and temper put to the test.—Ormond's interest in the whole was increased by the share his guardian or his guardian's tenantry had in the business. Besides this, his attention was awakened to these subjects, for he might hereafter be a country gentleman; and in similar situations, called upon to judge and to act for himself.—He liked to compare the different modes in which king Corny, his guardian, and Sir Herbert Annaly managed these things.—Sir Herbert governed neither by threats, punishments, abuse, nor tyranny; nor yet did he govern by promises nor bribery, *favour* and *protection*, like Sir Ulick.—He neither cajoled nor bullied—neither held it as a principle, as Marcus did, that the people must be kept down, nor that the people must be deceived.—He treated them neither as slaves, subject to his will; nor as dupes, or objects on which to exercise his wit or his cunning.—He treated them as reasonable beings, and as his fellow creatures, whom he wished to improve, that he might make them and himself happy.—He spoke sense to them; he mixed that sense with wit and humour, in the proportion necessary to make it palatable to an Irishman.

"In generosity there was a resemblance between the temper of Sir Herbert and of Corny; but to Ormond's surprise, and at first to his disappointment, Sir Herbert valued justice more than generosity. Ormond's heart on this point was often with king Corny, when his head was forced to be with Sir Herbert; but, by degrees, head and heart came together—He became practically convinced, that justice is the virtue that works best for a constancy; and best serves every body's interest in time and in turn."

Vol. III. p. 104.

With these sentiments we heartily coincide; and well would it be for the neglected country in which the scene of our tale is laid, if they who derive their opulence from its soil, would suffer the blessings which they receive, to return in some sort of proportion upon the heads of its inhabitants. To deliver its vast population from the slavery of ignorance, to dispel the intellectual darkness in which they are enveloped, to burst the bonds of gross superstition and consecrated imposture, this is the EMANCIPATION of which Ireland stands in need. To extend to the barbarism of bigotry a more uninterrupted sway, to double the power of those who darken the intellect and enslave the conscience

science—this is not freedom, but subjugation; this is not EMANCIPATION, but REDOUBLED ENTHRALMENT.

But to return to our Romance. In his exertions to serve Sir Herbert he dies, and Miss Annaly becomes heiress to the estate. Ormond's addresses are received with apparent kindness, but to a letter, in which he makes a serious and formal avowal, the servant brings back only "her mistress's compliments." He sets off in haste to the house, and on his arrival is refused admittance; and, as he is preparing to ride off, the blind of the lower window is shaken from its place by the wind, and discovers a rival at the feet of Miss Annaly. Enraged by this treatment, Ormond resolves to leave Ireland for France, in which he is seconded by Sir Ulick, who contrives to wheedle the young man out of a power of attorney to sell out his stock, if occasion should require, during his absence. Ormond arrives at Paris, and passes through the dissipation of the place in innocence and security, though in no small danger from the charms of Dora, now Mrs. O'Connal, who with her husband moves in the first circles of Paris, and seems a ready pupil of foreign morality not less than of foreign manners. Ormond after a few months is visited by an agent of Sir Ulick, who brings a fresh power of attorney, comprehending a stock which had been before forgotten, in which the property of Ormond was principally vested. A few hours after he had signed the instrument, he hears of the probable insolvency of Sir Ulick's bank, and hastens to London, to arrest the power so unwarily granted. He is just in time to preserve his property from ruin. After this he sails for Ireland, and upon his arrival he is informed of the total failure of Sir Ulick. He proceeds to Castle Hermitage, where the following melancholy scene presents itself to his view.

"Ormond directed the postillions to go the back way to the house.—They drove on down an old avenue.

"Presently they saw a boy, who seemed to be standing on the watch, run back towards the Castle—leaping over the hedge and ditch with desperate haste.—Then came running from the house three men, calling to one another to shut the gates for the love of God!

"They all ran towards the gateway, through which the postillions were going to drive—reached it, just as the foremost horses turned, and flung the gate full against the horses' heads.—The men, without looking or caring, went on locking the gate.

"Ormond jumped out of the carriage—at the sight of him, the padlock fell from the hand of the man who held it.

"'Master Harry, himself!—and is it you?—We ask your pardon, your honour.'

"The men were three of Sir Ulick's workmen—Ormond forbade the carriage to follow.

"'For

“ ‘For perhaps you are afraid of the noise disturbing Sir Ulick?’ said he.

“ ‘No, please your honour,’ said the foremost man, ‘it will not disturb him—as well let the carriage come on—only,’ whispered he, ‘best to send the hack postillions with their horses, always to the inn, afore they’d learn any thing.’

“ Ormond walked on quickly, and as soon as he was out of hearing of the postillions, again asked the men—

“ ‘What news?—how is Sir Ulick?’

“ ‘Poor gentleman! he has had a deal of trouble—and no help for him,’ said the man.

“ ‘Better tell him plain,’ whispered the next.—‘Master Harry, Sir Ulick O’Shane’s trouble is over in this world, Sir.’

“ ‘Is he—’

“ ‘Dead, he is, and cold, and in his coffin—this minute—and thanks be to God—if he is safe there even,—from them that are on the watch to seize on his body!—In dread of them creditors, orders were given to keep the gates locked.—He is dead since Tuesday, Sir,—but hardly one knows it out of the castle—except us.’

“ Ormond walked on silently, while they followed, talking at intervals.

“ ‘There is a very great cry against him, Sir, I hear in Dublin,—and here in the country too,’ said one.

“ ‘The distress they say is very great, he caused, but they might let his body rest any way—what good can that do them?’

“ ‘Bad or good, they sha’n’t touch it,’ said the other.—‘by the blessing, we shall have him buried safe in the morning, afore they are stirring. We shall carry the coffin through the underground passage, that goes to the stables, and out by the lane to the churchyard easy—and the gentleman, the clergyman, has notice all will be ready, and the housekeeper only attending.’

“ ‘Oh! the pitiful funeral,’ said the eldest of the men, ‘the pitiful funeral for Sir Ulick O’Shane, that was born to better.’

“ ‘Well, we can only do the best we can,’ said the other, ‘let what will happen to ourselves; for Sir Marcus said he wouldn’t take one of his father’s notes from any of us.’

“ Ormond involuntarily felt for his purse.

“ ‘Oh! don’t be bothering the gentleman, don’t be talking,’ said the old man. ‘This way, Master Harry, if you please, Sir, the underground way to the back yard. We keep all close till after the burying, for fear—that was the housekeeper’s order. Sent all off to Dublin when Sir Ulick took to his bed, and Lady Norton went off’

“ Ormond refrained from asking any questions about his illness, fearing to inquire into the manner of his death. He walked on more quickly and silently.—When they were going through the dark passage, one of the men, in a low voice, observed to Mr. Ormond, that the housekeeper would tell him all about it.

“ When

“ When they got to the house, the housekeeper and Sir Ulick's man appeared, seeming much surprised at the sight of Mr. Ormond. They said a great deal about the *unfortunate event*, and their own sorrow and *distress*—but Ormond saw that theirs were only the long faces, dismal tones, and outward shew of grief. They were just a common housekeeper and gentleman's gentleman, neither worse nor better than ordinary servants in a great house. Sir Ulick had treated them only as such.

“ The housekeeper, without Ormond's asking a single question, went on to tell him, ‘ That Castle Hermitage was as full of company, even to the last week, as ever it could hold, and all as grand as ever; the first people in Ireland—champagne and burgundy, and ices, and all as usual—and a ball that very week. Sir Ulick was very considerate, and sent Lady Norton off to her other friends; he took ill suddenly that night with a great pain in his head;—he had been writing hard, and in great trouble, and he took to his bed, and never rose from it—he was found by Mr. Dempsey, his own man, dead in his bed in the morning, died of a broken heart to be sure!—Poor gentleman!—Some people in the neighbourhood was mighty busy talking how the coroner ought be sent for, but that blew over, Sir. But then we were in dread of the seizure of the body, for debt, so the gates were kept locked; and now you know all we know about it, Sir.

“ Ormond said he would attend the funeral. There was no attempt to seize upon the body:—only the three workmen, the servants, a very few of the *cottagers*, and Harry Ormond, attended to the grave the body of the once popular Sir Ulick O'Shane. This was considered by the country people as the greatest of all the misfortunes that had befallen him; the lowest degradation to which an O'Shane could be reduced. They compared him with king Corny, and ‘ see the difference,’ said they, ‘ the one was the *true thing*, and never *changed*—and after all where is the great friends now?—the quality that used to be entertaining at the castle above? Where is all the favour promised him now? What is it come to? See, with all his wit, and the schemes upon schemes, broke and gone, and forsook and forgot, and buried without a funeral, or a tear, but from Master Harry.’

“ Ormond was surprised to hear, in the midst of many of their popular superstitious and prejudices, how justly they estimated Sir Ulick's abilities and character.

“ As the men filled up the grave, one of them said—

“ ‘ There lies the making of an excellent gentleman—but the cunning of his head spoiled the goodness of his heart.’

“ The day after the funeral, an agent came from Dublin to settle Sir Ulick O'Shane's affairs in the country.

“ On opening his desk, the first thing that appeared was a bundle of accounts, and a letter, directed to H. Ormond, Esq.

“ He took it to his own room, and read

“ ‘ ORMOND,

“ ‘ ORMOND,

“ ‘ I intended to *employ* your money to re-establish my falling credit, but I never intended to *defraud* you,’

“ ‘ ULICK O’SHANE.’ ”—Vol. III. p. 325.

Soon after this Ormond discovers that his supposed dismissal from the Annaly’s, originated in the negligence of an Irish servant, who having mislaid a letter entrusted to his care, had caused the mistake. Other matters are easily explained, and Ormond being united to Miss Annaly, the story concludes.

In the tale before us, as our long extracts will shew, there is much to admire. The characters are conceived with originality, and kept up with spirit. The mixture of conviviality and cunning, of affection and selfishness, of generosity and jobbing, which we find in Sir Ulick, is by no means uncommon, especially among the high-bred Irish. King Corny is quite an original; and though we were sorry to lose him so soon, it was an act of mercy in our authoress to put him to death, as the old gentleman was wanted no more, and his spirit might have therefore evaporated in tedious repetition. The impetuosity of the hero is well kept up; and though a character sufficiently common, is not devoid of interest. The Parisian society at the conclusion is portrayed with much ability and knowledge of the subject, which we take for granted that Miss Edgeworth had gained from her relative the Abbé. The loss of the letter by the Irish servant is rather a clumsy contrivance, but it must pass for want of a better. The general observations and sentiments, a part of the work in which Miss Edgeworth certainly does not excel, though sufficiently trite, are for the most part unobjectionable. With all its faults, the tale of Ormond will be found both an interesting and an amusing production.

ART. VI. *Prescience : or the Secrets of Divination. A Poem. In two Parts. By Edicard Smedley, Jun. Small 8vo. 138 pp. 7s. 6d. Murray. 1816.*

WE think some apology is due from us to the author of this polished little Poem, for not having taken an earlier opportunity of introducing it to the notice of our readers. Whether our critical brethren in other journals have been guilty of a similar remissness, we know not; but we certainly think the production before us to be very far indeed from a common-place performance, and that it is deserving of much greater success than it would appear to have met with. When a work intended merely to

please, does not sell, the most probable reason of the fact is, that it is not calculated to give pleasure; we take for granted that such is the case in the instance of the work before us; nevertheless we feel no hesitation in describing it, as the production of a very cultivated mind, and of a mind which gives promise of powers much more considerable than this present effort would perhaps seem to exemplify: though what the author has actually accomplished is by no means little. The lines are uniformly musical and correct; and though the language is sometimes overcharged with epithets that are not always quite so significant and explicit as might be wished, yet it is chaste and in good taste; and without any affectation of learning keeps our classical recollections continually about us; all the subordinate parts of the poem likewise, the detached images, and thoughts and descriptions, are not only in themselves intrinsically very beautiful for the most part, but are wrought up to a very high degree of finish; so much so, that upon a desultory examination of the poem, one can hardly help feeling surprise that a performance evidently possessing so much merit, should have been so long before the public without having arrived at a second edition. The problem, however, becomes solved without any great difficulty upon a continued reading of the poem; which is indeed singularly deficient, not merely in unity of plan, but in unity of subject. As we have already observed, the passages of which it consists, considered separately, are often possessed of more than common merit: but they have, too generally, no visible relation one to another or to any common object. The intention of the author, as far as we can judge, is to illustrate the operation of that instinctive feeling by which the human mind is ever impelled towards an anticipation of the future, and towards that "unseen world" on which we involuntarily fancy the future to depend. In pursuance of this object he traverses a large field of country, and produces illustrations of the feeling in question, some more and some less to the purpose; they are however arranged according to no intelligible system; the author seems never to have kept in mind *quantum series juncturaque pollet*; so that upon a first reading of the poem the component parts of it seem to possess scarcely more connection with each other, than the China ornaments upon a marble chimney piece. The consequence of this is, that the reader is never at any moment made to understand, and of course never made to feel an interest in the subject of the poem; the pleasure which one passage gives, reflects none upon the next; each is made to stand upon its own detached merits, and when this fails in any instance, the mind feels no curiosity that prompts it to proceed. This is not a fault of genius, so much as of judgment and labour; it is however a fault, which, as the
production

production before us proves, no merits of mere execution in the detail of subordinate parts, will ever be able to redeem. In poetry, as in every thing else, finished workmanship and appropriate ornaments, possess rather a relative than an absolute value. The real merit which belongs to them is founded upon the effect which they produce in conferring beauty upon that to which they are attached, and not upon any abstract and independent beauty of their own. At least if they possess any value in this last way, it is not considerable enough to excite any great degree of admiration.

How far these remarks will assist us to understand the cause why this work before us has not met with a greater number of readers, we shall not pretend to determine; we have not been critics so long, without having discovered that the good or ill success of a literary production, depends upon many other circumstances besides its intrinsic merits; if our author can find out any explanation of the fate which has attended his labours, that will less mortify his vanity than the explanation which we have given, we should have no wish to undeceive him. It is time however to present our readers with a few specimens of the poem; the extracts which we shall make will, we think, fully justify the praises which we have bestowed upon our author's powers; the peculiar fault which we have attributed to the poem is of a nature that cannot be made evident except to those who will read the poem itself.

The poem opens with the following introductory lines; the illustration contained in the first lines is not quite sufficiently palpable, but it is well given.

“ In the black skies where clouds eternal roll,
And night inshrouds her undiscover'd Pole;
Where hous'd with darkness, in their earthy cell
The shivering sons of lengthened winter dwell;
No sun, scarce peering o'er some ice-clad height,
Streaks the red orient with his hues of light;
No beams of evening, in their course delay'd,
Pierce the deep void of universal shade;
Till the slow months with doubtful gleam illumine
The cold and dreary wilderness of gloom;
And o'er the far horizon faintly play
The chequer'd shadows of imperfect day.

“ Yet often there, above, beneath, around,
When stirs no sign of light, or life, or sound;
When cheerless Nature bosom'd on the deep,
In night and silence sleeps, or seems to sleep;
Flashing strange portents o'er the astonished heaven,
The fleeting meteors of the North are driven;
Shake their red tresses from the troubled sky,
And cast one momentary beam and die.

“ So

“ So to this prison of dull clay confin’d,
In darkness broods the imperishable Mind.
Fain would it urge through realms untried its course,
And drink the floods of knowledge from their source;
Trace each mysterious secret of its frame,
Know whither tends its doom, and whence it came.
Yet as its glance to nobler scenes ascends,
Some grosser film the glorious vision ends;
Thick clouds of Sense o’er all the prospect roll,
And check the aspiring energy of Soul:
Till chill’d and baffled on its lowly way,
It chides the lingering night, and pants for day.” P. 7.

Our author then describes in some very fine lines, the sort of prophetic light which is sometimes supposed to glance upon the soul just at the moment of its departure from the world; and the sudden illumination with which the understanding appears at particular moments to be lighted up. He then goes on to point out the desire which is evinced in youth, as well as in a more advanced age, to pry into futurity. The passage contains lines which scarcely any poet of the present day could surpass.

“ Oh! Who in youth has spread his venturous sail
To the full gust of passion’s feverish gale;
Toy’d with each breath which whisper’d round his mast,
And wooed and lur’d him from the shore at last;
And thought no future whirlwind could o’erwhelm
The flaunting glories of his summer helm;
Till idly trusting to the traitor breeze,
His light skiff dances on the midmost seas.
Then marked, all careless, o’er the distant strand
Some cloud scarce bigger than the human hand;
And watch’d its growth, till brooding o’er his head,
One veil of angry darkness is outspread;
Who, in that threatening pause of grim delay,
Hath stemm’d the terrors of his ocean way,
Nor wish’d for light his dubious course to mark,
Though ’twere the bolt of heaven which scathed his bark!” P. 11.

“ And if when youth and hope our hours employ,
And the heart trembles to the pulse of joy;
One little cloud can o’er our revels press,
And dim the noontide of our happiness;
If the few drops which fall from April’s wing,
Scatter the purple blossoms of our spring;
What then can warm the cheerless frost of age!
What the worst fears of parting life assuage!
When Reason totters on her doubtful throne,
And starts, receding from the dread unknown;
Fears e’en herself, and chides that erring pride
Which taught her earlier blindness to decide;

Hang we in darkness o'er life's utmost brink,
 Hopeless to rise, yet unprepared to sink?
 Is there no steep on which the Seer may stand,
 To catch some glimmering of his promis'd land?
 By one small circle in his eye delay'd,
 One bleak horizon of unbroken shade?
 No! He whose wisdom darkling Reason shed,
 That guiding cloud before our day-path spread;
 With steadier radiance gilds approaching night,
 And fires his beacon flame of pillar'd light." P. 13.

Our author next proceeds to illustrate the consolations which religion is able to supply us with, on the death of those to whom we have been attached; the passage is marked, we think, with equal beauty both of feeling and poetry.

"Where is the Spirit now! th' immortal flame
 Which glow'd beneath yon cold and lifeless frame!
 Where now that lofty and aspiring Mind,
 Lord of itself, and friend of all its kind!
 It sigh'd not from the bosom; for I knelt
 Close to the heart, and its last pulses felt.
 It flash'd not from the eye; I watch'd its beam
 Fix'd on mine own, and drank its parting stream.
 Yet is that bosom hush'd; and faded now
 The doubtful lustre which illum'd that brow:
 Mute are the lips which seem'd on life to dwell,
 As if not yet content with doing well;
 Which linger'd on their utterance but to pour
 To Friendship's ear one gentle accent more.
 Rent too are now those heartstrings which alone
 Throbb'd for our suffering, mindless of their own;
 Told not approaching Death lest We should weep,
 And when they ceas'd to beat but seem'd to sleep.

"Thought can but little trace the fearful way
 The Soul must traverse when it quits its clay:
 The unfathomable depths of boundless space,
 The viewless worlds which gird its resting place.
 Is it then sleep?—yes! long unbroken sleep!
 Chill is the couch thy slumbering limbs must keep!
 Curtain'd in night—the worm their bosom mate!
 Their dream—ah! who that dreaming can relate!
 And when they wake—when at their prison doors
 Its all-arousing blast the trumpet pours;
 When the dread Herald rushes on the wind,
 And summons forth the sons of human kind;
 I see Thee then, my Brother!—to thine ear
 Sweet flows the warning which the guilty fear;
 The matin lay which heavenly minstrels sing,
 "Joy to the Blessed! Glory to their King!" P. 16.

In the following description of Stonehenge our author enters the lists with a cotemporary poet, almost unequalled in powers of description ; we do not mean to adjudge the palm, but if the lines which follow are not impregnated with that singular life and spirit which distinguishes the descriptions of our great Border Minstrel, they evince some qualities in which the latter is certainly deficient.

“ To gentler scenes the Minstrel may repair
When the soft moonbeam tints the golden air ;
There drink the fancies pious cells impart,
And trace their lavish wantonness of Art ;
Chaunting in Lay far richer than his theme
The holy pride of Tweed’s enamour’d stream.
But would you view the Druid’s fane aright
Choose not the stilly season of “ Moonlight.”
Rather when heaven’s vast face is one black cloud,
And darkness clasps all Nature in her shroud ;
When the big rain falls pattering thick and fast,
And the storm howls upon the gusty blast ;
Then gather round your cloak—well suits the time
To tread the circle of that haunted clime.
Far o’er the dreary heathward lies your road,
So far it seems not part of Man’s abode,
So dreary that in silence you may bless
The friendly gloom which hides its loneliness.
But little needs the torches ruddy glare
To tell you when your steps have wander’d there :
So bright the lightning’s angry glance is thrown
Where frowns that mighty shapelessness of stone.
Huge, and immeasurable ; breadth, and height,
And thickness which o’ercharge the wondering sight ;
As if the Fallen in his sport had rent
Some rock for his eternal monument ;
And hurl’d the shivering quarry where it lies,
Fit emblem of his pride, and might, and size.
Apart from all the rest One seems to stand,
Grim-visaged Porter to the Brother band ;
The Brother band, who fix’d for ever there,
In sullen state o’erlook the desert lair.
Few, yet how many ! never to be told
Aright by man, or number’d in their fold.” P. 36.

We think, however, the following fancy in which the author indulged himself while contemplating the rude and massy pile which he has above celebrated, by no means worth recording. The tragic inanimation of the last line made us smile.

“ Scarce can I tell, what forms beneath the gloom
My rapt eye bade those fearful stones assume :

Shapes which ev'n memory shudders to relate,
 Monsters which fear will to herself create.
 Methought the Synod of those Gods appeared,
 Whose damned altar mid the pile was reared;
 O'er the rude shrine in grim delight they stood,
 And quaff'd the still life-quivering victim's blood.
 The lightning gave their brow a fiercer scowl,
 The North-wind louder swell'd their frantic howl;
 And as the skies wept on th' accursed place,
 I felt the gore-drop trickle down my face!
 Fierce with the phrenzied boldness of despair,
 I touched the giant fiend who revell'd there;
 It moved not, liv'd not, it was very stone;
 Oh, God! I joy'd to find myself alone!" P. 40.

The next extract which we shall present our readers with, is the description our author gives of the hopes of posthumous fame which cheer the labours of the poet, under the clouds of envy and neglect which are so apt to obscure his merits while alive. The illustration which he draws from the instance of Milton, is we know a common place on this topic, though we doubt whether it be so very strong a case in point as is commonly thought; our author however has made a very happy use of it.

" Yes! there is solace for those hearts which brood,
 Chill'd by the frost of their own solitude;
 Which nurse the festering wound of noble pride,
 And sicken with the pangs of hope denied.
 For them the Prescient Spirit undismay'd,
 Shines in the brightness which itself has made;
 Springs o'er the barrier Time would idly frame,
 And revels in anticipated fame.
 Lo! He who pluck'd with no unhallow'd hand,
 The Seraph's flame to light his daring brand;
 Who quaff'd the waters which in Eden flow,
 And sang " things unattempted yet" below;
 Though now for ever round him fair Renown
 Girds the bright frontlet of her starry crown;
 And twines his crisped locks of golden hair,
 With flowers which everlasting gardens bear,
 Immortal amaranth, and deathless bay,
 Dropping celestial dews, and free from all decay:
 It was not so, when cheerless and alone,
 He lingered onwards through a path unknown;
 Without one smile to lure, one hand to guide,
 And all the sweetness of repose denied.
 Offence was there, and misbecoming Toil,
 Who spoil'd, nor knew the richness of the spoil;
 And canker'd Envy, and the withering eye,
 Which saw him fall 'mid robbers, yet pass'd by.

Still when his bonds the giant Spirit broke,
And all the fury of his song awoke ;
When mute obedience on his lips would dwell,
And catch the holy droppings as they fell ;
He trod not blindly, though his bodily eye
Was blank, and nature's visual fountain dry ;
He trod not hopeless, though his evil days
Lent the scant meed of half-unwilling praise :
But inly conscious of his future name,
Outstripp'd the march of lazy pacing Fame :
Wooded not the coy and still reluctant maid,
But nobly daring, snatch'd the unproffer'd braid,
Taught the bright fabric of his song to climb,
Liv'd not for life, but for all coming time ;
Bask'd in the glories of a cloudless sky,
And drank the foretaste of Eternity." P. 66.

But it is time to bring our extracts and remarks to a close ; with respect to the general merits and demerits of the poem, considered as a whole, we have already said all we intend ; of the former, we think, that the extracts which we have made will furnish not an unfair sample ; the execution of the poem is not however uniformly free from faults ; some of which are to be attributed to carelessness ; as is the case of the following lines which we read over more than once before we got at our author's real meaning.

" Oh ! for that voice whose warning accents flow'd,
Belov'd Hymettus, round thy sweet abode !
Whose whisper check'd the listening Sage's thought,
And all that Heaven forbade him inly taught." P. 22.

We could also wish that our ingenious author would divest himself of that very foolish notion which is now so prevalent among his brethren, that a poet must always display a preternatural degree of sensibility, and have dreams and visions which we common mortals are not supposed to have any idea of. We remember it is recorded in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* that when the former was expatiating upon the extraordinary effects which music produced upon his intellects, the latter, as we think, very properly replied, " that if music made *him* such a fool, he would take care never to listen to more." We should wish to soften Johnson's manner of expressing himself, but substantially we should say the same thing of the pretences which the poets of the twenty or thirty years have made (for the affectation is like most affectations of modern date) to superior sensibility, and so forth. If they cannot write poetry and remain at the same time in their sober senses, why write poetry at all ? In the following account of
a poet's

a poet's *experiences*, as the Methodists would say, we know not whether our author is informing us of what his own feelings have been; but if he writes for the entertainment of the class of general readers we fancy he will excite more admiration than sympathy; bating however the pretension to finer feelings than ordinary men, which we, as ordinary men, think it necessary to make a point of setting our faces against: the lines display considerable powers.

“ Born not for that which is, but that which seems,
The Poet floats on Passion's varying streams;
Pleas'd with the waves which buffet round his brow,
Now plunged in anguish, buoyed to rapture now.
So lost in dreams insufferably bright,
His eye is “dazzled” by “excess of light;”
So fed with longings for a world unknown,
He spurns the gross material of his own.
All life, all soul, yet gasping still for more,
Thrill'd with o'er-wrought existence to each pore;
Sport to the seasons, fashion'd by the skies,
As they are fair or foul, he smiles or sighs.
Still faster fleeting as his steps pursue,
He keeps the form of happiness in view;
So far, his onset dares not be delay'd,
So near he pants already on her shade;
Till as one airy nothing glides away,
He starts a second, and renews the play.

“ See him through nature's boundless circle range,
He marks some presage in each common change:
Adds to her meanest works a heightened grace,
And casts the mighty glamour o'er her face.
Not e'en the smallest spangle in the sky,
But teems with import to the Poet's eye;
No blossom stirs beneath the summer gale,
But lends some image to the Poet's tale.
Earth, Ocean, Air, the Universe his own,
Each breathes a music framed for him alone;
As if the living and the lifeless throng
Were formed to feed the holy source of song.

“ Nor light the purpose for which heaven design'd
These finely measured harmonies of Mind;
Such lavish treasure was not idly shed
To lurk unseen and useless in its bed.
He feels the voice which others dimly hear,
And God is ever present to his ear;
The rocking earth, the whirlwind's rushing din,
Accord with gentler whispers from within.
His search profanes not the forbidden pale,
But marks the Mighty e'en within his veil:

Sees in the glass his darken'd form display'd,
And knows the Maker from the things he made.
Prophet of nature, to his trusting eye,
Pass'd is the wilderness, the promise nigh,
Where-e'er their knees the thankless many bow,
He pours to Truth his unremitting vow :
Though long the voyage, though the waste be dark,
Unceasing Glory shadows o'er his ark.
So the bright Sun in his eternal race,
Surveys the fathomless abyss of space ;
Creation's farthest bounds his pomp supply,
And Heaven and Earth are gather'd to his eye.
Yet not his triumph to adorn alone,
Such waste fertility is round him thrown ;
He bids the streams of life and being flow,
And only drinks the virtue to bestow." P. 60.

We have now absolved the task which we undertook, of presenting our readers with our opinions on the merits of this elegant little poem ; and have given such specimens as will enable them to agree or disagree with us, accordingly as they think proper. But our object was not simply to entertain our readers with some extracts of pleasing poetry ; we think the author before us displays powers of no ordinary description, and we should be sorry if the mortification which the indifferent success of his present effort may have occasioned, should discourage him from venturing again before the public. As there is no commodity which costs so little, so there is none which is commonly so little valued as good advice. If our author, however, should think otherwise with respect to ours, he will, for the future, bestow more attention upon the subject matter of his poetry than he seems disposed to do. If a writer has no thoughts that would be either new or striking when stated in plain prose, he may depend upon it, that it is seldom in the power of mere versification to render them valuable. In all our great poets there is a ground and foundation of deep sense and reflection ; upon this they build as upon a rock ; our modern poetical productions seem for the most part, to be written upon no foundation whatever, that we can see ; they are all superstructure, and accordingly if they be not blown away at their first appearance by the breath of criticism, yet like other "baseless fabrics," in a few months they dissolve, and, like summer insects, die of mere old age.

ART. VII. *Callimachi quæ supersunt, recensuit et cum Notarum delectu edidit C. J. Blomfield, A.M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses nuper Socius.* Mawman. 14s. MDCCCXV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the censure of Dr. Johnson upon the poet of Cyrene, we cannot but consider his poems in many respects as highly valuable. "Callimachus," says the Doctor, "is a writer of little excellence. The chief things to be learnt from him, his account of rites and mythology; which, though desirable to be known, for the sake of understanding other parts of ancient authors, is the least pleasing, or valuable part of their writings." To this opinion we can by no means assent; but in opposition to such high authority, we feel ourselves bound to assert, that with the exception of Homer, there is scarcely a poet in the Greek language, whom we should place in the hands of a boy in preference to Callimachus. There is an ease, a flow, and an elegance, in his versification, which cannot but be of great advantage in forming both the ear and the taste of a forward boy; and in addition to this, there is a spirit and a liveliness which is peculiarly adapted to interest the attention of youth. What the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid are in Latin, the *Hymns* of Callimachus are in Greek. We should consider the loss of the *Hymns* in *Apollinem*, in *Lavacrum Palladis*, in *Jovem*, to be as a very serious deficiency in the earlier stages of the education of a scholar. The *Epigrams* indeed, in general, are of so high a water, that to a scholar of any age, their loss would be irreparable. We do not think that the Doctor, when he pronounced so harsh a sentence upon the merits of Callimachus, had ever read even the following monumental distich:

Τῇδε Σάων, ὁ Δίκωνος, Ακάνθιος, ἱερὸν ὕπνον
Κοιμᾶται. θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.

If he had read it, he might have been tempted to have looked further into its author, and in consequence of such a search, he might probably have changed his opinion altogether.

From the estimation in which we hold Callimachus, we are happy to find a new edition of his works from so able a hand as that of Mr. Blomfield. The edition of Erneste is unfortunately in very high estimation both with the book buyer and the book reader, the consequence of which is, that the latter has very little chance of ever seeing it. Mr. B. has therefore given the reader, in this single volume, all that is necessary for the student in the two thick volumes of Erneste, omitting a vast deal

deal of matter, which though valuable in itself, is with respect to Callimachus ἀποσπιδόνουσιν. He has also added to the commentaries of Erneste, notes both from himself, and from other scholars of later days. The text has also undergone a revision, with the advantage of a collation with the *princeps editio* of Lascar, which Erneste never saw, and an old Venice edition of 1555, the edition probably of Robertellus, to which, as we believe, no single commentator had previously referred. Of this scarce edition there is but one copy in the country, and that in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who lent it to Mr. Blomfield. Some additions have been made by the present editor to the Epigrams, which had escaped the eye both of Bentley and of Ruhnken. The Scholia are very properly omitted, as of no value in themselves from their recent date, and of very little use in the exposition or illustration of the author. The index also attached to Erneste's edition has been considerably enlarged.

If the reader is desirous to acquaint himself with the merits of the various editions of Callimachus, he cannot do better than consult the fifth number of the *Museum Criticum*, in which he will find a scholar-like account of the age and the merits of each. The critical editions, indeed, of Callimachus are not many in number. The first was printed by Henry Stephens in 1577, in which only thirty-one Epigrams were given, and a few Fragments. The notes of Frischlinus, which accompany this edition, are useful in themselves, but have been superseded by the labours of subsequent scholars.

The next edition was printed at Antwerp, in 1584, by Vulcanius of Bruges, who added about eighty Fragments, and some good notes.

The third in our list is the edition of Madame Dacier, the Thalestris of Commentators, published at Paris in 1674. While this edition was in preparation, Dacier appears to have carried on a sort of commentatorial courtship, at once assisting the fair in her studies, and wooing her love. This learned lady added fifty-three Fragments to the previous collection, and also some Epigrams which were supplied by Peter Huet, with notes by herself.

The next edition was that of Grævius, begun by the son, but completed after his death, by the father, and published in 1697. To this, besides the notes of all the previous commentators, were added those of Grævius and Gronovius; the laborious dissertations of Spanhemius; and the acute remarks and emendations of Bentley upon upwards of four hundred Fragments, which he had collected from scholiasts and lexicographers. By some of those, whom the *acrimonia verè commentatoria* of the

Docter

Doctor made his enemies, he was accused of having pillaged some notes from the unedited MSS. of Stanley, and to have passed them off as his own. 'To this calumny, improbable as it would be of itself, Mr. Blomfield gives a flat contradiction, having himself inspected the MSS. of Stanley in the British Museum, and having discovered that no such plagiarism took place.

The next edition which we shall mention, is that of T. Bentley, in 1741, a nephew of the doctor, which, notwithstanding the encomiums heaped upon it by Dr. Harwood, is a meagre and useless publication. No name appears in the title page, but the booksellers mark it in their catalogues, as "*Callimachus Bentleii*;" thereby leading the purchaser to suppose that it was edited by the great Bentley. We hardly know why its possessors should be disturbed by the publication of this anecdote; as from the account of Harwood, and subsequent bibliographers, the *Pseudo Bentley* appears to have satisfied the book-buying corps, as well as the doctor himself.

Of the last edition of Ernesti, we shall extract the following account from the *Museum Criticum* of June 1815.

"The edition of Ernesti appeared at Leipsic in 1761, in two volumes comprising above sixteen hundred closely printed pages. The following is the history of this publication given by Wyttenbach in *Vita Ruhnkenii*, p. 79. A design of reprinting the edition of Grævius being entertained by the Leyden booksellers, Ruhnken was induced by his regard and partiality for Ernesti, with whom he had been acquainted at Wittenberg, to suggest to him a full and complete edition of Callimachus, as an undertaking for which he was qualified, at the same time offering him the assistance of the three most learned Grecians then in existence, Hemsterhuis, Valckenaer, and himself. It is to be remarked that he had already, in his second *Epistola Critica* addressed to Ernesti, and published in 1751, given a large and important collection of Notes on Callimachus. Ernesti undertook the task, and soon after sent for the inspection of his friend at Leyden, the Notes which he proposed to insert. Both Ruhnken and Hemsterhuis were surprised and disappointed at finding them poor and meagre: they were therefore returned to Ernesti, with exhortations to improve and render them more worthy of a new edition; and the sources were pointed out, from which he might draw the requisite information. At the same time he was again advised to apply for the assistance of Valckenaer, who had accumulated valuable materials for explaining and amending the fragments. Accordingly the Notes received additions and improvements, but not a word from Valckenaer, whose assistance Ernesti would not ask, for fear his own Notes might be obscured by the superior merit of those of his coadjutors. The truth of this account, so little creditable to Ernesti, has been of late disputed; nor are we

able to corroborate it: but from the examination of the book itself, we certainly suspect that the editor was fearful of enriching the work with those things which would have added to its intrinsic value, but would have eclipsed his own share of the performance: Thus, while his pages are crowded with remarks upon the Hymus by Stephanus, Vulcanius, Anna Fabri, Theodore Grævius and all the preceding annotators, except Frischlinus and Voetius, we find scarcely a note of David Ruhnken, who in learning and taste surpassed them all except Bentley, and whose friendship deserved some more solid acknowledgement than bare thanks. Mr. Blomfield is the first editor of Callimachus, who has brought the contents of Ruhnken's *Epistola Critica* to illustrate and correct the poet. In the fragments indeed, Ernesti's obligations to his friend were too great to be disguised: it appears pretty clear that for the whole of his *Auctarium Fragmentorum* he was indebted to Ruhnken." P. 151.

Of the edition before us we must speak in the highest terms. Besides many very valuable notes from Mr. Blomfield himself, he has added between thirty and forty fragments to the former number. As we cannot give a better specimen of the acuteness and the diligence of our present commentator, we shall present the reader with this *spicilegium fragmentorum* entire.

" CCCCLXIV.

" ἡδαιὴν οὔτι κατὰ πρόφρασιν.

" Schol. Venet. in Iliad. B. 380. Ἀεὶ παρὰ τῷ Ποιητῇ τὸ ἡδαιὸν ἐν ἐνὶ μέρει λόγου. ἐνθεν καὶ Καλλιμάχῳ ἡδαιὴν &c.

" CCCCLXV.

" ἀστῆρ

Αὔλιος, ὃς δυσθμὴν εἴσι μετ' ἡελίου.

" Schol. Venet. in Iliad. A. 52. οὔλιος ἀστῆρ] τινὲς γράφουσιν αὔλιῳ, ὃ ἐστὶν ἐσπέρῳ, πρὸς ὃν αὐλίζεται τὰ ζῶα. καὶ Καλλιμάχῳ, ὃς δυσθμὴν εἴσι μετ' ἡελίου. Corrige ut supra Apollon. Rhod. iv. 1629. Ἡμῶ δ' ἡέλιῳ μὲν ἔδω, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀστῆρ Αὔλιῳ, ὅστ' ἀνέπαυσεν διζυροὺς ἀροτῆρας. Cf. notas in II. Cerer. 10.

" CCCCLXVI.

" Ἔστιν ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα.

" Constantin. Lascaris de Nomin. et Verb. fol. 154. a. ἔστιν δὲ παρὰ ποιηταῖς καὶ τὸ ὕδῳ, τοῦ ὕδατος, καὶ ὕδους. ὅθεν καὶ Καλλιμάχος, Ἔστιν &c.

" CCCCLXVII.

" τὰς ἰδάνας Χάριτας.

" Schol. Venet. in Iliad. E. 172. ὡς παρὰ τὸ ἰκω (εἶκω) ἴκανῳ, καὶ παρὰ πείθω πίθανῳ, τρώγω τράγανῳ, εἶδω ἰδανῳ, τὰς ἰδάνας Χάριτας ὁ Καλλιμάχῳ.

" CCCCLXVIII.

" αἱ μὲν ῥα λῖεσσιν.

" Schol. Venet. in Iliad. A. 480. λῶν] τὸ πληθυντικὸν παρὰ Καλλιμάχῳ, αἱ μὲν ῥα λῖεσσιν.

" CCCCLXIX.

“ CCCCLXIX.

“ Τάμμεω θυγατέρος.

“ Schol. Venet. in Iliad. I. 193. οἱ αὐτοὶ (Ἴωνες) δὲ καὶ τὸ Ἀθάμας, κατ' ἀφαίρεσιν τοῦ α, καὶ τροπῇ τοῦ θ εἰς τὸ τ, Τάμματος λέγουσι. Τάμμεω θυγατέρῳ, Καλλιμάχῳ ἐν δευτέρῳ Αἰτίων.

“ CCCCLXX.

“ Εἰς δ' αἶν ὀπλισμὸν ἵππειον.

“ Schol. Venet. in Iliad. Ξ. 387. ὅτι βαρύνεται ἡ εὐθεῖα δ' αἶς, διδασκόμεθα ἢ καὶ τῆς παρὰ Καλλιμάχῳ αἰτιατικῆς, Εἰς δ' αἶν ὀπλισμὸν ἵππειον. Forsan idem fragmentum est ac CCCCLIII. et legendum, Εἰς δ' αἶν ὀπλισμὸν θ' ἵππειον ἐρχόμενον.

“ CCCCLXXI.

“ Μουσέων κείνῳ ἀνὴρ ἀτέει.

“ Schol. Venet. in Iliad. Υ. 382. ἀτέοντα, ἀφροντιστοῦντα. Καλλιμάχῳ, Μουσαῖον κείνῳ ἀνὴρ ἀτέτει. Heynius verissime emendavit Μουσέων.

“ CCCCLXXII.

“ Οὔλου μητέρ' Ἀρηῳ.

“ Schol. Venet. in Iliad. Φ. 586. οὔλου pro ὀλοθηρητικοῦ.

“ CCCCLXXIII.

“ ὁ δ' ἐν Λακεῶν τείχεῳ Ἰταλικῷ

Παρὴν ἀμύνων.

“ Schol. Venet. in Iliad. Χ. 56. τεῖχῳ, τὴν πόλιν. Καλλιμάχῳ, ὁ δ' ἐκ &c.

“ CCCCLXXIV.

“ Μέσον ἐπὶ ναύταις.

“ Schol. Victorian. ad Iliad. Ο. 626. Ἀρατῳ, Ὀλίγον δὲ διὰ ξύλον. καὶ Καλλιμάχῳ, μέσον ἐπὶ ναύταις. Vide an mutilæ et corruptæ voces pertineant ad Fragmentum CXI.

“ CCCCLXXV.

“ Σὺν δ' ἡμῖν ὁ Πελαργὸς ἀμορφεύσκεν ἀλήτης.

“ Etymol. M. p. 85, 25. Ἀμορφεύσκεν. συνοδοιπόρει· οἶον, Σὺν δ' ἡμῖν ὁ πελαργὸς ἀμορφεύσκειν ἀλόγως. et sic Zonaras, p. 160, nisi quod ultimam vocem canit. Sed rectius ἀμορφεύσκεν Lex. MS. Mosquense apud Matthæi Lectt. Mosq. T. ii. p. 82. Nihil dubium quin ex Callimachi Hecale sit. De ἀμορφεύειν vid. H. Del. 4. Fragm. XLVI. Πελαργὸς autem pro Πελαργὸς etiam alibi dixit noster, Fragm. CCCLXXXIII. Τυρσηνῶν τείχισμα Πελαργικόν.

“ CCCCLXXVI.

“ αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες

[αὐτὰς μὲν] στέρνηται ἀνέστρεφον.

“ Suidas Στέρνηται. ζώνται. Αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες στέρνηται ἀνέστρεφον. Voces usculum inclusas supplet Toup. in Suid. ii. p. 197. et legit ἀνέστρεφον; opinatur autem Hecates Callimacheæ fragmentum esse;

esse; addit enim Suidas περὶ Θησέως. Et sit Ruhnkenius in Epist. ad Ernesti. p. 21.

“ CCCCLXXVII.

“ Αἴθρην τὴν εὐτεκνον ἐπ’ ἀγρομένοις ὑδέοιμι.

“ Suidas, Ὑδέοιμι ἀντὶ τοῦ ὕμνοῦ. Αἴθρην τε εὐτεκνον &c. ‘Scribe ob metrum Αἴθρην τὴν εὐτεκνον.—Est autem, opinor, versus Callimachi in Hecale; quæ mulier hospitio excepit Theseum: de quo Plutarchus in Theseo. Æthra autem mater Thesei. Verbum autem ὑδεῖν alibi usurpat noster Poeta H. Jov. 76. Αὐτίκα χαλκῆας μὲν ὑδεῖομεν Ἡφαίστοιο.’ Toup. in Suid. ii. p. 291. iii. p. 181.

“ CCCCLXXVIII.

“ Αἶψα δὲ κυμαίνουσιν ἀπαίνυτο χυτρίδα κοιλὴν.

“ Suidas. v. Κυμαίνω. Ad Hecalen probabiliter retulit Toup. in Suid. iii. p. 182. Et ante eum Ruhnkenius in Epist. ad Ernesti. p. 20.

“ CCCCLXXIX.

“ Μέσσαθα βοῦς ὑποδύς.

“ Tzetzes ad Hesiod. Op. 467. a Porsono indicatus.

“ CCCCLXXX.

“ Ὑδωρ μέλαν Αἰσίοποιο.

“ Schol. Venet. Iliad. A. 98. sed librarii culpa. Homeri locus est: vid. ad Fragm. ccxc.

“ CCCCLXXXI.

“ Ἡ δ’ ἀπὸ Μηρισιῶ τοῦ βορέαο καταΐξ.

“ Suidas v. Καταΐξ. sine nomine. Addit: ἦτοι ἀπὸ τῆς Θερύκης. Qui versus ex eadem officina prodiit, ex qua ille H. in Dian. 114. Αἶμα ἐπὶ Θρηϊκί, τόθεν βορέαο καταΐξ. Ruhnken. Μηρίζιο. Toup. in Suid. I. p. 315.

“ CCCCLXXXII.

“ Ἡ δὲ πελιδνωθεῖσα, καὶ ὕμνασι λοξὸν ὑποδράξ

Ὅσομένη—

“ Suidas v. Ὑποδράξ. sine nomine. Conf. Nicandri. Theriac. 457. 763. Ruhnken.

“ CCCCLXXXIII.

“ —ὅστις φόβησι ξανθοτάταις ἐκόμα.

“ Suid. v. Φόβη. sine nomine. Ad nostrum retulit Ruhnkenius. Legendum autem ὅστε φόβησι.

“ CCCCLXXXIV.

“ —γέντο δ’ ἐρείκης

Σκηπάνιον . . ὃ δὴ πέλε γήραⓈ ὀκχῆ.

“ Suid. v. Ὀκχῆ. sine nomine. Ruhnken. Vid. supra p. 193.

“ CCCCLXXXV.

“ αἰπλάνα χεῖλεα γρηός.

“ Suid. v. Ὑδω. sine nomine. Ruhnken.

“ CCCCLXXXVI.

“ CCCCLXXXVI.

“ Ἐἶλε δὲ πασσαίην· τὸδε δ’ ἔννεπε.

“ Suid. v. Πασσαίην. sine nomine. *Ruhnken.*

“ CCCCLXXXVII.

“ Callimacho tribuit Ruhnkenius *Fragm. ap. Suid. in v. Λάταξ*, ex epigrammate desumptum, quod integrum exhibuit Toup. in *Theocr. Schol. p. 211.* quodque ad nostrum probabiliter referendum.

“ CCCCLXXXVIII.

“ καὶ ἀγλαὰ πίσεα γαίης

Βόσκεο.

“ Suid. v. Πίσεα. sine nomine. *Ruhnken.*

“ CCCCLXXXIX.

“ Σχέτλιαι ἀνθρώπων ἀφραστύες.

“ Suid. v. Ἀφραστύες. sine nomine. *Ruhnken.*

“ CCCCXC.

“ Γαστέρι μούνον ἔχοιμι κακῆς ἀλκτῆρια λιμοῦ.

“ Suid. v. Λιμός. sine nomine. *Conf. sup. v. Ἀλκτῆρια λιμν. Ruhnken.*

“ CCCCXCI.

“ Huc retulit Ruhnkenius distichon ap. Suid. v. φιληδῶν. quod fragmentum est epigrammatis in Xenophontem ap. Diog. Laertium. Vid. Toup. in Suid. II. p. 342. Et certe Callimacheum sonat.

“ CCCCXCII.

“ ——— ἦχι κονίστραι

Ἀξείνοι λυθρῶ τε καὶ Ἀρεῖ πεπλήθωσι.

“ Suid. v. Ἀξείνοι. sine nomine. Sed pro Ἀρεῖ legendum εἶαρι sicut ipse citat v. Ἐαρ. ἔαρ pro sanguine est apud Callim. in *Fragm.* Vid. Hemsterbus. ad Lucian. Dial. Deor. p. 240. Facile me in nonnullis horum conjectura fallere potest. Sed, qui utramque Anthologiam et editam et ineditam, itemque ceteros poetas accurate cum Suida contuli, videor mihi de his aliquanto certius posse pronunciare. *Ruhnken.* Legendum πεπλήθουσι.

“ CCCCXCIII.

“ Νῆϊδες οἱ Μούσης οὐκ ἐγένοντο, φίλοι.

“ Hephæst. p. 93. Vid. Hemsterhus. ad Fr. cxi. et Gaisford. ad Hephæst. I. c.

“ CCCCXCIV.

“ Τὰς Ἀφροδίτας, ἡ θεὸς γὰρ οὐ μία,

Ἡ Καστινή πάσας ὑπερβάλλει φρονεῖν.

“ Strabo ix. p. 438. Καλλίμαχος μὲν [οὖν φησιν ἐν τοῖς] Ἰάμβοις, τὰς Ἀφροδίτας, ἡ θεὸς γὰρ οὐ μί [α, τὴν Καστινήν] δ’ ὑπερβάλλεσθαι πάσας τῶ φρονεῖν, ὅτι μόνη παραδέχεται τὴν τῶν υἱῶν θυσίαν. Voces uncinulis inclusas suppleverunt scribæ recentiores;

tiores; abrosæ sunt in vetere codice Pariensi, ceterorum omnium archetypo, teste Dutheilio. Versus edidi ex correctione Porsoni in Advers. p. 309.

“ CCCCXCV.

“ Βρένθιον.

“ Etymol. M. p. 212, 48. Βρένθεται. μεγαλοφρονεί, ἐπαίρεται. οἶονεὶ θρύπτεται. Βισαντίνος φησιν ἐν τοῖς περὶ χρηστομαθίας οὕτω. Βρένθιον ἐστὶ μύρον. καὶ οὕτως ἐν τοῖς ἰάμβοις. Helladii Besantinoi locus exstat, sed mutilatus, apud Photium, p. 1585. Nihil dubium quin rescribendum sit οὕτως Καλλίμαχος ἐν τοῖς ἰάμβοις. Potæ nomen per compendium scriptum, in καὶ transiit. Ter in eadem pagina citatur Callimachus.

“ CCCCXCVI.

“ Κύρβεις.

“ Helladius l. c. Ὅτι τὸ κύρβεις οἱ μὲν Ἀττικοὶ ἄρρενικῶς ἐκφωνοῦσι. Καλλίμαχος δὲ οὐδετέρως.

“ CCCCXCVII.

“ Εἶζεν.

“ Constant. Lascar. de Nom. p. 132. Εἶζην, εἶζεν, καὶ εἶζην παρὰ Καλλίμαχον δὲ τὸ μέτρον.

“ CCCCXCVIII.

“ Δρομέσι.

“ Constant. Lascar. p. 163. δρομεὺς δρομέσι παρὰ Καλλίμαχον. Lascaris autem hæc Callimachi fragmenta ex Apollonio, ut opinor, Dyscolo desumsit.

The volume concludes with the *Testimonia veterum*, among which we do not find the mention of Quintilian. This great critic speaks indeed of Callimachus in terms rather cold; his testimony, however, is not wholly without its weight. With this passage, therefore, after having returned our thanks to Mr. Blomfield for this accurate, learned, and very useful edition of the poet in question, we shall conclude, “Tunc et Elegeiam vacabit in manus sumere, cujus princeps habetur Callimachus.”

ART. VIII. *Surgical Observations. Part IV. Being a Quarterly Report of Cases in Surgery. By Charles Bell.*
8vo. 6s. plates. Longman and Co. 1817.

ALTHOUGH we consider a quarterly report of the cases which occur in the hospital practice of an eminent surgeon, to be a publication from which the student may derive the greatest advantage, it is not our intention to dwell upon the general merits of the present volume. We shall content ourselves with observing,

observing, that it contains much curious and interesting matter, and that to the young practitioner, it cannot fail of becoming an almost indispensable manual. Our particular object in selecting the volume before us for the consideration of our readers, is to present them with a clinical view of one of the most formidable disorders incident to the human frame; the **SOFT CANCER**. As this is a disease but little understood, we think that Mr. Bell is fully justified in drawing the attention of his younger readers at least, to its peculiar character and symptoms.

The Soft Cancer is a tumour deeply seated, and beginning generally in a part which has been injured, but at a time, long after the usual consequences of violence have subsided. The morbid stricture increases gradually and imperceptibly; nor is any pain felt for a long time, unless the tumour itself presses against a nerve, or is itself subject to the action of the muscles, or impedes the motion of a joint. When it becomes prominent, it is peculiarly tense and elastic. It rises not in an uniform swelling, but in a succession of lobes or knobs, of which the last formed is always the most tense and vascular; while those which are formed at an earlier stage of the disease are somewhat shrivelled, and present to the finger more of a firm and solid feeling. As the tumour enlarges, the cutaneous veins are more and more conspicuous. On the prominence of some of the older tubercles, the cuticle soon breaks; a pale fluid exudes from small cavities, from which in time spring up a spongy and luxuriant fungus, which frequently bleeds. By this time the whole system is affected, the viscera, and especially the liver, becomes diseased, and the patient rapidly sinks.

From all these circumstances, it is clear that the constitution is deeply affected from the very beginning. The tumour, indeed, resembles a Cancer in this point of view more than any other, that it converts the composition of every part on which it borders, into its own diseased structure. In other respects it does not much resemble the common Cancer. This disease has often been confounded with aneurisms by anastomosis, tumours, and fungi of a local nature, which differ from the Soft Cancer in this material respect, that they do not taint the system.

This disease appears to attach itself to any part of the human body: to the bone after a fracture or bruise: to the liver; to the lung; to the testicle. It arises in the soft substance of the limbs, and often commences in the lymphatic glands.

In the course of two years practice in the Middlesex Hospital, Mr. Bell has had five cases under his own immediate care, all bearing the strongest resemblance to each other, and

all proving fatal. As any one case will give the reader a full and accurate idea of this dreadful complaint, we shall take the case which stands sixth in the list of Mr. Bell.

“CASE VI. OF SOFT CANCER.

“—————. — *Clayton's Ward.*—This young man was a sailor, and three months before the appearance of the tumour of the leg, he received a blow on the upper part of the shin by the recoil of a gun. He does not attribute the growth of the tumour to this hurt, and it was only by questioning him as to all probable causes, that this circumstance was brought to his recollection. The tumour extends from the middle of the tibia to the tendinous insertion of the patella into that bone. It surrounds the tibia and the head of the fibula, and evidently goes round to the back of the bones, for it has distended the gastrocnemius and the soleus muscles. Its surface is distinguished by seven or eight distinct knobs or tubercles, which are soft or yielding, and give no indication of solidity, or of scirrhus hardness. The tubercles on the lower part of the tumour have more firmness and solidity than those above. The surface is of a dark reddish colour; the centre of the tubercles being of a yellowish colour, but crossed with numerous small veins, which give a venous or purplish tinge. The tumour has been two months in acquiring its present magnitude, and is not accompanied with pain.

“When this young man had been a few days in the hospital, and when I had ascertained the disease to be that most mortal of tumours, the fungous tumour, called soft cancer, I informed him of his danger; he was surprised that I should consider it so seriously, but threw himself entirely into my hands. In these circumstances, such confidence only adds to the oppressive feelings which the anticipation gives rise to. At this time he had neither pain nor lameness.

“*Consultation.*

“Notwithstanding the frequent application of leeches and blisters to the base of the tumour, and rolling the limb, and keeping the roller wet, the disease has made progress. There is now pain in the tumour, a new lobe or convexity has formed, presenting the appearance of a suppuration pointing. Two spots on the old knobs have ulcerated, and discharged a limpid fluid. The glands of the groin have enlarged very considerably, and they are tender. Do these circumstances warrant amputation, and what is the chance of saving the life? My colleagues look less despairingly on this case than I confess I do. It may be possible that the glands of the groin are inflamed only in consequence of the leech-bites and the blisters; but, independent of this circumstance, I fear we shall see the disease take an unfavourable turn at the end of three months from its commencement. Amputation is determined upon, as affording the only hope of saving the life.

“*4th day after Amputation.*—The glands of the thigh and groin have subsided in a very remarkable manner. During the operation,

P

the

the muscles of the thigh were unusually pale. On the first dressing, the surface was pale, although there was partial adhesion. On the second dressing the stump looked well, and the patient's health and spirits were observed to be very good. But about the ninth day the stump looked ill; there came a profuse gleety discharge, and the granulations were pale.

"*March 10th.* The report is, 'He looks ill, and has had rigors; here is the commencement of mischief.'

"*12th.* For some days he has been looking ill, and falling low; he vomits every thing he swallows. He has got some relief by the effervescing mixture with laudanum. His pulse is scarcely to be distinguished.

"*14th.* The stump is much changed; it is dry, for there is very little secretion; the soft parts have retracted, so as to expose the bone. His countenance has a dirty, or dull grey colour. He is low and sick, and complains of a pain in his right side.

"*15th.* He is sinking exactly as the former patient did. It is very melancholy to see a young man, having no idea of a mortal disease, thus quickly cut off; and shocking to find this formidable disease so frequent, without affording any useful indication to guide our future practice.

"*"He died in the evening."*

"Dissection.

"We found the liver in a very extraordinary state. It was enlarged, and almost black, that is, it had the colour of a large clot of venous blood—it was indeed very much gorged with blood. Within it were those soft tumours, indicating too evidently that either the external disease had been propagated, and fallen on this viscus, or that there had originally prevailed a more general disorder.—See the Specimen in the Collection.

"The amputated limb was injected, and it is preserved in the Museum. The veins injected from the saphena exhibited an extraordinary and rich net-work, running on the face of the tumour. The tumour is split, and forcibly torn asunder, so as to shew the tibia within it. The periosteum has separated from the bone, and remains attached to the tumour. The surface of the bone is left rough, and indented by the pressure of the tumour. The structure of this tumour is the same with those we have seen, only that it retains a great deal more of the cartilaginous firmness."

P. 394.

From this melancholy case, and from all the others which are here related, it would appear that no sort of excision or amputation at so late a period of the disease can be of the slightest avail, and unfortunately from the depth of its origin, where medicine or surgery might be of avail, it is little suspected to exist. The concluding remarks of Mr. Charles Bell appear to be highly sensible and judicious.

"After

" After perusing these cases, five of them occurring in my department of the hospital in the course of two years, bearing a very remarkable resemblance to each other, and all proving fatal, my reader will not blame me for entertaining the most gloomy presage, on witnessing this disease, and feeling as it were an unwillingness to come to the rule of practice. The fact being that in the true acute fungus hæmatodes, or soft cancer, when distinctly marked (and it cannot be distinctly marked until it has made considerable progress), I have the liveliest apprehensions for the life of the patient. Of this we may be certain, that either it is originally a constitutional disease, or very soon becomes so, by propagating its influence to the general system.

" It is for these reasons, that finding a tumour of the character of this fungus, we must have recourse to the knife as soon as the alarm is given. If it have got entangled in the muscles and vessels of a limb, it will not be possible to extirpate it; nothing offers hope but amputation.

" In amputating, we must go high; and if the muscles exhibit a pale, blanched, and fishy appearance, the amputation will not avail. If the tumour have begun in a bone, nothing but amputation can possibly eradicate it. I am inclined to believe that the disease makes its progress from cell to cell of a bone, faster than it makes its progress to the surface; and that consequently we must cut out the whole bone in which it is seated to eradicate the disease.

Thus in the second case: the femur was diseased to its head, and nothing but amputation at the socket could then have been effectual. Yet again, when this terrible disease has made its progress the whole length of a bone, I see strong grounds for apprehension that it will appear next in some of the internal structures, even if that bone be amputated.

" We find in these cases an additional reason for apprehension when tumours have their origin in the medulla of bones.

" In concluding, I must express my belief, that very often tumours of a different nature from the soft cancer have been described under the name of fungus hæmatodes, and that on this account surgeons have not entertained the same apprehensions that possess me when I see it: they seem to me only to have apprehended the growth and propagation of the disease by contact, whereas we have seen it infect remote parts, and destroy the patient, although the original tumour had been entirely removed. It remains to be tried what form of remedy may destroy this disease; and while I acknowledge the necessity of instituting trials, I am not sanguine in my expectation that we shall be able to reach it." Vol. I. p. 409.

The ingenuity of man is not easily baffled, and when combined with judgment, it will seldom fail to effect its purpose; because that very judgment will teach him to aim at nothing

beyond the reach of his powers. We trust that this able and discriminating account of so formidable a disease will rouse the attention of our medical school, who to their credit be it said, will never slumber when the cause of suffering humanity provokes their attention. Much may yet be done, and by no one with more ingenuity and skill, than by the author of the observations, which we have now presented to the public. In a future number we shall have occasion to consider the recent publications upon the subject of general Cancer, to which we consider the present article as a sort of preface.

ART. IX. *The Hero; or Adventures of a Night: a Romance. Translated from the Arabic into Iroquese; from the Iroquese into Hottentot; from the Hottentot into French; and from the French into English.* 2 vols. 12mo. T. and J. Allman. 1817.

THOUGH not quite original in its idea, the mock romantic of these volumes cannot fail to entertain the reader, especially if he is well read in Mrs Radcliffe. Mr. Dob is a citizen more believing in matter of fact than Romance. He is instructed by a monk of his acquaintance in the mysteries of fictitious horror. The following is a specimen of citizen Dob's adventures in the fields of Romance.

"They now entered 'a small chapel; the damp walls, the broken windows, and the ornaments in torn fragments, plainly announced that it was seldom used *.' 'Two or three brazen lamps were suspended by chains of iron in the form of rosaries, from the roof, which had been formerly painted al fresco †.' On a broad bank of black round the walls, was painted, at regular intervals, the escutcheons of the house of Germueil. Towards the centre of the chapel the altar was arrayed in black; its ornaments consisted of skulls and bones, painted so naturally, as to chill the blood with horror. In the centre of the sanctuary was a sort of bench, covered with a black cloth, on which were traced several white crosses; four chandeliers, of the human height (from which hung pieces of crape, in fragments) and furnished with large candles of yellow wax, shewed by the order in which they stood, that they had formerly surrounded a coffin. At some paces distant was to be seen the entrance of a cave, the grate of which, half open, shewed 'a magnificent tomb of black marble.'—Suddenly, an

* " Célestina, Vol. II."

† " Célestina, Vol. III."

awful voice, seeming to issue from the tomb, was heard to say, 'What think you, citizen Dob, of the mysteries around you?'—'Nothing,' replied he, imitating Sir Charles's manner*; and if your tomb of black marble is as useless as Perkins's, you might just as well have saved yourself the trouble of building it, particularly as it does not even furnish our romance with the title! The awful voice apparently had no good reason wherewith to answer Mr. Dob, therefore (unlike people in general) it made none. Mr. Dob thus addressed the monk; 'Must I then, like D'Orméville, pass the night in this cave? Do you know, father, that there is nothing to be heard there but the monotonous vibration of the pendulum of the clock, and the service for the dead†?'—'Silence!' said the friar, entering a pew; at that instant midnight sounded. The old man fell on his knees; Mr. Dob followed his example. Instantaneously the church was brilliantly illuminated: Mr. Dob beheld at the same moment, at the foot of each statue (which he had before seen) a lamp of blood-coloured glass, which cast over the edifice a false and frightful gleam. 'The altar shook, and a voice repeated the word remember‡.' Several little bells then sounded of themselves, forming a harsh and discordant carol. 'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed Mr. Dob, in a tone of fearful astonishment, 'this is worse than any thing I have ever read of! they sometimes, indeed very often mention the dinner bell, the vesper bell, the bell for matins; but at least they are always sounded by somebody for something; but here are a whole peal of bells ringing no one knows how, and no one knows why! Father, what is all this?' said he, turning to his companion. He was at that moment struck by the 'venerable aspect of the monk wrapt in long black garments, his cowl thrown back from his face, on which the light gleaming strongly shewed the lines of affliction softened by piety, and the few grey hairs which time had spared on his temples§.' But what was Mr. Dob's astonishment, when he beheld these few grey hairs erect themselves bolt upright, and betray an evident agitation! 'What can this mean,' said he to himself, 'although this good father has neither "quitted his religious habit, nor appears in a long sable robe, on which is traced in gold embroidery a variety of unknown characters: nor fastened by a girdle of precious stones, in which is fixed a poniard; his neck and arms are not uncovered; in his hand he does not bear a golden wand; his hair is not flowing wildly upon his shoulders; his eyes do not sparkle with terrific expression||." Yet I am strongly tempted to believe him quite as much of a magician, or of a devil, as Matilda was. But if I guess right, he ought to

* "Tomb, Vol. I."

† "Célestina, Vol. II."

‡ "Hubert de Sévrac, Vol. I."

§ "Myst. Udol. Vol. III. p. 101."

|| "Monk, Vol. II. P. 272."

shew himself to me in the shape of a pretty woman, and play to me on the harp at the foot of my bed, because that would be some amusement. However, to make sure of what I want to know, I've a great mind to'——As he uttered these last words, his eyes 'fell upon an inscription over a confessional, where appeared, in black letters, these awful words "God hears thee!" It appeared an awful warning; his countenance changed; it had struck upon his heart *.' But after a pause, the same feeling returned in so violent a manner that he could no longer master it, and suddenly darting upon the monk, he tore open his vest. The friar, not a little astonished at this sudden attack, drew back exclaiming, 'Do you mean to stifle me, as *Ambrosio* did *Ilvira* †?' —'No, indeed;' replied Mr. Dob, with more composure than could have been expected of him at that moment, 'I only wanted to see if, like *Father Peter*, you do not wear round your neck a picture, by the help of which, and a little episode, you might find yourself grandfather to any one you please ‡. I confess to you, I always have my suspicions of those monks and nuns, whom one meets so unexpectedly, and who always finish by turning out to be one of the family. I dare say you remember how luckily *Julia* made a friend of one *Sister Cornelia*, in whom she discovered, to her great surprise, as well as that of the reader, the sister of her lover; whose only appearance in the romance is to relate her adventures, and receive extreme unction: which, to be sure, serves to introduce a fine procession of nuns and monks, in the midst of whom is discovered *Father Angelo*, who proves himself a lover well worthy of his mistress, for he is to the full as unnecessary §. Then again there is *Sister Olivia*, no less fortunate than *Sister Cornelia*, for she turned out to be the mother of *Ellena* ||. Considering all this, you must not take it ill that I took the shortest way to discover if you were not, peradventure, one of my cousins, or perhaps some nearer relation.' More and more surprised at Mr. Dob's presence of mind, the monk was at a loss what to say to him, when the pall, which was thrown over the black marble tomb, at the entrance of the cave became agitated; and at length being slowly raised, Mr. Dob beheld a phantom wrapped from head to foot in white drapery, and which he immediately recognized to be the shade of the Chevalier de Germeuil, which had before appeared to him in the saloon of his own castle. The wound on his left side was still visible, and his winding-sheet was still stained with blood. 'Ah, father!' cried the terrified Mr. Dob, hiding his face in the dress of the monk; 'one would think we were before the cemetery of Wals, like *Célestina*.' The phantom advanced with slow and measured steps to the foot of the altar; he there fell on his knees, and uttered a groan *plaintive* and

* "Italian, Vol. II. p. 93."

† "Monk, Vol. III. p. 48."

‡ "Grasville Abbey, Vol. II. p. 222, and Vol. III. p. 240."

§ "Sicilian Romance, Vol. II. p. 72." || "Italian, Vol. IV."

prolonged,

prolonged, as phantoms never failed to do. At this signal several stones raised themselves in different corners of the church, and several phantoms, enveloped in winding sheets like the first, issued forth from them, and wandered about amongst the pillars. After this, they all approached him who summoned them, and ranged themselves in order behind him, while one only placed himself by his side. This one, the monk informed Mr. Dob, was the spectre of the president. The sound of the bells ceased as suddenly as it had begun; a profound silence of some minutes ensued, when all the phantoms, with one accord, raising their arms to heaven three times, in solemn tones uttered the words,—‘Justice! Vengeance!’ The two first times they spoke these words, the phantoms raised their arms and let them fall again; but after the third time, they remained with their arms extended, and joined their voices in chorus: ‘The organ instantly sounded a high and solemn peal, and the voices rising all together, swelled the sacred strain*.’ ‘This is finer than any music I have read of,’ said Mr. Dob; ‘what piece of music is it? Is it a song of Gascony†?’—‘What!’ said the monk, nettled at what he considered as a sarcasm, (having never read the *Mysteries of Udolpho*) ‘are you not acquainted with the *Midnight Hymn*?—‘I ought indeed to have recollected it,’ said Mr. Dob, rather ashamed of his forgetfulness, ‘for it is the very one which *Ellena* sings “to the lute which she touched with the most affecting and delicate expression‡.” It is also the same which *Antonio* sings before “a statue of St. Rosalia, her patroness§.” In short, it is the one which they always sing in a romance, when a little music is wanted in the middle of the night.’ When the music ceased, the phantoms again three times renewed their cry of *Justice! Vengeance!* and then ‘descending silently through the narrow and winding passages||,’ they returned to the graves from whence they had arisen. The stones closed over them with a loud noise; a statue of the Virgin, on which Mr. Dob had fixed his looks, ‘bowed its head, the image shook, the tapers fell extinguished, and an awful voice pronounced “Remember ¶!”’” Vol. I. P. 102.

As a banter upon the Romances of the day, this publication will be found not devoid of entertainment. It should have been comprised however in a single volume, as brevity is the soul of wit, especially of that portion of it, called burlesque.

* “*Sicilian Romance*, Vol. II. p. 71.”

+ “*Mys. Udol.* Vol. III. p. 127.”

‡ “*Italian*, Vol. I. p. 22” § “*Monk*, Vol. II. p. 231.”

|| “*Sicilian Romance*, Vol. II. p. 70.”

¶ “*Hubert de Sévrac*, Vol. III. p. 309.”

ART. X. *Relics of Melodino. Translated by Edward Lawson, Esq. From an unpublished Manuscript, Dated 1645. 8vo. 262 pp. 10s. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1815*

THE poems in this volume are introduced to the public as translated by Mr. Lawson, from a Spanish poet of the name of Melodino. The original was found, as is asserted, in a book purchased for the library of the late Right Hon. W. B. Conyng-ham, but it does not appear that the name of the author can be found in any collection of Spanish or Portuguese poets now in existence. Now if we are to judge of the original by the translation, we should have had little reason to regret the absence of the poems, as well as of the name of the author. A more dull, uninteresting series of verses were never yet incarcerated in the dungeon of a thick octavo. Whether Spanish or Portuguese, English or Welch, original or translated, we take upon us to pronounce the lucubrations of this mysterious Melodino, rank nonsense. If our readers doubt the justice of our decision, let them take the following as a specimen, and by no means the worst, of the poems thus foisted upon the world.

“ TO A YOUNG PRINCE.

“ Apparently accompanied with a Moral Treatise.

“ Sun of the Christian world ! whose orient ray
With Heaven's own lustre drives all gloom away ;
Ere yet thy regal hand aspire to rear
The crosier'd banner on the glittering spear,
High from the holy battlements unfurl'd,
O'er turban'd infidels to ruin hurl'd ;
Ere the original pearl of Constantine
In thy starr'd diadem triumphant shine ;
Ere Alps and Appenines beneath thee bow,
And Gaul and Italy allegiance vow ;
Ere grown the avenging flame to fire the pole ;
Ere east and western oceans vanquish'd roll ;
Receive a grateful tributary lay,
Which less to grandeur than desert I pay.
The humble hand which traces Cæsar's name,
And grasps that passport to exalted fame,
Rous'd by the heroic trumpet's sprightly sound,
And drums re-echoing hoarse alarms around,
Has taught Mohammed's barbarous Moors to feel
The *vollied lightning* and the crimson steel.
And when wild storms, which *shudd'ring I rehearse,*
With *sky-mix'd* billows quench'd the affrighted stars ;

That

That humble hand against fierce whirlwinds toil'd,
 Fix'd to the yielding helm, that *strain'd, recoil'd*;
 Acquiring hardihood, if not renown,
 And unsubdued, thank Heaven! by fortune's frown." P.136.

The author, like his young prince, appears to have acquired a sufficient portion of hardihood, but certainly no renown, unless a victory over grammar, sense, and poetry, entitle him to the honour of a triumph.

ART. XI. *A few plain Words for the Bible, and a Word on the Prayer-Book and the Spirit; addressed to all sober, thinking, and independent Christians. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. (Published for parochial Distribution.)*
 12mo. pp. 12. Hatchard. 1817.

IN this little tract we find much sound and useful matter. Some of the leading principles of enthusiasm are ably combated, and are shewn to be clearly in opposition to the "plain Words of the Bible." But the most original and the most curious part of the whole, is that in which Mr. Bowles points out the exact agreement in more instances than one between Popery and Calvinism.

"I proceed to shew the *exact agreement* of some favourite modern doctrines with the doctrines of old POPERY in its darkest periods, and to show also how different both are from the word of God. I take the following description of PREDESTINATION, word for word, from the futile *schoolman*, the very pride of that church which has been called by those who most glory in *these very sentiments*, the SCARLET WHORE! I take them as they occur. The writer has divided into almost endless questions what is so plainly laid down by Christ and his Apostles. Among these questions he has not forgotten to debate those most important ones, Whether, if a man dies of the gout, he will rise with swelled feet at the resurrection; whether the devil is a drunkard or fornicator; whether to *justify a sinner* is as difficult as to make worlds!! *Quest. 119, Article 9.*

"How many doctrines which are considered most essential are to be found, sum and substance, NOT IN THE BIBLE, but hanging like dead flies in the *cobwebs* of the *schools*, which liberal and enlightened CATHOLICS themselves now hold in scorn! Here follows a faithful and true extract, concerning only one.

"*Predestination*:—(which word, be it remembered, is unknown to the Scriptures as much as purgatory.)

"1st. Pre-

" 1st. Predestination is the CAUSE of GRACE and GLORY; reprobation is the cause of being *passed by*, and of eternal punishment!!!

" 2. Although, from *especial privilege*, their predestination is revealed to *some*, yet it is not so to all men.

" 3. All the predestined are *elected* and loved of God; election of God precedes *predestination*, because it is an act of his *absolute will*.

' *Sum of Theology: Saint T. Aquinas, interpreter of the divine will!* ' Part 3d, Question 24th.

" Now, if these articles, exactly as they are here given, without any intimation from whence they are taken, were proposed to many who think themselves the only true believers of the present day, they would instantly exclaim, ' This is the GOSPEL;—' THE TRUTH; as it is in JESUS!'—whereas it is the ' truth only as it is in Thomas Aquinas!'

" I have stated only facts, I draw no conclusions.

" We have thus seen Papist predestination *word for word*: let us turn to St. Paul.

' For whom he did foreknow, he did also predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, &c. &c.'

" This is St. Paul! the other is old Popery, the root of modern Calvinism!

" I defy any man, *learned or unlearned*, village disputers, or Editors of Magazines, to *disprove* what I have stated. I have read magazines, experiences, convictions, Popish saints, wonderful dealings, &c. but it was to know what to *avoid*, not what to *preach*, and to prize the more the sober truth, the simplicity, and the wisdom of the Word of God!" P. 11.

This comparison might be pushed to a much greater length, and might be made the channel of much curious matter. The subject is of a very wide extent, and we should be happy to see it treated with the consideration and the ability which it deserves. Extremes often meet, and in no instance is the union more remarkable than in Popery and Calvinism. Swift has already informed us, that Jack was often mistaken for Peter, notwithstanding all his efforts to divest himself of the livery of his brother.

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THE
BRITISH CRITIC,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1817.

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IF ever there was a crisis when those in high and commanding situations were called upon to uphold the cause of established order and ancient institutions, it was that through which we have lately passed; when the sons of confusion seem to have been let loose upon society, and every artifice was employed to undermine the principles of the good, to confound the judgment of the weak, and stimulate the bad passions of the dissatisfied and distressed. The danger which threatened our civil establishment, appears indeed, at least for the present, to have passed away; the storm has gone over our heads, and we feel once more secure from its violence. But how far our ecclesiastical constitution is in equal safety may reasonably admit of a doubt: no personal risk is incurred by inculcating disaffection to the polity, or resistance to the authority of the Church; and it has been accurately foreseen, by those who are alike the enemies of Church and State, that, where success attended such labours, the march to future conquests would be rendered comparatively easy; and that the persons, who had been taught to look with contempt or dislike upon the ecclesiastical authorities, would regard with no partial eye that civil government by which they are exclusively maintained.

We mean not to assert that the opponents of the Church are always to be identified with the enemies of the State; nor are we inclined to indulge unreasonable apprehensions of the success

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of

of either. Notwithstanding the gloominess of the prospect, we feel no despondency ourselves, nor would we encourage that feeling in others. But we cannot, nor do we wish to disguise the fact, that though personal considerations may restrain the political machinations of those, whose object is revolution; the Church is still encompassed with peculiar difficulties, which, under Providence, can only be removed by the most unwearied vigilance, the most discreet and energetic exertion of ability, on the part of her pledged defenders.

Viewing the situation of our venerable establishment in this light, we have looked forward with no small degree of anxiety and impatience to the season, when its episcopal guardians, released from their parliamentary duties, might be enabled to meet, and communicate with their clergy, on subjects of mutual interest and concern.

On many topics, involving their own temporal welfare and comfort, the doctrinal purity of the Church itself, and the internal peace of its members, the Clergy would earnestly desire the opinions and advice of their superiors; and the value and authority of counsel thus given will not be questioned by any, who, calling themselves members of the Church, retain that respectful veneration for the Episcopal character and office, which its divine origin and commission may justly demand.

The Charge before us possesses, however, more than this external claim to the general attention of Churchmen. It is recommended to their peculiar notice by a free and unreserved, though temperate declaration of sentiment, on subjects which have long agitated the public mind.—And if the authority of a Bishop, speaking *ex cathedrâ* to his Clergy, on questions deeply affecting the interests of the Church, be allowed any weight in the balance; it is well calculated to remove the doubts, or strengthen the determinations of many, who have hitherto fluctuated between a natural and commendable affection for ancient and tried institutions, and respect for the integrity and zeal of those, by whom schemes of a novel and more questionable character have been incessantly advocated.

After a few introductory observations on the events of the last four years, the Charge adverts to the present circumstances of the times, which impose upon the clergy the necessity of an increased degree of exertion and vigilance, as there is no other description of men so particularly called upon, nor any who have it so much in their power, at the present crisis, to render the most essential service to their country.

Of the truth of this remark our readers are, we are persuaded, well aware; and every candid observer of passing events, let

let his religious opinions be what they may, will confess that the Clergy have not been wanting to their sacred office and trust.

The influence they possess, and, notwithstanding the arts and activity of their enemies, that influence is still extensive and powerful, has been uniformly exerted to promote the best interests of those whom they are appointed to teach. During those perilous occurrences, which attended the first years of the revolutionary war; when the minds of some were failing them for fear, and the principles of others were undermined by the insinuations, or shaken by the sophistical reasonings of the false philosophers of the day; the Clergy stood firm, and by their exertions constituted in no small degree to the safety of their country. Nor has the present awful crisis found them less steady, less active, less useful. Aware that loyalty is inseparable from true religion, and that the well instructed son of the Church of England will ever be the firm supporter of the constitution, they have applied themselves diligently to root out all false doctrine contrary to God's written word, and to maintain that pure and genuine Gospel, which they are commissioned to deliver. Their discourse has been of righteousness and peace: of righteousness, as the best preservative of individual happiness; of peace, in opposition to those turbulent spirits, who would goad the passions of the distressed to acts alike hostile to the principles of Christianity, and the real welfare of society.

Such are the topics which the Bishop exhorts his Clergy to enforce.

“ Endeavour, therefore, in opposition to the specious and plausible theories of artful and designing men, to prove to your hearers that he is the real friend to mankind, whose object it is to improve the minds and morals of his fellow-creatures; to render them wiser men and better Christians; more able to understand their duties and interests in this life, and to appreciate their hopes and expectations in another: that he is the real friend to his country, who endeavours to extend the empire of reason and religion, and to controul the dominion of sin and Satan: that real liberty is to be sought in the improvement of our hearts, and the correction of our passions; which can only be effected by the influence of Christianity: shew them that whatever tends to disorganize public morals, counteracts this effect; and that whatever diminishes the influence of that religion which teaches men how to regulate their passions, and controul their corrupt propensities, throws them back in the scale of civilization; renders them less fit for liberty, and less capable of enjoying the advantages of a free government.—Such are the principles which, it appears to me, the Clergy should now inculcate with all possible earnestness.” P. 10.

That the rising generation may be armed against the errors of

the times, the Bishop earnestly presses upon his Clergy the necessity of carefully superintending the education of the poor, now so much facilitated by the labours of the National Society: well observing that the success of the schools, on the new system, or any other schools, as instruments of religious instruction, must principally depend upon the attention that is paid them by the Parochial Clergy.

In recommending this great object to his Clergy, he does not omit to remind them of the valuable assistance which they may derive from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

“ From this source you may obtain an ample supply, not only of the sacred scriptures, but of prayer books, and such other religious tracts as you may judge best adapted to the use of your parishioners:—and you have also the means of participating in those advantages with the least possible trouble, through the medium of our diocesan committee.

“ Great have been the advantages resulting from the establishment of these diocesan and district committees in every part of the kingdom. The beneficial effects of that which has been established in this diocese are sufficiently well known to you: a very considerable number of Bibles, Prayer Books, and religious Tracts have been liberally distributed in various parts of this diocese, according to the particular exigencies of the different parishes, as specified to the committee by their respective ministers.

“ As therefore the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge is thus eminently serviceable, by co-operating with the Clergy in the great and important work of affording the means of religious instruction to the lower classes, it may justly expect to receive, and I doubt not will always meet with, your most cordial and zealous support. It has stood the test of many years experience, during which it has contributed most essentially to promote the great cause that we all of us have so much at heart, the diffusion of Christian knowledge and Christian principles. Impressed as I am with these sentiments as to the peculiar merits of this society, I cannot but think that it possesses a paramount and exclusive claim to the support of the established Clergy.” P. 14.

That no doubt may remain on the minds of those, who naturally might be expected to look up to their diocesan for advice, upon a question which has been so long and so warmly debated, the Bishop proceeds to deliver his opinion respecting another Society, which, professing to pursue an object similar, to a certain extent, to that of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; has been represented by its advocates as possessing claims on the support of all intelligent and benevolent Christians, paramount to those which any other institution can make. Of this association, in favour of which so much has been assumed, so little proved, the Right Rev. Prelate observes,

“ How

“How far such a society was necessary for the use of those who are of a different persuasion, I cannot pretend to say; but, with reference to ourselves, I am of opinion that no such necessity did exist: and therefore it has never appeared to me advisable for members of the Church of England to connect themselves with that Society.” P. 15.

The influence of an opinion, thus clearly and dispassionately stated, upon so solemn an occasion, and from such high authority, cannot, we are well aware, be increased by any remarks of ours. Our own sentiments have been so often expressed, that it is unnecessary to repeat them; but it may be permitted us to rejoice at every instance of testimony, thus publicly borne by the rulers of the Church, against an association, which we can never cease to consider as deeply injurious to its welfare. And when we reflect upon the illiberal sarcasms, the unsparing hostility, with which other learned and enlightened ornaments of our Episcopal Bench have been pursued, when, in the exercise of one of their highest functions, and under the influence of an imperious sense of duty, they have judged it expedient to speak of the British and Foreign Bible Society in similar terms of disapprobation; we know how to appreciate the dignified and temperate expressions which we have cited. The conviction thus avowed, is evidently the result of much reflection, and a very comprehensive view of the subject, in all its bearings. The following remarks, which condense much of the arguments employed by those, who have viewed the Bible Society in an unfavourable light, can have scarcely failed to satisfy the Clergy, who heard them, as to the conduct, which, as consistent and zealous Ministers of our Church, it became them to pursue.

“That the distribution of the Bible, that heavenly treasure, in which is contained all that a Christian ought to know and believe for his soul's health, is a most useful and charitable work, every Protestant must readily admit: but let it not be supposed, that we have sufficiently provided for the religion of the poor and unlearned members of our own Church, by merely giving them a Bible, and enabling them to read it. We are, indeed, persuaded that the doctrines of our Established Church, are founded upon the Bible; but we also know, that they who in their religious opinions differ most widely from us, Anabaptists, Unitarians, Socinians, all maintain, that the tenets of their respective sects, are derived from the same source. It is, therefore, necessary that you should guard your respective flocks from the pernicious errors of those who have swerved from the right way. You are admonished in the words of our Ordination Service, ‘Never to cease your labour, your care and diligence, till you have done all that lieth in you, to bring all such as are committed to your charge,
unto

unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, that there be no room left for error in religion.' This object cannot be more effectually promoted, than by means of our excellent Liturgy ; that invaluable compendium of the doctrines of our Church, which has been transmitted to us by our first Reformers ; the constant use of which, as a manual of devotion, is indispensably necessary for every member of our Establishment.

" Now of two Societies, the one of which, together with the Bible, gives also the Liturgy, and various other religious Tracts ; while the other, by its very constitution, is restricted to the distribution of Bibles only, it might be supposed that no Churchman could entertain the smallest doubt which of these is best entitled to his support. It surely is not the part of wisdom to rest satisfied with the acquisition of an inferior advantage, when one of far greater value is to be obtained upon the same terms : and yet this is the case of those Churchmen, who subscribe to the Bible Society, instead of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

" There are, indeed, some who contribute toward both these Societies : but to these I should also say that, as members of the Church of England, their whole assistance should be given to that venerable institution, which, from its first formation, has been so eminently useful, and by its very constitution is so peculiarly adapted to promote the interests and security of our Establishment. It embraces every avowed object of the Bible Society, while it combines with them others of great importance, which are peculiar to itself : and is ready, at all times, to extend its labours to any point which the charitable zeal of its members may enable it to reach.

" The Established Church has an indisputable claim to the affection and strenuous support of all her children ; nor can any portion of this be withheld, or diverted into other channels, without detriment to this our venerable parent : whose means of extending her salutary influence, in promoting the interests of Christianity, as exhibited in its more pure and genuine form, are thus materially abridged and straitened.

" Many excellent persons have connected themselves with the Bible Society, allured by the specious and flattering prospect of the conciliating effect which this union could not fail, as they supposed, to produce. But, if we examine its proceedings, we shall be at a loss to discover any symptoms of conciliation : on the contrary, the acrimonious and irritating language which, at the meetings of their Auxiliary Societies, is commonly used towards those members of our Establishment who have not joined them, affords too plain an indication of a very different temper : the discord which has thus been introduced amongst us is, in my opinion, of itself, sufficient to induce every Churchman, whose endeavour it should be to ' keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' to decline connecting himself with that Society." P. 17.

Our limits will not allow us to lay before our readers the whole of the Bishop's observations on this controverted subject, but we cannot omit the following passage :

“ Although I have thus explained to you my sentiments, on the subject of the Bible Society, I by no means expect that any implicit deference should be paid to my opinion : this is a point on which many good men have been much divided in their sentiments ; and every one must decide according to the dictates of his own conscience : I only wish that every member of our Church, previous to his forming such decision, would calmly and dispassionately survey the question in all its different bearings ; and, if the result should be a conviction, that, from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, may be obtained, upon the most advantageous terms, all that is requisite for instruction in the doctrines of the Established Church, I do not see how he can consistently withhold from it his entire and undivided support.”
P. 21.

If the question be tried upon this ground, we fear not the consequence ; the judgment pronounced cannot fail to be such as the best interests of Christianity appear to us to demand. What may be the effect of a decision, founded upon a different view of the subject, we wish not to anticipate. Under the protection of Providence, our Church has, hitherto, stood her ground against external enemies ; and, if that protection be still vouchsafed to her, even the waywardness of her own children will not shake her security. At all events, until the foundations are cast down, we hold it to be the duty of those, who see the danger which threatens them, openly to proclaim its approach ; and, therefore, we have often spoke of the Bible Society firmly, but we trust not uncharitably ; not as lovers of contention, but as advocates of the truth. We know that many good, and some learned men differ from us, and we doubt not, for a moment, the conscientious sincerity of their convictions. Still we are compelled to say, *amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. We have weighed the subject well, we have bestowed, at least, as much time and thought upon it, as any who have maintained the opposite cause, and we have formed our decision calmly and dispassionately. We are convinced that no good can arise to the Church of England from the exertions of the Bible Society, and that much evil has already resulted, that much more may be expected to result from its operations : on the contrary, experience has proved, the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, to be one of the best supports of our Establishment at home, one of the most efficient agents in the great work of propagating the Gospel

pel abroad : as such, while we have a hand to raise, or a voice to utter, this Society shall receive our full and undivided support.

At the conclusion of this useful and well-timed Charge, we meet with a few remarks on the new Clergy Bill, which, during its progress, excited in some quarters so much unnecessary alarm. That Bill has now passed ; and we trust that, as a law, it will be found effectual to the whole extent contemplated by the excellent and able Prelates, under whose superintending care it was framed. If so, it will be highly beneficial to the Clergy in general, and we have good hope, that among the first to express their gratitude, for so well-intended a measure, will be found some, who, from a too hasty view and consequent misconception of its intended clauses, were induced to meet it with opposition.

ART. II. *The Life of Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino ; by the Author of the Life of Michael Angelo : and the Characters of the most celebrated Painters of Italy ; by Sir Joshua Reynolds.* 8vo. 230 pp. 8s. 6d. Murray. 1816.

WE cannot help owning it with regret, that, in some instances, the English resemble the Greeks of old, and the Chinese of modern times. With them, every man who was not a Grecian, or who is not a Chinese, was, and is still considered as a barbarian ; and nearly in the same light have we, almost from a time immemorial, looked upon all other nations of the world. Fortunately, however, for the benefit of mankind, that mania for travelling, which has seized almost every native of our island, will, we trust, in some measure, tend to put a stop to so unjust and so illiberal an idea. But as men seldom abandon error without running into the opposite excess, so this change of sentiment produces another evil not less to be regretted, viz. that is of overvaluing foreigners and their country, in the direct ratio in which they were undervalued before. And the reason is obvious : with extravagant ideas of the superiority of every institution connected with their own country, and with an equally extravagant contempt of those belonging to others, ninety nine Englishmen out of a hundred set out for their travels through the Continent ; sometimes, even without possessing any other language but their own. In a little time they naturally begin to find out their mistake, and no sooner do they make the discovery of their former error than they run into the opposite extreme, and change their ill-grounded contempt into an admiration no less extravagant and absurd. This foolish notion, as it induces them

them to overvalue their new acquirement, gives them a tone of conceit and pedantry; but as nothing is more easy than to comprehend ill, repeat ill, and express ill in one's own language that, which has been still worse understood in a foreign tongue, hence it happens, that the greater part of modern travellers deceive their readers, by deceiving themselves; and the accounts they give of the literature of foreign nations, are either so full of errors as to seem to be written by an inhabitant of Hindostan, or so partial and prejudiced as to excite disgust.

In vain has criticism attempted to arrest the evil, the ignorance, or partiality of authors, generally speaking, remains the same; and few, very few are the writers, whose accounts may be read without the fear of being deceived. It is for this reason that we are at all times ready to hail with pleasure any publication, which, like the life of Raphael, conveys a proof of this species of freedom, at least from this fault, on the part of its author. Indeed, on the score of veracity and facts, we have nothing material to urge against the volume which now lies open before us. But veracity and facts are not the only requisites of a book. Instruction and amusement are by far more necessary qualifications, and of both these we never saw a work more deficient. It really seems as if Mr. Duppa had taken some pains to leave out every thing which might have rendered his publication useful and amusing. He has rendered it dry and unsatisfactory by leaving out all the anecdotes which mark the man, both as an individual and as an artist; he has rendered it uninteresting by neglecting to mention the pains which Raphael took to alter and infuse greatness into his style; instead of exposing the fancies which artists have amused themselves with, respecting the supposed three distinct manners discoverable in Raphael's paintings, our author has wearied his readers, by inserting eight and twenty pages of an obscure and indigested criticism on the claims of Raphael to the praise which has been bestowed on his name; and though this criticism may, in a great measure, have been taken from the publications of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Fuseli, whose authority and judgment no one will deny, yet Mr. Duppa, by interlarding his own reflections, has ingeniously contrived to render the opinions that he has adopted very little better than downright nonsense.

It is true that the life of an eminent artist, and even of an eminent scholar, affords little room to gratify expectation, inasmuch as it must be considered a series of uniform application and study. It may be that all we know of Raphael may be inscribed on a tablet; but we see no reason why this tablet should be made smaller than it is. We hope, therefore, that our readers will not be displeased, if we fill up the very slight sketch

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contained in the work before us, by adding here and there some little of our own to the account which Mr. Duppa has given of this celebrated artist.

The family name of Raphael was Sanzio; he was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, in the year 1483, which happened on the 28th day of March, and was the only child of a painter of no professional celebrity. For this reason, after having instructed him to the extent of his abilities, his father placed him under the care of Pietro Perugino, a painter of great reputation, and of the most benevolent mind. For though at the age of sixteen, Raphael had already made so much progress that his works were not to be distinguished from those of his master, yet Pietro was so much attached to his pupil that he was the first to admire and proclaim his productions, and thank his father for having conferred so great an honour on his school by giving him "*uno scolaro di tanto merito.*"

On leaving Peruggia, Raphael went to Florence, where Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, flourished with rival pre-eminence. There he soon discovered the penury of the school of Peruggia, and the sublime superiority of Michael Angelo; and while he was endeavouring to improve his style by imitating their manner, the death of his parent made it necessary for him to return to Urbino. The idea which he had conceived of the merit of Leonardo da Vinci, caused him to undertake for a second time the journey to Florence, but after having studiously applied himself to mend and improve his manner, he went to Rome, where Bramante, his relation, had disposed the Pope in his favour.

This Pope was Julius II., a man highly distinguished for the protection he granted to men of genius. To such a Prince there could be no difficulty in introducing Raphael, and the flattering manner in which he was received, made him understand that the commission to paint one of the state chambers of the Vatican, which the Pontiff was then ornamenting, was not the only employment which he might have expected from the generous Pope.

The first picture which Raphael began, was a representation of the sages of antiquity, commonly called the School of Athens; and this composition gave such an entire satisfaction to Julius, that he ordered that all the pictures which had been already finished by the various masters, should be effaced, in order that Raphael might replace them by his own genius. This immense undertaking he formed into one general design;—the triumph of religion, its divine authority, and the dependence of human laws on its pervading influence. And this extensive subject he divided so as to fill the four rooms, which still are called, ie

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stanze di Raffaello. Perhaps a short description of them will not be uninteresting.

The first is a grand saloon dedicated to the Emperor Constantine, in which are represented, the four great events which happened during his reign, and which are supposed to be the most important to the cause of Christianity and sovereignty of the Catholic Church. These are,—The vision of the Labarum, the overthrow of Maxentius on the Milvian bridge, the baptism of Constantine, and his pretended donation of the city of Rome to Pope Silvester I.

The second stanza represents four miracles, two of which have been taken from sacred history, and two from the legends of the Romish Church. They are,—The overthrow of Heliodorus in the temple, St. Peter's deliverance out of prison, the rout of Attila and his army by the supernatural appearance of St. Peter and St. Paul, the consecrated wafer bleeding at Boyena to testify the real presence.

In the third stanza, Raphael has represented Poetry, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Theology, as the four branches of knowledge which serve most to dignify our nature by elevating the human mind.

Four events, partly historical and partly miraculous, which Raphael had collected from the lives of two successive Popes, form the subjects of the fourth stanza. The historical are the most remarkable circumstances which happened under the Pontificate of the designing Leo III., and they are,—his public protestation of his innocence against the charges alleged against him by Campulus and Paschal, and his coronation of Charlemagne as Emperor for having taken up his defence. The first picture of the miraculous events represent a storm raised, and the destruction of the Saracens, effected by the presence of Leo IV. at the port of Ostia, whilst they were threatening an invasion, and the second represents the same Pope exhibiting a crucifix from the balcony of St. Peter, to extinguish a conflagration which threatened the destruction of that Church.

Here is no doubt the aggregate of the powers of Raphael. Three centuries of unabated admiration have already made their eulogium; though this extraordinary exhibition of talents is not likely at the first sight to be impressive to a general observer. Mr. Duppa illustrates this by relating the well known anecdote related of himself by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he first visited the Vatican. He passed through the rooms and was disappointed. He confessed his feelings to a brother student, and was happy to find a coincidence of opinion; and on enquiring further, he found that those persons only, who from natural imbecility appeared to be incapable of ever relishing these divine performances,

ances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them.

"Though disappointed," it is Sir Joshua who speaks, "in justice to myself, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaello, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting, which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state, were to be totally done away, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as 'a little child.' Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art; and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained." P. 33.

Upon the death of Julius, Leo X. continued to Raphael his esteem and protection, and under this Pope he made a series of large historical cartoons from the sacred writings, representing in twelve compositions, the origin and progress of the Christian religion, to be executed in tapestry, for an additional embellishment of the hall of Constantine. Of these cartoons, five have been lost. Mr. Duppa asserts, but we know not on what authority, that the tapestries themselves were sold when the Vatican was sacked by the French in the year 1798. Seven of these cartoons from the concurrence of fortunate circumstances are now at Hampton Court in the collection of our king. Excellent copies of them all have been taken from Mr. Halloway, after the labour of nearly twenty years; and some beautiful engravings have been published at twelve guineas each. We are also told that Mr. Halloway has already refused an offer of twelve thousand pounds for his drawings.

About this time, Raphael painted in fresco, the Prophet Isaiah, on one of the piers of the church of St. Augustin; and this appears in the opinion of the connoisseurs to have been the first

first fruit of the new style which he had imitated from Michel Angelo. This picture shows all the grandeur of the painting of the Prophets in the Sistine Chapel; with this difference, that in Isaiah, Raphael conceals *tutto l'artificio della grandiosità*, whilst in the figures of the Cappella, Michael Angelo betrays too much *l'intenzione dell'autore* *. On account of this picture it is related, that a dispute having arisen between Raphael and the Fathers who had ordered the picture, he referred it to Michel Angelo, who settled it by saying, that the knee alone was worth more than the money in question.

This liberality of M. Angelo towards his rival, so very rare between two artists, though, for the honour of human nature, it may not be without examples in the literary annals of almost all nations, was fully repaid by Raphael. Condivi relates, that he often returned thanks to Heaven for having caused him to be born a contemporary to Michael Angelo. However, the French biographers of Raphael record an instance, by which it may appear that these two rival geniuses were not altogether exempt from causticity. They relate, that one day Michael Angelo meeting Raphael, attended as usual by an immense crowd of pupils and painters, said to him, "Vous marchez toujours comme ceu prevot."—"Et vous," answered Raphael, "toujours seul comme un Bourreau."

The celebrity which Raphael had acquired had now extended so far, that Francis I. the second of the French kings, who may really be called the protector of literature and arts, wished to become one of his patrons. By a royal order, Raphael painted a St. Michael, and the beauty of the performance so much pleased the monarch, that he testified his satisfaction by a large sum of money which he sent to the artist. This generosity of Francis excited the gratitude of Raphael, and having painted an holy family, he intreated the king to oblige him by its acceptance. The answer of that generous prince was such as to form the eulogium both of Francis and Raphael; and sending him the double of the first sum which he had paid for the St. Michael, he invited him at the same time to come and settle himself in France. Leo, however, could not be prevailed upon to part with his favourite artist. The continuation of the building of St. Peter, after the death of Bramante, had already been intrusted to his care; and Raphael was obliged to remain at Rome as the architect of the pope, with a considerable pension. It was then, that wishing to express to the king the high sense of his gratitude, he began the famous picture of the transfiguration of our

* Mengi opere, vol. ii. p. 115.

Saviour; this picture, which Raphael intended should surpass all his other paintings, was designed as a present to Francis. It is for ever to be regretted, that Raphael had no time to finish this painting. Such as it is, it is still his first-rate performance. It contains, says Mengi, "Tali delicatezze dell' arte sì nell' intelligenza come nella prattica, e nella esecuzione, delle parti dipinte di sua mano, che fa pena che siasi perduto un talento così sublime, nato collo stesso spirito degli antichi Greci, che se fosse fiorito in quel tempo e in quelle occasioni avrebbe mostrate le stesse qualità."

In the mean time Leo regarded him with the highest esteem. He was much about his person, was made groom of the chamber, and, from the well-known attachment and munificence of that pope, it is said that he had reason to expect the honours of the purple. This is the alleged cause for not marrying the niece of Cardinal Bibiena, who was very desirous of the alliance.

Mr. Duppa seems to doubt the veracity of these facts, and observes, that "their validity has been questioned, and that their probability must depend on the degree of credit to which Vagari and Zuccherò are intitled." But a passage of Milizia, in his *Memorie degli Architetti, Antichi e Moderni*, appears to establish the veracity of the story, by assigning a plausible cause for the circulation of the report. "Si racconta," he says, "che per somme considerabili che gli doveva Leon X. fosse Raffaello lusingato di esser fatto cardinale, e che per questa lusinga egli differisse di sposar la Nipote del Cardinal Bibiena."

So here lies the truth of the matter. Leo X. having got deep in debt to Raphael, either for arrears of salary, or money which he had advanced in procuring materials for the church of St. Peter, or for paintings done for the Pontiff, and not being able to pay off the debt, amused him with the hope of a cardinal's hat; and the ambition of our artist was so much allured by the bait, that he delayed to marry the niece of Bibiena.

We have already noticed that Raphael succeeded Bramante in the continuation of the building of St. Peter*; and Mr. Duppa reports

* The merit of Raphael, as an architect, is fully mentioned by Milizia and by Tiraboschi, as a supplement to the life written by Vagari. The following very interesting passage, quoted by the former historian, and written by Celio Calcagnini, to Sacopo Ziegler, may shew how much our artist excelled in architecture.—
Vir prædives, et Pontifici gratissimus Raphael Urbinus juvenis summæ comitatis, sed admirabilis ingenii. Ille magnis excellit virtutibus, facile pictorum omnium princeps, seu theorice seu praxim
aspicias

reports two briefs of the Pope, in the first of which he appointed Raphael to superintend that great work, and in the second gave him leave to dig for materials wherever he could find them. "Thus," says he, "from the barbarous times of the Emperor Constans, who stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Pantheon, down to the enlightened reign of Leo X. the edifices of ancient Rome were considered as a quarry to supply the wants of the Pope, or his government. But Benedict XIV. who had more real value for these noble vestiges of antiquity, consecrated the Colosseo to stay the further proceedings of such authorized destruction; by which means he has preserved one of the noblest monuments of antiquity."

The church of St. Peter took more than one hundred and fifty years to complete, and underwent many changes under the different architects who were concerned in the building; and though it would be extremely difficult to point out, with certainty, the parts which were executed by Raphael, yet the history of that magnificent fabric is so interesting in itself, and has been so well drawn up by Mr. Duppa, that we shall give it to our readers in his own words.

"The names of those architects who were principally employed in building St. Peter's, from the foundation of the church to its completion, may be enumerated in the following order. From the 18th of April 1506, when the first stone was laid, Bramante was sole architect until his death, A. D. 1514. Raffaello, until the year 1520. Antonio Sangallo, until 1546. Michael Angelo, until 1564. Vignola until 1573. Giacomo della Porto and Domenico

aspicias. Architectus vero tantæ industriæ, ut et inveniat ac perficiat quæ solertissima ingenia fieri posse desperaverunt. Prætermitto Vitruvium, quem ille non enarrat solum, sed certissimis rationibus aut defendit, aut accusat, tam lepide, ut omnis livor absit ab accusatione. Nunc vero opus admirabile, ac posteritati incredibile exequitur [nec mihi nunc de Basilica Vaticana, cujus architecturæ prefectus est, verba acienda puto] sed ipsam plane urbem in antiquam faciem et amplitudinem et symetriad instauratam magna ex parte ostendit. Nam et montibus altissimis et fundamentis profundissimis excavatis, seque ad scriptorum veterum descriptionem et rationem revocata, ita Leonem Pontificem, ita omnes Quirites in admirationem ex exit, ut quasi cœlitus dimissum numen ad æternam urbem in pristinam majestatem reparandam omnes homines suscipiant. Quare tantum abest, ut cristas erigat, ut multo magis se omnibus obvium et familiarem ultro reddat, nullius admonitionem et colloquium refugiens, utpote quo nullus libentius sua commenta in dubium ac disceptationem vocari gaudeat, docerique ac docere vitæ præmium putet.

Fontana,

Fontana, until 1607. Fontana was succeeded by Carlo Maderni, who died in 1627, and his place was supplied by Bernini; and, although others might be enumerated of less note, yet Bernini may with propriety be considered as the last architect who terminated this great work, with its Colonnade.

“ Notwithstanding this catalogue of distinguished names, the present building of St. Peter's was chiefly the work of four architects: Michael Angelo, Giacomo della Porta, Domenico Fontana, and Carlo Maderni.

“ According to Serlio, Bramante had not completed his plan when he died, and Raffaello finished it; and the work was only advanced in parts around the old church, without any fixed design being determined upon for the entire building. St. Gallo wanted money for every purpose but to make a complicated model, upon which he spent more than a thousand pounds; and the principal part of what he constructed was taken down by Michael Angelo, who was appointed to succeed him after his death. Michael Angelo then adopted his own plan, and advanced the building accordingly; and the interior of the present church is conformable to the general principles of his design. After Michael Angelo's death, which happened in 1564, nothing of any importance was done in the lapse of twenty years, until the reign of Sixtus V. who caused the Dome to be erected by the co-operative skill of Giacomo della Porta and Domenico Fontana, with a slight deviation from Michael Angelo's original model; and the Lantern, (which had its origin in that of S. Maria del Fiore, by Brunelleschi,) underwent some change from the designs of Vignola. After the death of this Pope the work again suffered another delay of fifteen years, until the reign of Paul V. which commenced 1605; and he employed Carlo Maderni, who changed Michael Angelo's original plan, from a Greek, to a Latin cross, and, with the present façade, terminated the design in 1612. From the portrait and the arms of Innocent X. every where disfiguring the pillars in the principal nave, and from the inscription placed over the great entrance door, it appears that the interior of the church was finished in his Pontificate.

“ This church of the Prince of the Apostles having been conducted to its present magnitude by the continued labours of the Roman Pontiffs, was completed in a magnificent style by Pope Innocent X. who adorned the chapels with new sculpture, erected marble columns on each wing of the church, and paved it with various coloured marble.” P. 48.

To his talents in painting and architecture, Raphael united also a talent in sculpture. We are informed that he executed some statues. But the anonymous writer of the Milan MS. and Count Castiglione, mention only the statue of a child, which was in possession of Giulio Romano; but what has become of it is not known. Mr. Duppa asserts, that in the Ghigi chapel,
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in the church of S. Maria del Popolo, there is a beautiful statue of Jonah executed in marble, by Lovenzetto, from the model supplied by Raphael, and under his immediate direction.

At this period, in the meridian of life, in the full possession of all its enjoyments, Raphael fell the victim to a disorder, which nothing but the ignorance of his medical advisers rendered fatal. Being attacked by a violent fever, the physicians bled him, under an impression that it was a palsy; by this means they exhausted the last remains of life, in a body already too much debilitated; and he had only time to make his will, and to conform to the last offices of religion. Thus terminated, at the youthful age of thirty-seven years, on the 7th day of April, which, in the year 1520, happened to be Good Friday, the life of the most eminent painter that ever lived at any period of the world.

In his private character he was most gentle and amiable; but though he submitted to criticism, when it was prompted by justice, he was at all times ready to retaliate when he considered it to be the effect either of malice or ignorance. To two cardinals, who were reproaching him for having painted St. Peter and St. Paul too red in their faces: "I have painted them," answered he, "just as they are. I know they are blushing at seeing the church so ill managed."

The death of Raphael was a subject of universal regret; and the Pope, whose vanity he flattered, by the different plans of ornamenting both Rome and the Vatican, particularly mourned his loss. His body lay in state in the hall of his house, and the celebrated picture of the Transfiguration was placed at the head of the room. His funeral was magnificent: and, at the request of the Pope, Cardinal Bembo wrote a beautiful epitaph, which he spoiled by the addition of the following distich:

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, quo moriente, mori.

We have already noticed, that the analysis of the claims of Raphael to the praises which has been bestowed on his name, is perhaps the worst part of his Life, as written by Mr. Duppa. On this head a very few words will be sufficient; for it requires very little skill in painting, and very little reading of the works of the connoisseurs, to know that Raphael was perhaps the very first painter that ever lived. Though, generally speaking, inferior to Titian in point of colours; and perhaps occasionally to Correggio, in regard to the chiaro-oscuro; he surpassed all painters, both ancient and modern, in imagination, grouping, exactness of outlines, softness of complexion, elegance of dra-

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pery,

pery, and truth of expression. Of him very truly says Algarotti :
 “Ha costui se non in tutto, almeno in parte grandissima almeno ottenuto i fini che nelle sue imitazioni ha da proporsi il pittore, ingannar l'occhio, appagar l'intelletto, emuovere il ore Bene a Raffaello si compete il titolo di divino, con cui viene da ogni parte onorato——per la nobilita e aggucestatezza della invenzione, per la cuastità del disegno, per la elegante naturallezza, per fior della ecspressione, e per quella indicibile grazia più bella ancora della bellezza istessa con cui seppe condire ogni cosa.”

Notwithstanding the opinion of so great a judge, Raphael was not exempt from faults ; and the greatest of all seems his want of idéal beauty. It is true he copied nature wherever he could find her, but he copied her as she was. Hence he is inimitable in painting men, and old men especially, but he is not so exquisite in representing women and angels. We allow that the heads of his Madonne are beautiful, inimitably so ; but that is the effect of the beauty of expression, and not of beauty in the abstract.

The fact is, Raphael altered nature for the better, in regard to expression, but he left her as she was in regard to beauty ; occasionally we might even find in reality some objects more beautiful. Consequently he gave to his figures a very pleasing expression, but he represented them as human persons. His Christ is a man, compared to the Jupiter or the Apollo of the ancients, now in the Vatican. The pattern, and almost the physiognomy itself, of his Eternal Fathers, may easily be found amongst men ; and some even more handsome than those which he chose. They shew, besides, all the infirmities belonging to human nature. In this respect he certainly is inferior to the Greeks. The same must be said of the harmony and agreement of forms. No one, better than Raphael knew, for instance, whether he ought to represent his figures with a chearful or cloudy countenance, or with a forehead calm or disturbed ; but he paid little attention to the quality of the nose or the cheeks, which suited best that style of forehead. With the ancients, on the contrary, every limb, every feature, fits for the general form and character of the person, so that from one part of their countenance one may divine the rest ; nor will it be possible to alter or change any one feature, without spoiling the whole. But with Raphael the thing is quite otherwise. One might eraze the nose from some of his figures, and paint another in its stead, without creating any discordances ; and if sometimes they are the best possible, and such as not to admit any alteration, it is the effect of the execution of his expression, and not of any idea he had of beauty in the abstract.

We have already stated, that in regard to colouring, Raphael was inferior to Titian, but this is to be understood with a great deal

deal of modification, since we have no perfect specimen by which we may judge of his real merit in this respect. This assertion may seem a paradox to many of our readers, and therefore requires an explanation. As Raphael lived more like a prince than a painter, and had besides too many occupations, he scarcely ever did more than invent and design his pictures, the painting of which was left to his pupils; and he did only what could not be executed by Giulio Romano, whose style was naturally hard, cold, and timid, though smooth and finished. It is, therefore, highly to be regretted, that he has not painted in oil colours a whole picture himself; for then we might see what Raphael could do in regard to colouring: since, in the Transfiguration, the heads of the apostles, which he painted over again, are of the most beautiful style. On the contrary, the head of the woman in the fore ground of the picture, which he scarcely touched, in order not to spoil the finish of his pupil, is rather too grey, because the thin coat of colour which he laid over has not been able to withstand the ravages of time. Hence we must not wonder that his fresco paintings are the best of his productions; for in them he could not employ his pupils. To this reason we may add another, not less powerful, that arises from the nature of the different earths which he used for colours, and which preserve their vivacity longer in fresco than in oil. Mengi observes, that the connoisseurs cannot fail to discover the etching [*l'abbozzo*] in the pictures in oil colours which have been finished, for, adds he, if Raphael had entirely changed the etching, it would have been useless to have had it done from the beginning. However, the best of all reasons must be sought for in his premature death. He lived too short a time to discover the alteration which could be made in his pictures. It is true he retouched them diligently, but generally the coat of colours which he laid on them was too thin; and, in painting in oil colours, the first coat will always be seen through the others that are superadded, as soon as the humidity and grease of the oil has evaporated. Hence, in course of time, the pictures lose the shining of the last coat, and permit the colours and the faults that lie under to be clearly seen.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Duppa, though more than one half of the volume still remains untouched. The greatest part is dedicated to an account of the characters of the most celebrated painters of Italy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. To analyze them all would oblige us to review the works of Sir Joshua, and lead us into discussions for which we have neither time nor inclination at present. An index of the pictures painted by Raphael, in oil colours, closes the book, while another, not quite

so copious, and perhaps not quite so interesting, of the works published by R. Duppa, LL.B. opens the volume.

Upon the whole, though we cannot say much in favour of the life of Raphael, yet, for want of a better account, it may do for those who have neither inclination, leisure, or acquirements, sufficient to drink at the fountain head. We have already stated that, in point of facts, Mr. Duppa is pretty correct, and that the scanty information which his book contains is generally true. The reader, therefore, may be sure of not being led into material errors; and though after the perusal of the present volume, he may find his knowledge about Raphael not very greatly enlarged, yet the information brought together, small as it is, is perhaps better than nothing.

ART. III. *The General Biographical Dictionary, containing an historical and critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Persons in every Nation; particularly the British and Irish; from the earliest Accounts to the present Time. A new Edition, revised and enlarged by Alexander Chalmers, F. S. A. Thirty-two Volumes. 8vo. 19l. 4s. Rivingtons, &c. 1812—1817.*

THAT we are more than ever a reading nation, might be concluded, if other proofs were wanting, from our increased and increasing passion for biography. Nothing certainly can be more natural than the wish to know the rise, the progress, and the fortunes of those, whose actions, or whose works, we regard with admiration; and this curiosity will always operate, to a certain degree, with respect to personages of high eminence and celebrity; and will always produce a moderate supply of select lives; but it is not till the literary feeling becomes general, and all become interested to know something of every person who has at any time caused the world to wonder or admire, that biographical collections or compilations are demanded. The progress of this taste in our own country may be traced in some measure from the editions of the present work; of which the public demand has carried off three large editions, always increasing in extent, since the year 1764: the present being the fourth, which is more than doubled in the number of volumes, beyond the preceding, (of 1798); besides that every single volume contains a very large increase of matter.

In France the process has been very similar: and the multiplied impressions of L'Avocat's, Chaudon's, and other historical or biographical Dictionaries, plainly prove the same eagerness to possess,

possess, and the same encouragement to improve and extend such works of general information. At length a great effort has been made in that active country to produce a *Biographie Universelle*, which shall unite all suffrages in its favour. The plan is certainly well conceived. As actions, characters, writings, of every sort and kind, must successively be noticed in such a work, the editors have engaged, as far as was practicable, every man at present distinguished in France for superior knowledge or talent in any art, science, or profession, who have undertaken to supply the lives of those persons in each department, of whose works or merits they are respectively best qualified to judge. The list of names is large and honourable, and every writer signs the articles which he contributes with his name, or such initials as are properly explained in a general table of reference. It is thus made as sure as any precaution can make it, that every writer shall not only be qualified for what he undertakes, but also responsible for what he produces: and this plan would be perfect, were there no such obstacles as professional prejudices, partialities, and interests, which occasionally make men the least worthy of confidence in those matters wherein they are personally most concerned. It is fair, however, to confess that we have as yet seen no such allegations urged against any of the writers employed in that work; which seems to be proceeding creditably, though very slowly.

The most remarkable circumstance, as far as concerns the work now under our consideration, is this, that the two first volumes of the French Biography were published in 1811, a year before the commencement of the English; and that at the beginning of the present year 1817, when the English Biography was completed, the French had not proceeded through half the alphabet. In diligence therefore, at least, Mr. Chalmers, like Johnson, "has beat forty French, and might beat forty more;" and we shall soon take upon us to examine whether he has not also been victorious in other more important points. The French work indeed professes to be "*ouvrage entièrement neuf*," which the English does not; but if on looking at the new *Lives*, marked with asterisks in the General Index, we perceive that our countryman, in the true spirit of British liberality, has given much more than he promised; and that, where the matter is not altogether new, he has often worked upon the old in such a manner, as to make it nearly his own, the *entire novelty* of the other will not appear so great an advantage. The literary question then at issue between the two works will be, whether one man, eminently qualified for the task, and from taste and inclination carrying the whole energy of his mind into it, may not conduct a compilation of this nature, (for such, after all, it must be) with
more

more advantage than a "Société de Gens de Lettres," who while they labour at their separate parts, with various proportions of zeal, may have no common feeling for the unity and consistency of the whole. It might even be argued, without being entirely paradoxical, that the advantages of the French plan are perhaps more specious than real; that in a work of general biography the cases must be comparatively few, in which a new decision can be called for respecting persons whose actions, characters, and works have been long before the public; and that the attempt at novelty is more likely to bring forward the ambitious paradoxes of individuals, setting up their own opinions against the common sense of mankind, than the fair and sober reports of acknowledged truth.

Whatever may become of these comparative questions, which cannot fully be decided till the French work shall be completed, we see no reason to doubt that the English Biographical Dictionary will stand its ground, in every reasonable mode of examination. The present editor, long and successfully exercised in biographical composition, seems to have concentrated his zeal and activity in giving all possible improvement to this work; and from what we have examined both in its progress and since its completion, we take upon us to pronounce that he has by no means laboured in vain. The preceding edition, which increased the number of volumes from twelve to fifteen, was superintended by three editors, who, from accidental circumstances, performed their separate tasks without concert or co-operation. Yet their extension of the work was very considerable, and their index presents a galaxy of stars as numerous, if not as brilliant, as that of the present edition. But from the time when their work was published, in 1798, or not long after, Mr. Chalmers seems to have taken upon himself the task of preparing for another; and being led to the undertaking by voluntary zeal, with such previous collections formed, and such a biographical library, as perhaps few other individuals have ever possessed, he may certainly challenge our attention as peculiarly qualified to succeed, even against a host of competitors, whose separate endowments, however great, can have no general bearing upon the conduct and consistency of their work. On a closer examination, retrenchments appear in the present work, as well as additions, but in a much smaller proportion. Many names, however, are omitted, which swelled the former lists, but, as far as we perceive, without any real loss to the public. An editor indeed like the present, who stakes his individual reputation on a work of his inclination and choice, may very fairly be trusted for exercising such a right with discretion; and not leaving any chasms which could throw discredit on the whole. What seemed to him

him superfluous will probably be so considered by his critics in general; and few, if any, will complain of the absence of such names as could, by so experienced a biographer, be accounted insignificant. Such matters however will always admit of dispute, and we shall do the editor no more than justice if we suffer him to state in his own words, what have been his considerations on this and other subjects, connected with his general plan.

“Many of the years which have elapsed since the publication of the last edition, have been employed in collecting materials for the improved state in which, it is hoped, the Work will now appear; and much pains have been taken to remove the objections, whether of redundancy or defect, which have been made to all the preceding editions. During the same space, a very great accession has been made to our biographical stock, not only by the demise of many eminent characters in the literary world, but by the additional ardour given to the spirit of literary curiosity. It is to this that we owe many valuable memoirs of authors and writings unjustly consigned to oblivion, but recovered by the industry of those who, without being insensible to the merit of their own times, are impartial enough to do justice to the talents of remote ages.

“Of the lives retained from the last edition, besides an attempt to restore uniformity of style, there are very few which are not, either in whole or in part, re-written, or to which it has not been found necessary to make very important additions. Nor ought this to be construed into a reflection on preceding Editors. Biography was of later growth in this country than in any other; and every new work, if performed with equal industry and accuracy, must excel the past in utility and copiousness.

“As from works of this description a superior degree of judgment is expected, which at the same time is acknowledged to be rarely found, it becomes necessary to advert to the insurmountable difficulty of making such a selection as shall give universal satisfaction. The rule to admit important and reject insignificant lives, would be useful, were it practicable. But no individual, or considerable number of individuals, can be supposed capable of determining on the various merits that are allotted in biographical collections; and even where we have recourse to those in which the critical plan has been professedly adopted, there is in very few cases that decisive concurrence of opinion on which an Editor can rely.!

“It has been acknowledged, however, that of the two grand errors, that of redundancy may be committed with most impunity, not only because curiosity after the works of past ages has lately become more extensive, and is nourished by the superior attention bestowed on the contents of our great libraries, as well as by the formation of new and extensive libraries by opulent individuals, but because there are few lives so insignificant as not to be useful in illustrating some point of literary history. And, what is more important,

important, it has often been found, since the progress of learning became to be more accurately traced, that persons once considered as insignificant, proved to be so only because little known. Still, as there are some general opinions which may be followed, some general inscriptions of fame which are too distinctly legible to be mistaken, the most ample spaces will be filled by those whose names are most familiar to scholars of all ages and nations.

“ In order, likewise, to obviate as much as possible the errors of selection, it is intended, in the present edition, to subjoin, throughout the whole series, very copious REFERENCES TO AUTHORITIES. These in some similar works, particularly on the Continent, have been either wholly omitted, or given at second-hand so incorrectly as to be useless. But if collected from an inspection of the works referred to, where that is practicable, they will always serve to point out to the curious reader where farther information may be found, and at the same time, in lives that are sufficiently copious, may justify the Editor, who must in a thousand instances be guided by opinions which he has it not in his power to appreciate.

“ While references to authorities, however, are given, it has not been thought necessary to extend them to a degree of ostentatious minuteness. In referring, for example, to such a work as the *Biographia Britannica*, it cannot, for any useful purpose, be necessary to strip the margins of that work, of those minute references to a variety of books, pamphlets, and records, from which small particulars are taken; and the same remark may be applied to *Moreri*, the *General Dictionary* including *Bayle*, and other elaborate compilations of a similar nature. At the same time, the reader has a right to expect that the original and leading authorities should be carefully pointed out.

“ Another improvement intended in the present edition, is that of a more copious list of each AUTHOR'S WRITINGS than has usually been thought necessary. Whatever may be the case with our contemporaries, we have no more certain criterion of past reputation and value, than frequency of reprinting, and no more certain method of estimating the learning and taste of past generations, than by inspecting the works from which they derived instruction. But in some cases over which oblivion seems to have cast her deepest shades, it may be sufficient to refer to original lists, and avoid that minuteness of description which belongs more strictly to the province of Bibliography.

“ In this part of the present undertaking, it has likewise been recommended, with great propriety, that the titles of Books should generally be given in their ORIGINAL LANGUAGES. Much difficulty has arisen to collectors of books, as well as to the readers in public libraries, from having a translated title only, which is not to be found in catalogues, nor perhaps, upon that account, easily re-collected by the librarians. It is intended, therefore, to restore this necessary information, where it can be procured; but the Editor finds it due to himself, to add, that he has not always been so successful

cessful in recovering the proper titles of works, as could have been wished. The biographers of most nations have hitherto been partial to translated, and frequently abridged, titles; and whoever has consulted the French biographers, in particular, must be sensible of the great inconvenience attending this plan, as well as that of naturalizing the NAMES of Authors, which is frequently done in such a manner as to create considerable confusion." Vol. i. P. v.

The publication of this edition commenced with the month of May, 1812, and so forward was the editor with his materials, and so diligent in the application of them, that six volumes were given to the public in the course of that year. They who are conversant in literary undertakings, well know that the chief feeling of what is called the trade, (that is the mercantile body of publishers) is in favour of expedition. As men of business, they naturally, and very excusably, look to a quick return of their expences. But that object frequently operates very strongly against the perfection of a work. Mr. Chalmers, probably with a view to gratify this feeling, and certainly with a desire to prove his own zeal and readiness for the work, undertook at first, what to a mind less zealous must evidently have appeared impracticable, to go through the whole at the rate of a volume every month. Now as these volumes contain, on an average, full five hundred pages each, this was undertaking for six thousand pages of letter-press annually: a labour to which Hercules himself, had he been as literary as he was warlike, could hardly have been equal. At the publication of the fifth volume, it had been discovered, that such an undertaking was too much for any diligence; and it was then announced to the public, that, in future, a volume would appear only every second month; and from this, still very rapid progress, no deviation was afterwards made.

The editor started with the advantage of the *Biographie Universelle* to refer to, the first two volumes of that work having appeared in 1811. But before the letter A was completed, he had distanced these competitors, and from them could have no further assistance. We are inclined to think that, in this circumstance, there has been more of apparent than of real disadvantage. As far as we can trace the influence of the *Biographie*, in the margin of the English work, it tended rather to increase the number of unimportant names, than to throw any valuable light upon those of superior consequence. In truth it would be an idle expectation to look to any single work, for the complete biography or literary history of every nation; the minutie of these, in each country, must be sought in the biographies of that country. Those names only belong to universal biography,
which

which are capable of attracting universal attention. The present work, for example, contains, and very properly contains, many lives of Englishmen, concerning which few, if any, foreigners would ever be likely to enquire; nor is it any kind of reproach to the *Biographie Universelle*, that it records a multitude of Frenchmen, of whose minor celebrity we may, with great patience, bear to be ignorant. After all, the difficulty of determining what names to admit and what to reject, is, and must be considerable. The rule most obvious to reason is, to admit all persons who can with any propriety be esteemed famous; taking care to err on the side of redundancy, rather than of deficiency: and this, as far as we can perceive, has been the rule observed by Mr. Chalmers. It is indeed laid down, in substance, in his first advertisement.

With respect to notes, they are certainly inconvenient, in all works of narration, as interrupting and perplexing the general account; and though Bayle may perhaps be excused for making his own dictionary so unlike a common dictionary by his perpetual excursions and dissertations in the form of notes; yet nothing could be more injudicious than the adoption of that plan in a new compilation, like the *Biographia Britannica*; an error which seems likely to prevent the completion of that national undertaking. In the two works, which we are in some degree comparing, the French almost entirely excludes notes. It is printed on a small type, in two columns, and contains in general no marginal notices whatsoever*. Mr. Chalmers has reduced his notes chiefly to a brief enumeration of the authorities for each life, subjoined to it at the close. Other annotations are few, and in general very concise. Whatever be the advantage which the French editors may conceive to arise from the entire clearness of their margin, we, for our parts, would not, on any account, give up these references in the English work. General compilations must be chiefly abridgments, and to tell the reader where he may find more ample information, must often be more useful to him, than all that can be given in the confined niche of a dictionary; besides that such intimations are in many cases a test, by which to estimate the value of the article. They are the vouchers for the work, and should not certainly be sacrificed to any inferior consideration. In the former edition of this Dictionary they had been given with much less regularity, and we are certainly obliged to Mr. C. for supplying the deficiency.

With respect to another remarkable difference between the

* There are exceptions to this observation, but only few. They are rather more numerous in the later volumes.

two publications, French and English, we clearly prefer the plan adopted by our countryman; to which he alludes in the following passage of his preface.

“ There are few respects in which works of this kind have been more encumbered, than in the admission of emperors, kings, sultans, &c. whose lives are merely passages of history, unintelligible if short, and if prolix, by no means biographical. Of these a few have been formerly admitted, and may be supposed sanctioned by repetition; but as curiosity seldom looks to biographical collections for such subjects, very little addition will be made to this series, except in the case of some royal personages of our own country, whose private or public history continues to be interesting.”

The French work continues to be filled with lists of these historical personages; such as, eight popes of the name of *Alexander*, and two kings of Scotland; with all the tribes of *Charleses*, *Henries*, *Francises*, wherever they have reigned. To have banished these, is certainly a great improvement; retaining only those who would have been celebrated men, even if they had not happened to be sovereigns.

But neither does the English work afford, nor the French promise, an illustration which we, for our own parts, should much rejoice to receive. We mean an Index of remarkable passages, or *Index Rerum*. Whether the public would give encouragement to such a compilation, which if well executed would occupy at least a volume equal to any of the present, is for the publishers to consider. Nor can they be expected to undertake it, without a reasonable prospect of advantage. But that many persons would be glad of such a supplement, we may surely venture, even from our own feelings, to pronounce; and the work itself must eventually derive advantage from being thus rendered more open to research. Suppose, for instance, that every anonymous or pseudonymous work were, in such an index, referred to its supposed or ascertained author; what a resource would this be for students in bibliography? If every invention were in like manner referred to its author, every remarkable anecdote pointed out, in a word, every thing that could properly find a place among such references, were carefully and judiciously selected; what a light would be thrown by it upon the value of a work, which in its own nature is calculated more for reference than perusal; a work, which indeed it is not probable that any person will ever read throughout, except the correctors of the sheets. A few examples, taken at random, will sufficiently illustrate our meaning.

Steam Engine, the true inventor of, see *Morland*, vol. xxii. p. 421.

Heroic Epistle, see *Mason*, vol. xxi. p. 438.

Proba-

Probationary Odes, see *Warton*, vol. xxxi. p. 178.

Ships, as per margin, see *Walton*, vol. xxxi. p. 84.

The latter anecdote is often told, but seldom twice referred to the same commander. Here, probably, it is given to the right owner. The others are matters of curiosity or controversy, which might not be expected in the work, or might be sought in vain without the key. Perhaps, however, the compiler of such a volume should be something above the rank of a mere mechanical index-maker; lest he should encumber, with trifling or superfluous notices, a compilation which must of necessity be very extensive.

But it is time to have done with prefatory remarks, and proceed to the examination of the work. The present being the third edition of a book which has been approved in its former states, we shall not feel ourselves called upon to examine any parts, except such as are now first introduced; either by the alteration of the former accounts, or by the insertion of such as are altogether new. The quantity of new names, which the mere lapse of time has introduced, in the course of from fourteen to seventeen years, is of itself considerable. In that period some of the persons most distinguished for every kind of talent, have been removed to another state of existence; and consequently are entitled to be enrolled among departed Worthies. The attention of the present editor to this class of lives has been unremitting; and as it is generally more difficult to collect recent memoirs than any others, it would be injustice to withhold from him the praise of having, in general, with great care and judgment, supplied these vacant places. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Perceval, among politicians; Porson, Reiske, Steevens, Malone, Horne Tooke, Horace Walpole, among scholars and literati; Horsley and White among divines; with many others, foreign as well as British, required a careful and judicious biographer, to introduce them for the first time into the pages of a general dictionary; and we have seen no reason to think that any exception can be taken to the manner in which they are here introduced. In the lives of politicians, if peculiar difficulties arise from the strong opposition of opinions held by contending parties, it will be found, we think, that Mr. C. has steered between all extremes, with a hand as steady as the most experienced pilot could exert. If we were to name the lives in which we consider him as most successful, those above enumerated would certainly make a part of the list; and others might easily be added with equal propriety.

Among the lives introduced on other accounts, many are of importance: and even the additions to the old lives occasionally demand particular attention. That we may produce some example, among so many that offer themselves to our recollection,

we shall fix upon *John Alasco* or *à Lasco*, the friend, and in some measure the pupil of Erasmus, and sometimes called the Polish Reformer. He was born in 1499, of a noble family in Poland, but as we cannot insert the whole of his life, we shall prefer that part of it which particularly connects him with our country.

“ When Germany became an unsafe residence for the friends of the Reformation, and the contest respecting the *interim* was eagerly pursued, Alasco, whose fame had reached England, was invited thither by archbishop Cranmer. This illustrious founder of the English church had for some time afforded a quiet asylum to such learned foreigners as had been expatriated on account of their religion; and had at one time residing at Lambeth palace, those celebrated reformers, Bucer, Martyr, Fagius, Ochin, and others of inferior note. Alasco arrived accordingly about the year 1548, and was introduced not only to the archbishop, but by his means to sir John Cheke, sir William Cecil, and to the duke of Somerset, the protector. In a conference with the latter, he was encouraged to request that he and his congregation might have leave to come over to London, and be protected in the exercise of their religion; and he urged that such a favour would be a matter of policy as well as charity, as by this step many useful manufactures might be introduced into England. He requested also that they might be incorporated by the king's letters patent; and some old dissolved church, or monastery, given them as a place of worship. Having proposed these measures, and obtained the assistance of the archbishop and other friends of rank and power, to assist in forwarding them, he returned again to Embden, where he corresponded with the archbishop and Cecil. As soon as they informed him that his request would be complied with, he again came to England, and brought with him a considerable number of German Protestants, who found an asylum for their persons, and toleration for their principles, under the mild reign of Edward VI. Three hundred and eighty of these refugees were naturalized, and erected into a species of ecclesiastical corporation, which was governed by its own laws, and enjoyed its own form of worship, although not exactly agreeing with that of the church of England.—A place of worship in London, part of the once splendid priory of the Augustine friars, in the ward of Broad street, which is still standing, was granted to them July 24, 1549, with the revenues belonging to it, for the subsistence of their ministers, who were either expressly nominated, or at least approved of by the king. His majesty also fixed the precise number of them, namely, four ministers and a superintendant. This last office was conferred on Alasco, who, in the letters patent, is called a person of singular probity, and great learning; and it was an office which comprehended many important duties. It appears that as among the refugees from the continent there were sometimes concealed papists, or dangerous enthusiasts, a power was given to Alasco to
examine

examine into their characters, and none were tolerated in the exercise of their religion but such as were protected by him. His office likewise extended not only over this particular congregation of Germans, but over all the other foreign churches in London, of which we find there was a French, a Spanish, and an Italian church or congregation; and over their schools and seminaries, all which were subject to his inspection, and declared to be within his jurisdiction. In 1552, we find him using his influence to procure for a member of the French church the king's licence to set up a printing-house for printing the liturgy, &c. in French, for the use of the French islands (Jersey and Guernsey) under the English government.

“ It is to be regretted that a reception so hospitable, an establishment so munificent, and a toleration so complete, should not have induced this learned reformer to abate the zeal of controversy. But he had not enjoyed his new office long before he published a book against the church of England, her ritual, ecclesiastical habits, and the gesture of kneeling at the sacrament. It is an excuse, indeed, that he was requested by Edward VI. to write on some of these subjects; and it was probably owing to this circumstance, that no censure was passed on his book.

“ The reign of Edward VI. was short; and on the accession of his bigotted and remorseless sister, the reformation was overthrown; and those who chose to adhere to it soon saw that they must be consistent at the expence of their lives. At the commencement, however, of the Marian tyranny, whether from a respect for Alasco's illustrious family, or some regard for the rites of hospitality to those foreigners who had been invited into the country under the royal pledge of safety, Alasco and his congregation had the fair warning of a proclamation which ordered all foreigners to depart the realm, particularly heretics. Accordingly, about one hundred and seventy-five persons, consisting of Poles, Germans, French, Scotch, Italians, and Spaniards, belonging to the various congregations under his superintendence, embarked in two ships, Sept. 17, 1553, with Alasco and his colleagues, and set sail for the coast of Denmark. Their reception here has been very differently represented. It has been said that, although known to be Protestants, yet because they professed the opinions of Zuinglius respecting the sacrament, they were not suffered to disembark, or to remain at anchor more than two days; during which their wives and children were prohibited from landing. Such is the account given by Melchior Adam, and by those who have followed him without examining other writers. According, however, to Hospinian, who may be the more easily credited as he was unfriendly to the Lutherans, it appears that the landing was not opposed, and that the Lutherans even admitted of a conference with Alasco and one of his colleagues, Micronius; but in the end, as neither party would give way, Alasco and his company were obliged to leave the kingdom, in the depth of winter, and were refused admittance, with equal

equal inhumanity, at Lubeck, Wismar, and Hamburg. After thus suffering almost incredible hardships at sea, during the whole of a very severe winter, they arrived in March, 1554, at Embden; and being received with kindness and hospitality, most of them settled there. Anne, countess dowager of Oldenburgh, again extended her friendship to Alasco, became the patroness of his flock, and procured them every comfort their situation required." Vol. i. P. 293.

The catalogue of authorities subjoined to this life, is one of the most copious which we have observed in the work; and we recommend it to the notice of our readers, as a striking proof of the diligence which has been employed in this compilation.

"Melchior Adam.—Verheiden, Effigies, &c.—Lud. Lavater in hist. de ortu, &c. controversiæ sacramentariæ.—Sleiden in Comment.—Thuanus.—Hospinian Hist. Sacrament. part ii. p. 224.—Gerdesius in Hist. Evangelii renovati, et Florileg. Libr. rar. p. 226. 230.—Freytag in Analectis Literariis, p. 515, 516.—Strype's Cramer, p. 195, 234, 246, 261, 290, 317; App. 139, 141, 145.—Strype's Annals, i. 119.—Strype's Memorials, vol. ii. 83, 224, 240, 241, 255, 374; iii. 330.—Strype's Parker, 288.—Jortin's Erasmus.—Burnet's Hist. vol. ii. Records, p. 203."—Vol. i. p. 298.

In turning to the lives which stood in the former editions, we often find material improvements, by the introduction of new matter. Some, however, that bear only the mark of alteration, in the index, are in fact completely new. In these cases the editor has certainly taken less credit to himself than was fairly his due: and stands as an improver only, where he is in truth an able and original writer. This is remarkably exemplified in his life of our poet Pope; of which no part appears to be taken from that in the former editions. Nor can it be in justice denied, that it is a much superior performance. The events of the poet's life are detailed with more correctness, his works estimated with more skill and elegance, his character ascertained with more discrimination and precision. Some parts of his character indeed have been elucidated in the edition of Mr. Bowles, and other late publications, in such a way as to give superior advantages to the new biographer: and of these advantages he has ably availed himself. Though the chief part of the life might properly be given in proofs of these assertions, we shall content ourselves with copying the conclusion, which places in a perfectly new light, and on the most satisfactory proof, a transaction for which Pope has suffered both harsh and unmerited censure. After observing, that the poet was not always fortunate in his friendships, his biographer thus proceeds.

"Martha Blount, to whom he was most attached, deserted him in his last illness; and Bolingbroke, whom we have seen weeping
over

over the dying bard, and pouring out the effusions of the warmest affection for the friend he was about to lose, soon employed the hireling Mallet to blacken Pope's character in the very article for which he thought him most estimable, the purity and honour of his friendships. We have already noticed this affair in our account of Mallet, (vol. XXI. p. 195,) and shall now only briefly say that, on Pope's death, it was disclosed to Lord Bolingbroke by Mallet, who had his information from a printer, that Pope had printed an edition of the *Essay on a Patriot King*. But, as there has been much misconception and misrepresentation respecting this affair, we are happy to be able, in this place, to state the circumstances attending it on unquestionable authority, that of a gentleman to whom the following particulars were more than once related by the late earl of Marchmont, and who, besides the obliging communication of them, has conferred the additional favour of permitting us to use his name, the Right Hon. George Rose.

"The *Essay* (on the *Patriot King*) was undertaken at the pressing instance of lord Cornbury, very warmly supported by the earnest intreaties of lord Marchmont, with which lord Bolingbroke at length complied. When it was written, it was shewn to the two lords, and one other confidential friend, who were so much pleased with it, that they did not cease their importunities to have it published, till his lordship, after much hesitation, consented to print it; with a positive determination, however, against a publication at that time, assigning, as his reason, that the work was not finished in such a way as he wished it to be, before it went into the world.

"Conformably to that determination, some copies of the *Essay* were printed, which were distributed to lord Cornbury, lord Marchmont, sir William Wyndham, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Pope, and lord Chesterfield; one only having been reserved. Mr. Pope put his copy into the hands of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, stating to him the injunction of lord Bolingbroke; but that gentleman was so captivated with it as to press Mr. Pope to allow him to print a small impression at his own expense, using such caution as should effectually prevent a single copy getting into the possession of any one, till the consent of the author should be obtained.

"Under a solemn engagement to that effect, Mr. Pope very reluctantly consented: the edition was then printed, packed up, and deposited in a separate warehouse, of which Mr. Pope had the key.

"On the circumstance being made known to lord Bolingbroke, who was then a guest in his own house at Battersea with lord Marchmont, to whom he had lent it for two or three years, his lordship was in great indignation; to appease which, lord Marchmont sent Mr. Grevenkop (a German gentleman who had travelled with him, and was afterwards in the household of lord Chesterfield when lord lieutenant of Ireland,) to bring out the whole edition, of which a bonfire was instantly made on the terrace of Battersea."

"This plain unvarnished tale, our readers will probably think, tends very much to strengthen the vindication which Warburton offered

offered for his deceased friend, although he was ignorant of the concern Allen had in the matter; but it will be difficult to find an excuse for Bolingbroke, who, forgetting the honourable mention of him in Pope's will, a thing quite incompatible with any hostile intention towards him, could employ such a man as Mallet to blast the memory of Pope by telling a tale of 'breach of faith,' with every malicious aggravation, and artfully concealing what he must have known, since lord Marchmont knew it, the share Allen had in the edition of the Patriot King.

"Of the editions of Pope's works, it is unnecessary to mention any other than those of Warburton, and Johnson (the poems only), Warton, and the recent one by Mr. Bowles, which contains many additional letters and documents illustrative of Pope's character and connections*." Vol. xxv. P. 179.

It would carry us to a very fatiguing length of investigation, if we were to examine with any degree of minuteness this extensive set of thirty-two volumes. Nor can we pretend, even in our critical divan, to have gone through the whole. But we have paid constant attention to the work, as one in which we felt peculiar interest, through every stage of its progress; and we can generally assert that we have found complete satisfaction in the examination. We cannot, however, conclude without indulging our feelings with the character, and in one point the vindication, of the excellent Bishop Porteus, taken from the close of the life.

"This worthy prelate had for some years been subject to ill health, which at length brought on a general debility, and on the 14th of May, 1808, he sunk under the pressure of accumulated disease, being in the 78th year of his age. He left behind him a justly-acquired reputation for propriety of conduct, benevolence to the clergy, and a strict attention to episcopal duties. As a preacher, he obtained the character of an accomplished orator; his language was chaste, his manner always serious, animated, and impressive, and his eloquence captivating. He seemed to speak from conviction, and being fully persuaded himself of the truth of those doctrines which he inculcated, he the more readily persuaded others. In private life he was mild, affable, easy of access, irreproachable in his morals, of a cheerful disposition, and ever ready to listen to and relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures. In his behaviour towards dissenters from the established church, he discovered great moderation and candour. While he was a sincere believer in the leading doctrines contained in the thirty-nine articles, he could make allowance for those who did not exactly come up to the same standard. Toward the latter part of his life, he was accused of

* "Johnson, Warton, and Bowles's Lives.—D'Israeli has an excellent chapter on Pope's Quarrels, in his 'Quarrels of Authors.' Biog. Brit. &c. &c. &c."

becoming the persecutor of the Rev. Francis Stone, a clergyman of his own diocese, against whom he formally pronounced a sentence of deprivation for preaching and publishing a sermon in direct hostility to the doctrines of the church to which he belonged. Mr. Stone had for many years avowed his disbelief of the articles of faith which he had engaged to defend, and for the support of which he had long received a handsome income, but no notice whatever was taken of the unsoundness of his creed. He preached the offensive sermon before many of his brethren of different ranks in the church; yet perhaps even this attack, which could scarcely be deemed prudent or even decent, would have been unnoticed, had he contented himself with promulgating his opinions from the pulpit only; but when he made the press the vehicle of disseminating opinions contrary to the articles of his church, the prelate took the part which was highly becoming the high office which he held.

“The benefactions of the bishop of London were numerous, public as well as private. While he was living, he transferred nearly seven thousand pounds in three per cents to the archdeacons of the diocese of London, as a permanent fund for the relief of the poorer clergy of his diocese. He also transferred stock to Christ's college, Cambridge, directing the interest arising from it to be appropriated to the purchase of three gold medals, to be annually contended for by the students of that college: one medal, value fifteen guineas, for the best Latin dissertation on any of the chief evidences of Christianity; another of the same value for the best English composition on some moral precept in the gospel; and one of ten guineas, to the best reader in and most constant attendant at chapel. He bequeathed his library for the use of his successors in the see of London, together with a liberal sum towards the expence of erecting a building for its reception at the episcopal palace at Fulham. At Hyde-hill, near Sundridge, in Kent, where the bishop had a favourite rural retreat, he built a chapel, under which he directed his remains to be deposited, and he endowed it with an income of 250*l.* a year.” Vol. xxv. P. 212.

In conclusion we must say, as in strict justice called upon to say it, that, whatever advantage may occasionally be found in consulting foreign biographers, whether French or other, respecting the lives and works of their countrymen, we cannot conceive a production of more complete utility to an English reader than the *General Biographical Dictionary*, in its present form. Errors and omissions there must ever be, in compilations of such magnitude; but in this, after three revisions, and the third carried on by a person so qualified and so attentive as the present editor, whose whole zeal was concentrated upon the task, it is not probable that there should be many; nor is the work likely to be rivalled by any contemporary publication, nor easily to be surpassed by any future. Foreign lives are given throughout with accuracy and clearness; those of our famous countrymen, with more details,

tails, and superior powers of original discrimination and remark. And perhaps there are few lives in the whole collection, from which an inquirer will not either immediately obtain the information he may want, or be directed to those larger sources, in which the whole subject may be placed before him.

ART. IV. *France : by Lady Morgan.* Second Edition.
2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Colburn. 1817.

WE heartily wish that all lady-writers were possessed of a privilege to exempt them from appearing before our tribunal ; for we sometimes find it a matter of no little delicacy, to absolve our duties to the public, without trespassing upon some of the courtesies to which the sex are, under all circumstances, entitled. As critics, from long habit, our bile rises spontaneously when we meet with certain errors in a composition ; and though the recollection of the soft hands by which they were committed, may often cause us to smother our feelings, yet the effort is often so difficult, that we very much prefer meeting a lady any where rather than in a book. Never do we remember having been made to experience the truth of this more forcibly than on the present occasion. The fair authoress of the work before us, appears to be a very lively sort of person. and evidently is herself good natured, and disposed to be pleased ; but all her liveliness will not preserve her from the inexpressible sin of dulness, especially when in her own opinion, she is most lively and most sublime, and we verily believe that there is not a single law of good sense, or good taste, that she holds sacred ; or rather which she does not make it an amusement to violate and trample upon in every possible way. History, politics, religion, morality, probability, propriety—she thinks no more of running directly in the face of all received notions upon these subjects, than if the question, instead of being about the truth of a fact, or the justness of an opinion, were merely respecting the most tasteful way of adjusting her head-dress. Now it would, undoubtedly, be extremely absurd in us to put ourselves in a passion at all this ; because a moment's reflection must convince us, that whether Lady Morgan's opinions, be jacobinical, or anti-jacobinical, atheistical, methodistical, or papistical, is in point of fact a matter of no more importance to the public, than whether she prefers green tea to black, or blue stockings to white ones. With Lady Morgan, every thing is a matter of taste ; she thinks Bonaparte was a mild and merciful man ; the French Revolution a very grand

and charming spectacle ; religion a very dull thing ; and propriety in the sex, a very indifferent one : and all this she thinks, because she thinks upon all subjects just as she pleases, and without any of those restraints which sober sense is so apt to impose upon we persons of less lively imaginations.

To enter into a grave discussion, with our fair authoress, respecting the correctness of her opinions, is more than we can undertake ; it is quite clear that Lady Morgan never reasons at all ; she has caught her opinions from the tone of the company which she has been thrown into, and we are disposed to believe, that if instead of having mixed with that large, but very silly, class of people in this country, who mistake a loose way of thinking, for liberality and freedom from prejudice, she had had the good fortune of associating with persons, who treat such opinions with the contempt which they deserve ; she would, probably, have condemned all that she now admires, as cordially as she now admires all that, as a woman and a rational being, she ought to condemn.

As it is, we confess, we have not been able to read the work before us, without occasionally experiencing feelings, which it would probably offend Lady Morgan's ear, were we to name. It is sufficiently disagreeable to hear *men*, palliating crime, ridiculing virtue, sneering at religion, and advocating every cause but that of their country : but in a *woman*, we really think it is the most preposterous method of exciting admiration, which a mistaken vanity ever devised. Now in connecting an imputation like this, with the work before us, we are willing to acquit Lady Morgan of all that is odious, in the charge which we are preferring ; the book was obviously intended merely to sell ; its authoress would not appear to have been influenced by a deliberate design of rendering it a vehicle for any particular set of opinions ; and we are persuaded, that did she but understand the real nature of those which she entertains, sufficiently, to perceive how ill they become the sex to which she belongs, they never would have been admitted either into her book, or into her mind. For we are quite sure, from the general temper of her work, that they cannot be at all in unison with the natural tone of her character ; there is a cheerfulness and good-humour pervading her book, which has nothing to do with the gloomy and soured temper of jacobinism ; and the gratitude and commendation with which she speaks of all those, from whom she received kindness during her short stay in Paris, afford a proof of much more amiable qualities, than the taste which she has been led to cultivate would seem to promise.

Nor is her manner of writing, without some good qualities ; there is a flow of animal spirits about our authoress, which is
really

really no bad substitute for those real beauties of style which proceed from good sense, and a knowledge of the principles of composition ; and if she would but check the nonsensical habit which she has acquired, of constantly bursting out into ridiculous ejaculations, never try to make general reflections, and abstain, as far as possible, from all words of Latin derivation and learned allusions, she would not, indeed, become a fine, or very valuable writer, but she would cease to expose herself to the frequent derision, which, at present, it is sometimes quite impossible to refrain from. To give an instance or two out of the many which might be selected : what, for example, can be more preposterous, than to break away from a quiet dissertation about the *costume* of the French peasantry, into such an unprovoked rapture of patriotic sensibility as this :

“ Oh ! where is the land so distant, the region so remote, into which I may travel, and not bear Ireland in my memory, and her misery in my heart ! And, oh ! when shall the pen, now employed in tracing the prosperity and civilization of another country, be devoted to record the improvement, the tranquillity and happiness of my own ! ” Vol. I. p. 128.

With respect, again, to our fair authoress's talent for general reflection, we think the following specimen will shew, that her *forte* does not lie that way. She is talking of gypsies, or magicians, or witches, or some such description of persons ; (it is not possible to determine which) of these, however, she thus expresses herself :

“ Of this character, once so high in consideration, Rousseau has made a charming use in his *Devin du Village*, and Farquhar a most humorous one, in his Recruiting Officer. It is thus that genius, among her splendid fictions, records the characteristic traits of ages and nations ; and registering facts which the chronicler neglects as notorious, and the historian overlooks as undignified, preserves embalmed the most interesting features of humanity, for the contemplation of the philosopher, and the instruction of posterity.” Vol. I. p. 109.

Another artifice of Lady Morgan's stile, and by which she is constantly aiming at giving strength to her expressions, is, that which Horace calls the “ *callida junctura* ; ” but, unhappily, instead of confining her ambition to what Horace advises, of merely giving a new meaning to old words, she contrives, by joining two words together, so to neutralize the well-known signification which each might separately have conveyed, as to create a combination of syllables possessing no meaning whatever. To give an example : “ Among this order, (that is among the well-fed peasantry of France) Miss Prescott, the *Pytho*ness of English

glish *embonpoint*, might acquire new hints for her science of *anti-phthisis*." Vol. I. p. 134. Now, what a *Pythoiness* was, we know, and what *embonpoint* is, we know, and we can conceive the *embonpoint* of a *Pythoiness*; but a *Pythoiness* of *national embonpoint*, conveys an idea, which, we confess, we are able to form no conception of. Our fair authoress, however, it is but fair to mention, can puzzle the understanding of her readers, by the novel application of single words, just as effectually as by the unusual combination of two, as the following instance will prove. Lady M. is talking of the class of persons to whom the task of putting the principles of the French Revolution into practice, was assigned; and she tells us, "It was to no race like the *myrmidons* of *Achilles*, swarming forth, and *changing their species*, that the work of devastation was assigned." Vol. I. p. 149. This is really ingenious; but what in the name of wonder, can our fair authoress have intended to signify? In a similar vein, she tells us that "Religion is an *abstraction*—" All those who love good eating, as well as that very different class of persons who suffer themselves to be *hoared*, she calls "*des veritables Amphitryons*—" and both the peasantry of France, and tradesmen of Paris, she tells us, we know not how often, are distinguished from the peasantry and bourgeoisie of all other nations, as being a "*primitive race*."

But enough of Lady Morgan's stile. With respect to the work itself, we could as soon pretend to define the shape of a cloud, or the track of a butterfly, as attempt to give any methodical account of it. Our authoress calls it France; it appears to be the result of about four months residence in Paris, during the spring of 1816. With respect to the materials which our authoress has collected, she would not appear to have aimed at giving them any thing like a systematic arrangement; but she puts down, under the heads of "*Peasantry*," "*Society*," "*Paris*," all the information, and we must add, (for it forms a very considerable portion of the volume) all the *misinformation* which she was able to procure of French men, manners, and things, either by hearing, seeing, reading, or believing during her short residence in the capital.

With respect to that part of Lady Morgan's knowledge which is derived from reading, the less that is said upon that subject the better; not merely on account of the strange blunders into which she falls, respecting matters of historical fact, but from another reason which we think our fair authoress ought not to be angry with us for not naming. Neither is it very safe to believe all that Lady Morgan has collected by hear-say; for provided a story be only *in praise* of Bonaparte, or of any of those respectable personages, whose hands have reeked with the blood of the French Revolution

Revolution—or in dispraise of the Bourbons, the priesthood and religion, our fair authoress seems to possess an inexhaustible fund of faith. A person who talks of the “*Cardinals Du Bois, la Faris, de Tencins, and de Fleuris,*” Vol. I. p. 81, cannot be supposed to be very profoundly versed in the history of past times; as one who tells us, that under the reign of Bonaparte, Vol. I. p. 173, *to be made a king was looked upon as being merely a respectable way of providing for a retired marshal*, and that *royal personages were so common in Paris, at one period, as to make the access to the opera, at times, quite inconvenient*: cannot, we think, be regarded as a person to be implicitly trusted with respect to the events of the present day. In like manner we should say, that a writer who gravely affirms, that even the smaller kind of farmers in France, have not less than one hundred and fifty pair of sheets, cannot be supposed to have ever counted them in any instance; as one who tells us, that there is scarcely such a thing as a regular beggar to be met with in France. Vol. I. p. 120. We must fancy this to be asserted of a part of that country, through which no one has ever travelled, except Lady Morgan herself.

We hope we have already said sufficient to make our readers comprehend, that the volumes before us, are not to be regarded as having the authority of Holy Writ; indeed, we think, that even where our fair authoress is describing what she has herself seen and witnessed, there is evidently that high colouring, which though it may be an improvement upon nature, yet still leaves the reader a privilege of believing no more than what he thinks proper. This is a privilege, which we have availed ourselves of, in more than one instance; but whether it be right or wrong, with respect to the particular instances in which we have exercised it, still, we cannot but say, that Lady Morgan is sometimes a good narrator; she tells a story with spirit, and describes what she has seen with considerable effect; so much so, that although we think that our disapprobation of the work before us, is founded upon far more serious reasons, than upon a mere difference of opinion; yet we cannot but say, that we have read it with amusement, and are really afraid, that we have judged its authoress, in consequence of her lively talents, with much less severity than we should otherwise, perhaps, have felt disposed to do; and we confess that we have been more lenient, than we justly might have been, to some of those heresies and faults, which have drawn down upon our authoress so severe, but we must say, a very merited castigation, from another tribunal.

The following anecdote of Voltaire is not badly told, and reminds us of one of a similar cast, which is related of Turenne.

“ In

"In one of the many delightful conversations I had with Madame la Marquise de Vilette, on the subject of Voltaire, her adopted father, she related to me some pleasant anecdotes of the influence which Barbara, or, as he called her, *Baba*, his ancient *bonne*, held over him. Barbara was an old Savoyard, peevish, irritable, and presuming; but devoted to her illustrious charge, and watching with maternal solicitude over those infirmities of his age, which her own was exempt from. 'One day,' said Mad. de Vilette, 'during my residence at Ferney, while I was making my toilette, I was startled by the violent ringing of Voltaire's bell. I flew to his apartment, while Barbara (who always sat in his anti-chamber) hobbled after me. '*Je sonne mon agonie!*' vociferated Voltaire, as we entered together. '*Je me meure,*'—he then explained to us, that he had drank a cup of rose water by mistake, and was almost poisoned. '*Comment donc!*' exclaimed the provoked Barbara, released from her fears, and restored to her ill-temper.

" '*Comment donc! Il faut être la bête des bêtes, pour faire une telle sottise.*'

" " '*Bête, ou non,*' replied Voltaire, with the subdued tone of a chided school-boy; '*il n'est guerre plaisant d'être empoisonné même par l'esprit de rose!*' " Vol. I. p. 337.

We know not whether the following anecdote of Bonaparte be genuine, but it is quite in consistency with some others which we have heard related of this strange and eccentric character.

"This two-fold character of *emperor and man* was extremely obvious to those who knew him well. He was quite a different personage to the few who had '*les petites entrées,*' and the many who had only '*les grandes.*' One who always enjoyed the privilege of the former, and who long lived with him in habits of intimacy, told me that going into his apartment one afternoon, when he was *tête-à-tête* with the young empress, he found him in high spirits, and that having looked into the adjoining anti-room to see that *all was clear*, he turned to Monsieur * * *, and said, *Dancez-vous encore?* '*Mais oui, toujours,*' was the reply: '*allons donc,*' said the Emperor, '*dansons!*' '*Il dansa,*' said Mons. * * *, '*tout à travers, mais de tout son cœur.*' This extraordinary man exacting the most profound respect, in public, admitted, in private, the most boundless familiarity, and thus frequently led those who were intimate with him to risk themselves beyond the boundary of propriety.

"General Rapp was devotedly attached to the Emperor, but extremely careless in his address and conversation with him. This veteran was standing one morning in the anti-room of Napoleon's private apartment, when he perceived one of the gentlemen in waiting conducting a man of very equivocal character into the imperial cabinet. This person remained a considerable time closeted with the Emperor. Rapp grew impatient, and anxious for the safety of Napoleon, repeatedly thrust his rough head in at the door

to see whether all was right; and as suddenly withdrew it. The suspicious stranger at last took his leave, and Rapp obtained his audience. '*Que diable,*' exclaimed Buonaparte, as Rapp entered, '*que diable voulez-vous donc, en mettant votre tête à la porte comme cela?*' '*C'est que je tremblai pour vous,*' replied Rapp, 'for perhaps you do not know, that the person with whom you have been closeted, is a traitor, a rogue, a swindler, *en un mot, c'est un Corse, viola!*' " Vol. I. p. 356.

What our authoress relates of Buonaparte's perpetual interference in the business of the opera, is curious and credible; the same boundless and apparently gratuitous idea of his own capacity, which he so remarkably exemplified in his politics, seems to have pervaded all his thoughts and actions.

" Buonaparte was in music a true Italian, and his despotic interference with the composers, whom he brought from Italy and liberally recompensed, was consonant at once for his taste for the art, and love of dictation. He had himself been a performer on the piano-forte; and knew enough of the theory and terms of the science, to be enabled to dictate even to the genius of Paesiello, without betraying more ignorance of the mechanism of the subject, than might be permitted in an Emperor. I have heard his anxiety about the operas of Paesiello, and his arguments with that delightful composer, related with great humour by those who were present when, by special command, he brought his half-finished operas to the Thuilleries, for the inspection and criticism of the imperial amateur. The composer was quite as independant as the sovereign was dictatorial; and argued out every point, bar by bar, and note by note. Sometimes Buonaparte demanded the erasure of half or a whole scene, exclaiming, as he measured the score with his finger—'From *this* to *this* is good; it means something; it is melody:—but from *this* to *this* is mere science; there is neither expression nor passion; it is not dramatic,—it will not do.' Paesiello seldom complied implicitly; and the composer and the critic usually compromised the difference between melody and harmony, and science and expression, as well as their respective predilections would allow them, by each yielding something of their own judgment to the opinion of the other.

" I had the pleasure of knowing Cherubini during my residence in Paris, and mentioning these anecdotes to him, he so far corroborated them, as to speak with great indignation of the Emperor's interference with the compositions of a man of Paesiello's eminence and unrivalled genius; while he inveighed against his despotism, in preventing that venerable person from returning to his own country, a permission which he had in vain solicited. '*Napoleon,*' added Cherubini, '*frequently endeavoured to dictate to me, as he had done to Paesiello. He loved only une musique assoupissante; he required that an opera should be a succession of andantes or motifs of marked and accentuated expressions, and*

demanded

demanded the sacrifice of harmony and effect to melody. One day that he complained to me of the strength and fullness of some of my accompaniments, and observed that they were '*trop bruyantes*,' I could not help replying: *Sire, vous voulez que notre musique vous laisse libre de rêver aux affaires d'état**."

The account which Lady Morgan gives of her visit to the Institute, at the time of one of its sittings, is extremely dramatic; and, though highly coloured in some parts, is, we dare say, a substantial and very correct description of what she witnessed at the *séance* of that corps of "mummies."

"The first public meeting of all the classes of the '*Institut Royal de France*,' which had occurred since the banishment of some of its most illustrious members; of Carnot, Monge, Gregoire, &c. &c. &c. was fixed to take place on the 24th of April, 1816. So much was said, so much was expected, of this sitting of the Institute, that interest was made for tickets of admission, with all the solicitude, eagerness, and anxiety, which I had afterwards seen exhibited for the court entertainments, or the royal *trousseau*. The men and women were alike desirous to be present; '*discours*,' and '*lectures*,' had quite as much attraction, as cachemirs, and embroidered pocket handkerchiefs.

"We were so fortunate as to have tickets; and, though we repaired to the '*Collège des Quatre Nations*' an hour before the time of opening the sittings, we found all the avenues thronged by an impatient multitude, who had quitted their carriages; and we owed our easy admission entirely to the kindness of Monsieur La Fonde de La Debat †, who brought us in by a private door,

* "This little conversation took place in the music room of M. Gerard, at one of his delightful music parties. The celebrated Paer was at the piano-forte, and I was greatly amused to observe Cherubini seating himself opposite to his rival composer, and listening to his most wonderful performance, with all the transports of a young pupil, who for the first time listens to his master. The rhapsodies of Paer on the piano-forte are, I believe, without any parallel in musical performance, and his *improviso* accompaniments, that night, to some of the finest *scenes* of his own '*Grisilda*,' were rich, varied, and brilliant, beyond I should think even his own power of noting down in score. He went through some *caricata* songs with infinite humour. On the excellence of his numerous operas it is unnecessary to dwell. He taught the Empress Marie Louise, during her residence in France, and enjoyed places of great emolument under the imperial government."

† "This gentleman, who was among the number of the *déportés* à Cayenne, is no less distinguished by his amiable manners, than by his high talents."

as we did the excellent seats we occupied in the Hall of Sitting, to the politeness of the venerable M. Suard, the *Secrétaire perpétuel* of the *Académie Française*. The beautiful chapel of the *Quatre Nations* was already filled when we took our places, exactly in front of the great tribunal, where, under draperies of green velvet and silver, the bust of the King, and embroidered garlands of the victorious lily, sat, as President, the Duke de Richelieu; le Comte de Vaublanc, then Minister of the Interior; the Vice-President the Comte de Fontanes, and the *Secrétaire perpétuel*, M. Suard.

"In a semi-circle on either side, formed round an area in the centre, sat the members of the Institute, the representatives of the four Academies. Behind these distinguished persons, and in the centre galleries, rose an amphitheatre of female beauty and fashion, mingled with the curious and the learned of the other sex. Wigs and flowers, spectacles and opera-glasses, thoughtful brows and coquettish smiles, were all closely allied in the cause of literature and science, and the *Institut royal de France*. Above this variegated *parterre*, (capable of confounding the brain of learning, and of producing abstractions, not all philosophical) appeared several distinguished groups niched in the *loges*, or boxes of this splendid theatre. Guards occupied the vestibules, and appeared at every door,—and even within the hallowed precincts of science and philosophy, amidst the benches where beauty reclined, and learning meditated, appeared the appalling forms of armed soldiers; their bright bayonets glittering amidst feathers and flowers, and gleaming between the marble busts of departed genius,—while statesmen, presiding at the shrine of philosophy, preached the blessings of peace, and vaunted the security of a reign, so favourable to its existence.

"This incongruous *mélange* of ladies and sages, of gallantry and learning, of the frippery of dress and of literature, with an *armed power filling up the back of the scene*, and instruments of force gleaming amidst the roses of fashion, and lilies of loyalty, presented to my imagination a picture at once rare and curious. It was a singular, I might almost say an agitating *coup-d'œil*! It was a representation of the far-famed sittings of the ancient Academy of France, of which I had read so much, and so long. It was an assemblage of nearly all that France at that moment possessed of eminence in talent or genius, acquirement or celebrity, of statesmen, philosophers, naturalists, poets, or artists. It was also my first observation of a great congregated French auditory of both sexes; bringing to the scene of action all the zeal, enthusiasm, prejudice and pretension of the day, and of the nation.

"It was impossible to confound the members of the Institute with the rest of the congregation; for they all sat together, and were all dressed in a green uniform; and, in their embroidered suits and point ruffles, they appeared as ready for the levee of a prince or a minister, as for the temple of Minerva. The sword, which
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once in France armed the sacred hands of faith, was now attached to the side of peaceful philosophy; and Cuvier preached on the efficacy of steam, and de Choiseuil Gouffier read a *Mémoire* on Homer, armed in the defence of their subjects, like chivalrous knights, about to combat the '*chimeras dire*' of their own fanciful creation. Thus in France men of science, like men of fashion, *l'homme de lettres*, and *l'homme comme il faut*, are all obliged to '*représenter noblement*;' and talent in a plain coat, upon public occasions, would cut but a poor figure in company with so much embroidered genius.

"The black *Brutus* heads of many of this learned body, formed a singular contrast with their very fine and very studied dresses; and, from my first view of this assembly, I was struck by a mould and physiognomy to me new and singular. All seemed picturesque or grotesque; I never saw so many fine formed heads, so many marked and intelligent countenances; few were handsome, but the features of all were strongly chiselled, spirited and animated. There was a sort of general personification of mind, extremely impressive to the stranger's eye; and, on this occasion, one might almost say, '*the body thought*.' To me, however, all were strangers, for I was only a few days arrived in Paris; and I was indebted to a gentleman who sat near me for the names, and, occasionally, for some little biographical anecdotes of the various distinguished persons ranged before me. He was a middle-aged man, of a keen sarcastic countenance, and a manner full of caustic pleasantry. He seemed amused by the strong impression made on me by a scene, so calculated to interest, and volunteered his services with an air, that convinced me he consulted his own amusement as much as mine. I did not, however, suffer the privilege of asking questions to be idle, and took the first person on the first row of the academical benches, as the object of my inquiry. The countenance of this person was calm and still, as sleeping infancy; his folded hands, and closing eyes, seemed not to belong to the place he occupied. '*Cependant,*' (said my Cicerone, in reply to an observation of this cast,) '*c'est M. Talleyrand, mais jamais visage ne fut moins baromètre!!*'"

"I pointed to another,—'*Oh, pour celui-là; c'est le comte de Fontanes;—toujours grand partisan de ce qui existe.*'"

"I asked the name of a third:—after some hesitation he replied, '*C'est, je crois, Baur Lormian—homme et poète de circonstance, habile à prévoir le jour d'une fête impériale, ou un anniversaire royal.*'"

"I was extremely curious to know the name of a person who, like the witches in Macbeth, seemed

" " ————— Not to belong to Earth,
But yet was of it. ————— "

Seated above the academicians, and distinguished by a dress of lace and silver, covered (as I thought) with *imperial bees*, but
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which proved, however, to be *royal lilies*; more remarkable still by an air of picturesque abstraction, and though the flattered object of many a lady's eye-glass, apparently self-wrapt and unattending.—‘Ah!’ said my informant, brightening up, ‘that is indeed a notable person; the last of the ‘*antiques croisés*’ and noble pilgrims of Europe; the solitary and unrivalled successor of the de Coucys, de Nesles, de Chatillons, and de Montforts. After having made the tour of the Mediterranean, and visited Sparta, and Rhodes, and Jerusalem; Alexandria, and Cairo, and Carthage, and Cordova, and Grenada, and Madrid; and finally saluted the Ebro, he returned to his own country, bringing with him trophies of his piety, and testimonies of that useful spirit of research, which leads men to visit other nations, in order that they may enrich, enlighten, and benefit their own. To use his own words, he returned, with a dozen of pebbles of Sparta, Argos, and Corinth; a chaplet; a little bottle of the waters of Jordan; a phial of the waters of the dead sea; and a few reeds gathered on the banks of the Nile!’

“In addition to these treasures, which will doubtless form a new class in the Museums of France, he has himself told us ‘*Je tâcherai d’élever en silence un monument à ma patrie.*’ He is now, most likely, working at *this edifice*, which, it is thought, will take the forms of *political science*; for the philosopher of the desert, it is supposed, is now ambitious to be the philosopher of the Thuilleries.’ By this description I recognized M. Chateaubriand, whose ‘*Itinéraire*’ I had just finished.

“My informant then pointed out to my observation, in rapid and interesting succession, Bertholet, Choiseul, Gouffier, Cuvier, Denon, Humboldt, Gerard, La Place, Lanjuinais, Langles, Le Mercier, Pastoret, Pinel, Picard, Etienne, Prony, Segur, Sicard, La Cretelle, Geoffry, and many other distinguished persons, with whose names or works I had long been acquainted.

“The opening of the *Séance* closed at once my list of questions, and his very amusing replies. I held in my hand the ‘*ordre des lectures*’; and, though acquainted with the subjects which were to be discussed, I found it extremely difficult to follow the speakers, or rather the readers;—the same unmarked enunciation, monotonous equality, and psalmodizing accent, as had disgusted me in some of the inferior actors of the *Théâtre Français*, distinguished the public recitations of the Institute. Not an inflexion of voice, not a single variety of intonation;—all was nasal and unemphatic, and comparable only to the drone of an untunable bagpipe. His Excellency, the Comte de Vaublanc, opened the sitting, by a *discours*, which was the genuine oration of a minister of state, proving that, ‘whatever is, is right,’ and that the present happy position of France is the most favourable to the cultivation of arts, learning and science.

“He was answered by the Duc de Richelieu, as president of the sitting, in the same tone and tendency. On the subject of
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this reply, there is little to be said; but I could not help observing, that the Duc de Richelieu has prevented his celebrated grandfather from being the last *grand Seigneur Français*; for high blood and high birth were never more finely represented, than in the fine countenance, the noble aspect, and distinguished air of the present representative of that illustrious house. The Duc de Richelieu is, indeed, the very personification of nobility.

"The Comte de Fontanes, as vice-president, pronounced a discourse on the solemnity; which was followed by a *Mémoire* upon Homer, by the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, president of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. The name of this eminent and interesting person was alone sufficient, to command my profound and undivided attention to whatever he should utter. The author of the delightful *Travels in Greece and Asia*, made for the benefit of science and of art, calculated to amuse the lightest, and to instruct the gravest, the able ambassador of the Porte, who turned a place, usually accepted as one of sordid profit, to the purposes of knowledge and illumination. M. de Choiseul is also eminently respectable by his adherence to the family of the Bourbons, from principle and sentiment; when interest and ambition might have pointed out to him a more certain path to wealth and honours.

"The *discours* on Homer, a subject by no means pregnant with novelty, was followed by '*Réflexions sur la Marche actuelle des Sciences, et sur leurs Rapports avec la Société,*' pronounced with an unusual degree of vivacity by Cuvier. This luminous and able discourse was irradiated with brilliant points, and delivered with great animation. The ladies, by far the most audible part of the assembly, in their manifestations of approbation, applauded almost every word—'*C'est charmant!*'—'*C'est beau,*'—with repeated '*bravos,*' followed every sentence; and when M. Cuvier observed of *steam*, in his ardent eulogium on its qualities, that it had one superiority over the human mind itself;—namely, that it was not '*susceptible ni de fatigue ni de distraction,*'—a hundred pretty lips were heard to echo *Ah; que c'est juste, et fin, et ingénieux!* and one lady, observing that I admired the energy of enunciation of this great naturalist, remarked to me, '*Madame, voilà comme on parle dans votre chambre des communes! N'est-ce pas!*'

"A short time after this my first view of M. Cuvier, I had the pleasure of joining his Saturday-evening circle, at his own house in the *Jardin des Plantes*,—and I confess, I admired the amiable man in the bosom of a charming happy family, all smiling round him, as much as I had done the celebrated philosopher, in the public sittings of the Institute.

"M. Cuvier gave place to M. Quatremere de Quincy, perpetual secretary of the class des *beaux arts*, who pronounced a discourse on the monuments of art, '*dûs à la Restauration!!!*' and the sitting was terminated by a poetical epistle from the late M. Ducis,

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the translator of Shakspeare, to the Chevalier de Boufflers, and read by Mons. Campenon, member of the *classe des belles lettres*.

"Something wearied by the discordant and declamatory tones I had so long listened to, and not particularly edified or entertained by the subjects or compositions of the various discourses, I felt both my ear and spirits relieved by the breaking up of the Institute, which upon the whole gave me an impression little favorable to incorporated bodies of learning, or confraternities of taste." P. 255.

Lady Morgan gives us a very lively description of the French theatre, and of the principal actors, in several parts of her work. We cannot extract all she says upon this subject, although some of her remarks upon the qualities of the French drama evince more judgment than we should, perhaps, forming an opinion from other parts of her work, have given our authoress credit for. The following is the account which she gives of one of the court plays, that is, one of those representations that are given to the court in the theatre of the Thuilleries. The picture our authoress gives of Talleyrand is striking.

"The first night I received my billet for one of these court plays, I went particularly early to observe the etiquette of arrangement. The halls, the corridors, and anti-rooms were guarded by files of soldiers. The *Cent Suisses*, in their ancient and most picturesque dress, which has not been changed since the days of Henry IV., were on duty. The noblemen in waiting, the *huissiers*, the officers of the court, appeared every where officiously attentive and polite. The ladies were conducted to their seats without any precedence or order, and were presented with books of the entertainment. But it was very obvious that the *Duchesses* took their *tabourets*, in their own exclusive box, with a certain little air of triumph, and consciousness of superiority very excusable in those, who for twenty years had lamented over this forfeited distinction, the precious object of hereditary ambition.—I observed among them one of my own beautiful countrywomen, who has lately wreathed her fair brows with the ducal coronet of France,

'Though last, not least.'

"On the arrival of the royal family, *huissier* came to the front of the royal box, and announced '*Le Roi*.' Every one arose to receive him, and to return his always very gracious and smiling salute. The royal family ranged themselves on either side of his majesty;—the Duchesse d'Angouleme and Duc de Berri on one side—the Duchesse de Berri and Monsieur de Artois and Angouleme on the other, Monsieur Talleyrand, in his official *costume*, as *grand chambellan*, took his wonted station behind the king's chair.

"I had frequently seen this celebrated personage, and future historical character, at court, upon other public occasions, in the bustle of processions, at the nuptial pomp of royalty, under the
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holy dome of Notre Dame, at the deepest tragedy, at the liveliest comedy, amidst the solemnity of the royal chapel, and the revelry of the feasting court—but I saw him always the same; cold, motionless; not abstracted, but unoccupied; not absent, but unmoved;—no tint varying the colourless hue of his livid complexion, no expression marking its character on his passive countenance. His figure seemed the shell of a human frame, despoiled of its organic arrangements, or, if the heart beat, or the brain vibrated, no power of penetration could reach the recesses of the one, or guess at the workings of the other. From the mind of this man the world seemed contemptuously shut out—and if this most impassible form and face indicated character or opinion, one would have thought, at the first glance, this is surely the being who has said: ‘*speech was given to man, to conceal his thoughts.*’ It seemed as if the intimacy of love, the confidence of friendship, the community of counsel, could never draw the mind to that countenance, which amidst all the vicissitudes, versatility, changes, and contrasts in the life of its owner, had never been.

‘A book, in which men read *strange things.*’

It was indeed a book, written in a dead language.

“On the two occasions that I was present at the court play, the company of the comic opera performed, on one night, the drama of *La fête du village voisin*, and a ‘*pièce de circonstance*,’ where the King and the royal family were eulogized, till even they could hold out no longer. The King fell asleep in the midst of his own praises; the ambassadors yawned without instructions; the dutchesses winked their pretty eyes, until they could no longer contemplate their own greatness; and a gentle doze occasionally seized the senses of all the French marchionesses, and English peeresses that surrounded me; while the beaux in the pit no longer ogled the ‘*sleeping beauties*’ in the boxes. Never did ‘*Nature’s sweet restorer his ready visit pay, where fortune smiles,*’ with a more importunate influence. The performance lasted many hours; and, as it is against the etiquette of the court to applaud when the King is present, the opera, ballet, and *pièce de circonstance*, all passed on in melancholy silence: an *encore* would have looked like treason, and a laugh been *lèse majesté*.

“On the other night, the company of the *Théâtre Français* gave the *Adélaïde de Guesclin*, of Voltaire; a strange selection, considering that the Duke of Wellington, the English ambassador, and half the house of Lords were present.

“Je prévois que bientôt cette guerre fatale,
Ces troubles intestines de la maison royale,
Ces tristes factions céderont au danger,
D’abandonner la France au fils de l’étranger.
Je vois que l’Anglais la race est peu chérie,
Que leur joug est pesant! qu’on n’aime pas leur patrie.”

.....
 'N'acceptera, pour maître
L'allié des Anglais, quelque grand qu'il puisse être.

'Je ne veux que l'Anglais en ces lieux,
Protecteur insolent, commande sous mes yeux.
Les Anglais avec moi pourraient mal s'accorder,
Jusqu'au dernier moment, je veux seul commander.'

"Such were the sentiments of a play selected for representation for the court, and at which so many of the heroes of *Waterloo* were present, but whose '*joug*' it is most certain had become rather '*pésant*' to those, for whom, as well as those, against whom, they had fought." Vol. ii. p. 222.

By way of contrast to the sleepy scene, which a court play seems to present our reader with, he will be amused to read the description which Lady Morgan gives us of the first representation of a new piece, which she was present at. The subject of the play was *Charlemagne*, and as it was composed during the reign, and by one of the admirers of the ex-emperor, the interest which it appears to have excited was of course extreme.

"I had so long and so often heard of the interest excited in Paris, by the first representation of a new tragedy, that I considered it a piece of unusual good fortune, that Monsieur Le Mercier brought out his long expected *Charlemagne*, during my residence in that capital. Notwithstanding the political agitations of the day, *Charlemagne* had become an object of the most intense and universal interest; it was even discussed in the salons, as being a sort of *pierre de touche* of political sentiment; and its failure or success was a point of solicitude, beyond the mere triumph or fall of an ordinary tragedy.

"Its author, Le Mercier, had already almost become an historical character;—the brilliant success of his tragedy of *Agamemnon*—his filling so ably the professor's chair at the *Athénée*, as successor to La Harpe; the part he had taken in the revolution, but above all, his relations with the late Emperor of France, under whose eye *Charlemagne* was written, together with the well known bold and independent principles of the author, and the eccentricity of his genius and character, combined to excite an interest for the first representation of *Charlemagne*, which perhaps had not been felt in Paris, since the *Irene* of Voltaire.

"On the night of the representation, although I took possession of my box at half after six o'clock, I found the house already overflowing. Even the orchestra was full; and the murmurs, the commotions, gradually swelling into tumult, like the sullen rising of a storm, the agitation of the many-waving heads, the impatience

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and energy of the strongly marked countenances, gave me an impression of the vivacity of a French multitude, wound up to its utmost capability of emotion, almost frightful. Long before the play began, it was easy to discover the drawing-up of the different political parties, as if the "*coin du Roi*," and "*coin de la Reine*" were still in being—powdered heads, *coiffure aile-de-pigeon*, and stars and crosses, were not only the insignia of one party; nor the rough black crops, and black silk handkerchiefs of the other; for all external distinction was rather avoided, and I was obliged to the gentleman who accompanied me to the theatre, and who knew all parties, for pointing out to me the different factions, as they ranged themselves in the *parterre*, or appeared in their *loges*.

The play at length began, and the emotion, far from having subsided, was now so intense, that the *first scene* was very imperfectly heard, and was loudly *encored* by one party, and hissed by another, without being listened to by either. It was repeated, and several sentences spiritedly uttered by La Fond, as *Charlemagne*, were called for over again, with the usual "*bis, bis, bis*." Buona-parte had been so often likened to *Charlemagne*, that the two Emperors were confounded on the scene, and the *pours* and the *contres* distributed their hisses and applauses, as their party feelings directed. The plot of the piece is a conspiracy against the life of *Charlemagne*, by the brother and friends of his beautiful mistress *Régine*, the mother of his son *Hugues*, whom he had promised to marry, but whom he is about to abandon for a political alliance with *Irène*, the Empress of Constantinople. The mere plot was, however, of little moment; the sentiments incidentally uttered by the characters, and the peculiarity of their situations, were *every thing*. Occasional glimpses of the Empress Josephine were caught, in the character of the devoted, but abandoned *Régine*. The imperial *Irène*, was not without her type. The traitor *Astrate*, conspiring against the man who had raised him, had too many parallels in France; the situation of the *Hugues* was not without its original, and *Charlemagne* and *Napoléon* were every where the same.

"A number of sentiments for and against military despotism, the interference of meddling priests, the influence of bigotry, the effects of conspiracy, and characters of conspirators, all drew forth the various and contending passions of the audience, and produced an endless uproar and contest; while every word was so guarded, and every personality so delicately avoided, that even the minister of the police could not have passed a censure on the piece; and in this management the tact and talent of the author chiefly lay. At the lines,

"——— Ces furieux

Vouloient vous arracher la couronne, et les yeux :'

"and

"Il tient le juste en paix, le méchant en effroi,
On diroit à ces traits, que vous peignez le Roi ;'

the emotion of the royalist party expressed itself almost in shouts. But when *Charlemagne* recounts the benefits of his long and able administration, the brilliancy of his conquests, the glory with which he had covered his empire, his devotion to the nation, and, above all, when he *prophecies* the place he is to hold with posterity in the history of his own times, when all cotemporary prejudice shall be laid at rest; the emotion of the majority of the audience became so great, the cries of "*bi, bi,*" so violently reiterated, the uproar so wild, so insupportable, that I think a more terrible image of popular commotion could scarcely be conceived. I saw them in the pit, springing several inches high, frantic—wild! these people, with all their prompt sensibility and strong passions thus readily rising to the surface, must make the most formidable multitude, when congregated for violent purposes, in the world.

"In all this wild contention, however, not the slightest personal offence was given; no riot, no brutality, no rude language; and one party hissed and the other clapped, and all stamped, jumped, grimaced, and shouted, in the most perfect abstraction of principles;—not as enemies, but as partisans;—not as men hating each other, but as enthusiasts, in different causes. While faction, however, was deciding the merits of a political tragedy, criticism, *never slumbering*, in a French pit, frequently united both parties in her decisions. At the tautological expressions "*La passion, qui m'anime,*" and a "*meurtre irréparable,*" all parties joined in shouts of laughter;—an unfortunate "*non,*" misplaced, nearly damned the piece in the third act. But an eternal dialogue between two conspirators, who illustrated the maxim that "*l'art d'ennuyer est l'art de tout dire,*"—and above all, a long prosing monologue of a sentimental murderer, had such an effect on the audience, that convulsions of laughter from every part of the house were only interrupted by those fearful sounds to the ear of author and actor,—"*à bas! à bas!*"—"*à la porte! à la porte!*"

"The friends of the author, who were numerous, opposed this fatal decision with such force, that the fifth act was permitted to go on. But the tumults of party, criticism, and friendship, were now so great, that not a word that was uttered on the stage could be heard, even in the stage box. *La Fond*, as *Charlemagne*, which he performed hitherto with infinite spirit, and with a brilliant rapidity of declamation, that took from the insupportable length of the speeches was now wholly confounded;—a deadly paleness covered his face, and he stopt abruptly in the middle of his speech. Mademoiselle George, as *Régine*, retaining more presence of mind, seemed either to support him by some word, whispered in his ear, or to give him his cue,—but it was in vain; the "*bi,*" and the "*à bas,*" wholly overpowered him. He advanced in great agitation

"* *A bas la toile,*" down with the curtain,—and "*à la porte.*" commanding the exit of the actor, are generally decisive of the fate of the condemned piece.

to the front of the stage. The whole house was now standing up; he declared that "*il avait perdu la tête*,"—that not only his head but his memory was gone. The prompter presented him the book, and he looked over his part; while Mademoiselle George recommenced her own speech, and the piece, amidst hisses and applauses, was thus suffered to proceed, and to be finished. Of course it holds its place; for the curtain not being dropped during the performance it was saved from failure, if not crowned with success, and was given several nights afterwards, with various corrections and omissions.

"The uproar did not finish with the tragedy; but I had suffered so much from fear, agitation, heat, and noise, that the moment the curtain dropt I left the box, and accompanied my party to the *foyer*, to take some refreshments, while the hurricane of the house still assailed our ears. We had all felt infinite sympathy for the author, whose head we had from time to time seen in an opposite box; and some of my party, who knew him intimately, and felt great anxiety about the fate of *Charlemagne*, were going to seek him, to cheer, rather than console him, when M. Le Mercier appeared himself, walking up and down the *foyer*, with the beautiful Madame de B * * * *de, talking with great earnestness and gaiety; and, at every fresh burst of uproar that reached him from the theatre, stopping to indulge in violent fits of laughter, in which he was joined by his fair companion. Observing the author thus gay and composed, and finding the noise gradually subsiding, we finished our ice and capillaire, and returned to our box, contrary to our first intention, to see the oldest French play extant, as we had just seen the newest; for "*L'Avocat Patelin*" was the *petite pièce*,* given after the first awful representation of *Charlemagne*.—Vol. ii. p. 179.

The following anecdote of the reigning Pope is too curious not to be extracted; the authoress was upon a visit to Gregoire, the ex-bishop of Blois, and it is upon his authority that the story is given.

"The bishop of Blois, however, as he himself assured me, was not the only catholic prelate who had advocated the cause of liberty, and drawn his arguments in its favor from the same source where he had sought them. 'Here,' he said, one morning, taking a pamphlet from the drawer of his writing-desk, 'here is a singular and interesting sermon, in favor of civil liberty, as intimately united with christian faith; composed by citizen Cardinal Chiara-

"* *L'Avocat Patelin*" given on our stage, under the title of the "*Village Lawyer*," was played in France for half a century, before it was written down; and it varied according to the talent and and humour of the actors.—About a hundred years back, it was committed to paper, and arranged in its present form for the stage. The English farce is a most literal translation."

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monti, bishop of Imola; and addressed to the people of his diocese, in the Cisalpine government, in the year 1797. Speaking, however of the union of christianity and civil liberty, I allow that he goes beyond the line of mere constitutional principles, when he observes—‘*oui, mes chers frères, soyez tous Chrétiens, et vous serez d'excellens démocrates.*’ It was impossible not to smile at the simplicity and gravity, with which this was uttered; and I observed, ‘your citizen Cardinal has, I suppose, long since paid the forfeit of this imprudent profession of faith.’—‘No,’ replied the bishop gravely, ‘the sentiments of Christian faith, and paternal tenderness, which breathe through the whole of this excellent homily, (some exaggeration in terms and principles which belonged inevitably to that day of exaltation excepted,) have been carried by the excellent bishop of Imola, from his see in Cisalpine Gaul, to the throne of the Christian world; and the present successor of St. Peter is worthy of the high place he fills. The citizen Cardinal Chiaramonti is now the venerable Pope Pius VII.

“This most curious homily is now in my possession. It has for its title-page:—

“*Homélie du citoyen Cardinal Chiaramonti, Evêque D’Imola, actuellement Souverain Pontife, Pie VII ; adressée au peuple de son Diocèse, dans la République Cisalpine, le jour de la naissance de Jesus Christ, l’an 1797.—Imola, de l’imprimerie de la nation, an 6 de la liberté.—Ré-imprimée à Come, chez Charles Antoine Ostinelli, an 8. Et à Paris, chez Adrian Ergou, Imprimeur, 1814.*’

“The following passages are fair specimens of the style, in which this sermon is composed :

“*Je ne vous parlerai, ni de Sparte, ni d’Athènes. Je garderai le silence sur la fameuse législation de Lycurgue et de Solon—et même sur cette Carthage, la rivale de Rome. Nos réflexions et nos souvenirs se reportent plus convenablement sur l’antique république Romaine. Considérez, mes frères, les illustres citoyens, dont elle s’honora, et les moyens par lesquels ils s’assurèrent des droits à l’admiration. Rappellerai-je le courage de Mutius Scévola? de Curtius? des deux Scipions? de Torquatus? de Camille? et de tant d’autres, qui fleurirent à ces époques mémorables? Leurs éloges, tracés par une foule d’écrivains sont encore l’instruction de la postérité. Caton d’Utique, dont on a dit, que la gloire le poursuivoit, d’autant plus qu’il s’obstinoit à la fuir; Caton vous apprendra comment Rome étendit sa renommée, et recula les limites de sa république, &c. &c. &c.*

“*Que la Religion Catholique soit l’objet le plus cher de votre cœur, de votre piété, de toutes vos affections. Ne croyez par quelle choque la forme du gouvernement démocratique. En y vivant unis à votre divin Sauveur, vous pourrez concevoir une juste espérance de votre salut éternel; vous pourrez, en opérant votre bonheur temporel et celui de vos frères, opérer la gloire de la république et des autorités qui la régissent.*” Vol. ii. P. 336

But

But it time to bring our extracts to a close ; indeed, the length to which they have already extended, will, we fear, oblige us to abridge very considerably some remarks which we had intended to offer respecting the moral and political tendency of the work ; in which points of view, we hardly remember to have met with a much more objectionable performance. This is a charge which it is difficult to illustrate fully, by citing particular passages, for it is the general spirit in which the book is conceived that we complain of, much more than of any single sentiment. Our authoress seems to have a respect for nothing, except just what people of sober minds and moral principles condemn ; all her sympathies—and Lady Morgan (like all ladies of her way of thinking) is one of those who at times cannot contain herself for sympathy in favour of what ordinary people look upon with indignation and disgust. The cause of Bonaparte, and of the Jacobin party attached to him, she describes as “ the cause of virtue and freedom ;” Marshal Ney, because he was a traitor to his king, fell a victim to the *cowardly revenge* of Louis XVIII. ; while the gallant D’Eugheim, who was put to death, not for any acts which he had actually committed, but for those which he might have acquired power to commit, was sacrificed to a policy *which might or might not be necessary* ; for Lady Morgan is not able to determine. In perfect conformity with such a way of thinking upon subjects of political right and wrong, we find our authoress speaking of the adulterous mistresses of Voltaire and Rousseau, —women, who are only known to the world for having violated their duties—not merely without censure, but absolutely with enthusiasm ; designating their errors merely as a *Vertu de moins* ; at the same time, if the course of her narrative leads her to mention the names of Madame de Maintenon, or the Duchess D’Angoulême, or any others of the sex that happen to be celebrated for their piety and virtue, it is always with a sneer of contempt ; as if (what we are unwilling to suppose) Lady Morgan regarded purity in the sex as a *Vertu de trop*. It is the same with respect to religion ; neither its rites nor its ministers are even mentioned by her, except with ridicule ; indeed we know not that any passage in the whole work is more characteristic of the perverse taste of our authoress, than the following, in which we know not whether most to admire, the want of feeling which she displays, in deriding so beautiful an instance of the simple piety of the peasantry of the south ; or the confidence with which she affirms, in contradiction to common sense and authenticated facts, that the same peasantry, who retained so exalted a sense of religion, nevertheless held those by whom they had been taught it in abhorrence.

" Amidst all the absurdities, however, which during the revolution attended the temporary abolition of catholicism, it is most certain that it then received a shock, which in France can never, and will never be repaired. Among the peasant class, this shock has been more or less resisted, according to the force on which it had to act. In the *west* it was remotely felt. In *la Vendée*, where the three thousand nuns and priests, in their pontificals, had been seen in the rear of the royal army, raising the crucifix with the bayonet, and lighting the torch of civil contention, at the lamp of faith, catholicism still finds her altars unimpaired. In many parts of the *south* a simple, and primitive people, who have always substituted *habits* for *principles*, and presented a rich soil to fanaticism in the ardor of temperament, still cling to the religion, and superstition of their fathers. After the abolition of the priesthood, and when in these provinces there were no ministers to officiate, the peasantry were seen assembling in the dilapidated churches, and chaunted the office, and celebrated the mass, with as much faith and unction, as if they had been paid for their services, or looked to being rewarded with the produce of the *dîme*. It is however a singular fact, universally known, that while they thus devoutly clung to the *cross*, they professed abhorrence to its *ministers*, and dreaded the return of the *curés*, or *vicars*, who long before the revolution had forfeited all claim to their respect, by the undisguised profligacy of their lives, and had rendered themselves eminently obnoxious by their increasing exactions, under the sanction of the *dîme*." Vol. I. p. 84.

We shall now take our leave of Lady Morgan; and unless she has the good sense to correct her errors and adopt better principles, we cannot, if we would, take leave of her for ever. We have spoken of her faults with severity perhaps, but certainly not with intentional harshness; and we think we have done justice to what merit she possesses. Our authoress will probably think differently from us in this respect; but that cannot be helped; we sincerely wish we differed from Lady Morgan, or, more properly, that Lady Morgan differed from us in opinion upon no other subjects.

ART. V. *A Letter of Advice to his Grand-Children, Matthew, Gabriel, Anne, Mary, and Frances Hale. By Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice in the Reign of Charles II. Now first published.* 12mo. 184 pp. 4s. 6d. Taylor and Hessey. 1816.

THIS little work comes ushered into the world under the auspices of a name venerable in our courts of judicature almost beyond

beyond any other; and if it be really the production of the great and good man to whom it is ascribed, such a circumstance alone, independently of any consideration as to its intrinsic merits, would doubtless be sufficient to confer upon it a degree of interest, which, in a merely historical point of view, would not be inconsiderable. We confess, however, that after a sufficiently attentive perusal of it, and judging from internal evidence alone, we cannot help entertaining some doubts as to its authenticity. In saying this, we are very far from intending to prefer any charge of intentional imposition against the publishers of it; that they believe the little volume before us to be the genuine production of the Chief Justice, it would be uncandid to doubt; on the contrary, there is perhaps a greater call upon us to vindicate our scepticism, than upon them to justify their credulity. For we admit that the external evidence in favour of the authenticity of this little book of advice is such as would, generally speaking, be deemed sufficiently satisfactory. Though why the volume should be put forth into the world without either preface or advertisement, or the slightest notice of the circumstances under which the MS. has been preserved, is what we are not able to explain. The facts we take to be nearly as follows. Bishop Burnett, if we remember rightly, in his life of Sir Matthew Hale, states that such a work as that before us, from the pen of the Lord Chief Justice, was in existence, and mentions, we think, that the MS. was to be found in the library of Lincoln's Inn, where indeed, we believe, a manuscript answering to his description is still to be found. From this manuscript it may be presumed (though we have not been at the pains of making any particular enquiry) that the work which we are now noticing, is printed. If it be so, we think the fact ought to have been mentioned; and if it be not so, it would surely have been proper to inform the public from what sources the MS. was derived, and not expect them to take its genuineness for granted upon the mere authority of a title-page.

As the publishers, however, have not thought it necessary to give any history of the external evidence in proof of the authenticity of this little work, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of farther examining it; but proceed to state the reasons upon which our suspicions of it are founded, and these are altogether drawn from the internal evidence of the book itself; our readers will easily be able, from a consideration of our objections, to form an opinion for themselves. It is not our wish to lay any stress upon the general tone and character of the performance; to say that we think it less remarkable in respect to ability, than what we should have expected in a production from the pen of Sir Matthew Hale, is saying little; this would be at best a mere
matter

matter of opinion on our part, and even, if correct, yet it is plainly possible for a person to have very eminent talents as a judge, and yet be a very indifferent writer. Neither do we find our suspicions upon the total absence which the letter displays, of all those little probable allusions and traits of character, which might have been expected in a work of this nature, supposing it to be authentic; but rather upon the direct improbabilities and even anachronisms, which we fancy that we have observed in it.

The Judge tells us that his age at the time when he was writing was sixty-four; consequently it is evident that these grandchildren of his, must have been very nearly in their infancy at the time when this letter was addressed to them; and indeed so it is directly stated at one part of the letter.

"Therefore, as to the employment about which I now write (for as to other matters I have written before) until you come to eight years old, I expect no more of you than to be good English scholars, to read perfectly and distinctly any part of the Bible, or any other English book, and to carry yourselves respectfully and dutifully to those that are set over you.

"2. About eight years old you are to be put or sent to a grammar school, where I expect you should make a good progress in the Latin tongue, in oratory and poetry; but above all to be good proficient in the Latin tongue, that you may be able to read, understand and construe any Latin author, and to make true and handsome Latin.

Now how does this agree with what he had formerly said in his introductory chapter, when he tells his grand-children,

"That when, by the death of your father and mother, you were left unto the wide world wholly destitute, I took you in, have borne with your infirmities and troubles of your childhood, have maintained you creditably, have been studiously careful of your health, have provided convenient portions and subsistence for you all, have given you a becoming education, and would be glad to have you do as well as your hearts desire." P. 6.

Surely this is rather a strange way of speaking to children who are not yet eight years old. But improbabilities of this particular description are, in fact, so very frequent in the letter, that if we believe it to be really genuine, it will be necessary to suppose that the Chief Justice was desirous of amusing himself by writing a letter of good advice, for the benefit of young persons in general, and that addressing it to his grand-children was an after-thought. But even this solution will hardly apply to some parts of the volume; as for instance, to the 4th chapter, in which the Judge points at length, the characters of each of his grand-

grand-children by name, and warns them of the dangers incident to their respective constitutions. To take an example: who would suppose that the following was a description of "the constitution and complexion" of a little girl, possibly of three years old; for *some* of his characters must have belonged to children of that age; and they are all drawn precisely in the same style, and without any discriminating circumstances which would lead us to distinguish which description belonged to the eldest and which to the youngest among them.

"My grandchild Ann Hale is of a sanguine but melancholy complexion, and the latter of the two most prevalent: she hath a ready wit, great observation, strong memory, and good disposition, and therefore is capable of excellent impressions of goodness, piety, and virtue; but she hath a soft nature, apt to take things amiss or unkindly without any just cause; subject to melancholy and black thoughts, and I doubt easily inclinable to fall in love, and will be soon won upon (in relation to marriage) by flattery and fair pretences; she must not read melancholy books, or hear sad or tragical tales or stories; she must not see plays, read comedies, or love books or romances, nor hear nor learn ballads or idle songs, especially such as are wanton or concerning love-matters, for they will make too deep an impression upon her mind. The books that are fit for her learning and reading, are the holy Scriptures, the singing psalms, plain, practical divinity, to teach people how to live well, also books of housewifery, and such like.

"But controverted points in divinity, especially touching predestination and the like, as also divinity books full of terror, and touching reprobation and damnation, are subjects not fit for her reading; and generally such books upon soft minds do oftentimes much harm, or make desperate or dangerous impressions, or at best breed great disturbances in peoples' minds, and that I may say it once for all, the same books that I inhibit or forbid to her, I forbid also to the rest of my grandchildren." P. 30.

Again, we doubt very much whether, in the following account of the manner in which "young gentlewomen" spent the day in the age of Charles II., there are not several circumstances mentioned, which are by no means conformable to the style of manners which then prevailed; it would be needless to enter into a disquisition upon this subject, but, if we are not mistaken, the mere mention of Hyde Park, as a place of fashionable resort, is sufficient to discredit the authenticity of the work. We very strongly doubt whether Hyde Park existed as a Park, at the time when the work before us professes to have been written. It was not till the reign of Charles the Second, that the land which composes it came into possession of Hyde, the first Earl of Clarendon, from whom by some it is supposed to have derived its name; at all events, it is absolutely certain that it was

not till many years after the period which we are now upon, that it became, or could become, frequented by "young gentlewomen," for the purposes which the author, whoever he may have been, of this little book, appears to suppose.

"And now the world is altered: young gentlewomen learn to be bold, talk loud and more than comes to their share, think it disparagement for them to know what belongs to good housewifery, or to practise it: make it their business to paint or patch their faces, to curl their locks, and to find out the newest and costliest fashions. If they rise in the morning before ten of the clock, the morning is spent between the comb and the glass, and the box of patches; though they know not how to make provision for it themselves, they must have choice diet provided for them, and when they are ready, the next business is to come down, and sit in a rubbed parlour till dinner come in; and, after dinner, either to cards or to the Exchange, or to the play, or to Hyde Park, or to an impertinent visit; and after supper, either to a ball or to cards; and at this rate they spend their time, from one end of the year to the other; and at the same rate they spend their parent's or husband's money or estates in costly clothes, new fashions, chargeable entertainments: their home is their prison, and they are never at rest in it, unless they have gallants and splendid company to entertain." P. 116.

It will however perhaps be thought that the question as to the authenticity of the MS. from which the volume before us, was printed, is of no real importance; provided the advice which it contains be salutary and profitable, what matters it to the present generation from whom it comes? This is to a certain degree true; but less so than it may at first sight appear. The greater number of the questions that naturally come under consideration in a book of advice to young persons respecting their conduct in life, cannot be determined by the mere weight of argument; what profession they should choose, whom they should select as wives, how they should dress, what number of hours they should sleep, in what way fill up their leisure hours to most advantage. These and innumerable other points of the same nature, are in fact, to a very great degree, mere questions of opinion or experience; respecting which we might feel disposed to listen with deference to the authority of a man like Sir Matthew Hale, while we might possibly care but little for that of a person who had merely assumed his name. Take for example the following passage, in which is laid down what the author supposes to be the best system of academical education; if we suppose it to record the opinion of the wise and excellent person to whom this letter is ascribed, the advice thus implicitly given, whatever be its intrinsic merit, is historically interesting; but considered as the

the opinion of an unknown person, it possesses, in our estimation, no sort of value whatever.

“ After that age (sixteen) I shall either remove you to some university, or to some tutor that may instruct you in university learning, thus to be educated till you are about twenty years old; and herein I shall alter the ordinary method of tutors, upon great reason and observation.

“ I therefore will have you employed from sixteen to seventeen in reading some Latin authors to keep your Latin tongue; but principally and chiefly in arithmetic, and geometry, and geodesy or measuring of heights, distances, superficies and solids, for this will habituate and enlarge your understanding, and will furnish you with a knowledge which will be both delightful and useful all the days of your life: and will give you a pleasant and innocent diversion and entertainment when you are weary and tired with any other business.

“ From seventeen years old till nineteen or twenty, you may principally intend logic, natural philosophy, and metaphysics, according to the ordinary discipline of the university; but after you have read some systems or late topical or philosophical tracts that may give you some taste of the nature of those sciences, I shall advise your tutor to exercise you in Aristotle, for there is more sound learning kind to be found in him, touching those sciences, than in a cart load of modern authors; only tutors scarce take the pains to understand him themselves, much less to instruct their scholars and pupils in them, insonuch that there are few that have read his books.

“ And under the title of philosophy, I do not only intend his eight books of physics, but his books de Natura et Generatione Animalium, his books de Incestu Animalium, de Anima, de Meteoris, de Somno et Vigilia, de Morte, de Plantis, de Mundo, and his Mechanics, if you join thereunto Archimedes's.

“ These are part of real philosophy, and excellently handled by him, and have more of use and improvement of the mind than other notional speculations in logic or philosophy delivered by others; and the rather, because bare speculations and notions have little experience and external observation to confirm them, and they rarely fix the minds, especially of young men. But that part of philosophy that is real, may be improved and confirmed by daily observation; and is more stable, and yet more certain and delightful, and goes along with a man all his life, whatever employment or profession he undertakes.” P. 107.

In the sentence which we have thus pronounced against the genuineness of the volume before us, we consider ourselves as having in a great measure passed judgment upon the only value to which it might lay claim as a literary work; for as a composition

sition it is entitled to a very small degree of praise. It might, as we have before said, have possessed some interest, considered as the *sic cogitavit* of Sir Matthew Hale; but in any other point of view, it is to be praised chiefly for the good intentions with which it appears to have been written. The following extract from the chapter concerning the "Worship of God and Prayer," will convey a favourable specimen of the spirit in which the book is written; we should have been glad to have had it in our power to enforce the advice which it contains, by the authority of the venerable name inscribed upon the title page.

"First, therefore, every morning, as soon as you have put on your clothes and washed your face and hands, make your private prayer unto Almighty God, give him thanks for his protection of you the night past, and hath brought you to the morning, and desire him to bless you and direct you by his grace and providence that day, and to preserve you from the evils and dangers of it, and to keep you in obedience to him.

"Secondly, a little before you go to bed, make again your private prayers to God, returning him thanks for his protection, and for bringing you to the end of the day; desiring him to forgive you the sins and failings of the day, and beg his protection over you the night following.

"Always be attentive to your prayers, and keep your mind upon the business you are about, with all due seriousness and solemnness, without playing or staring about, or thinking of other matters; for you must remember that in prayer you are speaking to the great God of heaven and earth, that doth not only see and observe your outward carriage, but also the very thoughts of your hearts and minds.

"Thirdly, let your prayers be with great reverence of body and mind; and therefore, if your healths will permit it, perform this duty kneeling upon your knees; for though Almighty God doth principally regard the disposition and lowliness of the mind, yet he requires an humble posture of the body; and as a mind full of reverence to God will incline the body to an external reverence, so the reverence of the body will be a means to keep the mind in a frame and disposition of humility and reverence.

"Fourthly, always conclude your own prayers with the Lord's prayer; for though your own prayers may be short and defective, yet the Lord's prayer is full, and contains the substance of all that you need to ask, and so supply the defects of your own prayers; and besides it is a great assurance to you that what you ask in the Lord's prayer shall be granted, because the Son of God, that knew his Father's will, and what he would grant to them that ask, taught the world this prayer.

"Fifthly, at the end of the Lord's prayer, or before in your own prayer, pray to God to bless your friends and relations.

"The advantage you have by thus calling upon God every morning

morning and evening will be very great : 1. It will bring you into an humble acquaintance with the God of heaven, and a nearness to him. 2. It will be a great security to you against dangers and in them, for as much as you have implored his protection and defence, which is able to preserve you. 3. But if it should please God, that either by sickness, casualty, or sudden death, you should be taken out of the world, either by night or day, yet you are not surprised, nor taken unawares, having thus every night and every morning reconciled and commended yourselves to God. 4. It will make you watchful and circumspect in all your ways, that neither by day nor night you displease that God, whose grace and blessing you have so lately desired, and before whom you must again come within a few hours in humiliation and prayer.

“ That which commonly makes men run into sinful courses and continue in them, is their running away from the presence of God. And when men take evil courses, they are ashamed or afraid to pray to God. A serious calling upon God, morning and evening, keeps the mind in a temper of duty and obedience to God ; and if such a man fall into a sin, yet frequent access to God by prayer will be a means to restore him to his duty, and keep him from being hardened in a sinful way, for he is sure he is come to reckon with his Maker, if he come to pray to him. 5. But that which is most of all, the grace of God, shall never be denied to them that humbly and sincerely desire it ; and that grace is sufficient to preserve us from resting in sinful courses, though through temptation, or carelessness, or negligence, we may fall into sin.

“ And the reason why grace is never denied to them that ask it is, because it is well pleasing to God to grant it, and he never denies it to them that sincerely ask it. For it is a request that is always acceptable to him, and never unseasonable for the petitioner.

“ If a man ask wealth, his request may be denied him, for it is not necessary for a man to be rich, nay it may be pernicious and destructive to have his petition granted.

“ If any man ask honour or great place, his desire may be denied him ; for it is not necessary for him to be great, nay, it may be hurtful to him, it may make him proud, insolent, forgetful of that God that gives him the place, as we see it often falls out in the world.

“ Nay, health of body, or long life, though seemingly the most desirable things in the world, is not always granted to them that ask it. For it may be sickness of the body may heal a sick and disorderly mind, and bring it nearer to God. It may be a longer life may be full of great evils, that may be as bitter, nay worse than death : life or health, though they may be the best of outward blessings, yet may be so circumstantiated, that it may be an unseasonable desire. The grace and guidance of God to preserve us in our duty to him, and from sinning against him, is never unseasonable to any man, and therefore never denied when sincerely desired, and the reason why any man wants this grace of God

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thus to prevent and direct him, is, because he never sincerely desires it, or rejects it when offered unto him." P. 58.

ART. V. *Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay, in his Majesty's Ship Rosamond, containing some Account of the North-East Coast of America, &c. by Lieut. Edward Chappell, R. N.* 8vo. pp. 279. Mawman. 1817.

THE recent disputes, in which Lord Selkirk has borne so prominent a part, have called the attention of the public to the settlements of our countrymen on the shores of Hudson's Bay and the parts adjacent. The Company to whom a monopoly of the commerce arising from that portion of the globe, has been long secured, have, until now, carried on their operations so quietly, that scarcely a thought has ever been expended upon them. Since the discussions, however, which have taken place respecting the merits of the rival settlers, our view has naturally been directed to the parts in dispute; it is with satisfaction therefore, that we take up a volume, which may be expected to afford us all the information which we could desire.

Lieutenant Chappell is introduced to our notice by Dr. Clarke, the very able and intelligent traveller, to whom the University of Cambridge, much to their credit, have paid their debt of gratitude and respect, by electing him to the office of public librarian. Lieut. Chappell, being desirous of depositing his collection of dresses, weapons, &c. of the inhabitants of Hudson's Bay, in an appropriate place, requested Dr. Clarke to present them to the University Library. In consequence of this, a correspondence arose, in the course of which Dr. Clarke was entrusted with the perusal of the journal before us, and at his recommendation, it is now given to the public. In a short preface, drawn up by Dr. Clarke, it appears that Lieut. Chappell has been a partaker in many of our most distinguished naval engagements. In 1813, he was employed in protecting the fisheries upon the coast of Labrador; and in 1814, he made the voyage to the same part of the globe, of which the present volume is the narrative.

In May, 1814, our author proceeded, in his Majesty's ship Rosamond, to convoy the two ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, accompanied by a brig belonging to the Moravian Missionary Society, to the place of their destination. According to the constant rule of the Company, the ships broke ground on the

29th of May, and proceeded from the Nore to the Orkneys, where the inhabitants look for their arrival with great earnestness, as the *north-west men*, for so these ships are denominated, are no inconsiderable source of revenue to these islands. It is from hence that all the poultry, beef, vegetables, water, and other supplies for so long a voyage are derived, and here the ship continued for nearly a fortnight. On the 29th of June, they left the Orkneys, and proceeded on their voyage. The narrative of Lieut. Chappell is given in the form of a journal, which we consider to be the simplest and best form which can be adopted. It carries us along with the narrator, and gives a life and reality to every event which he records. Our author has prudently however, omitted the dry and uninteresting detail of the log-book, and has merely noted down those circumstances which throw a general light upon the course.

Lieut. Chappell remarks, with much justice, upon the very imperfect knowledge which we possess of the navigation of these very dangerous seas. As a proof of this, he mentions a disaster which had recently happened to the *Victorious*, a seventy-four gun ship, which they spoke with on the 23d of July. While in company with the *Horatio*, she had struck upon a rock, in latitude $66^{\circ} 21' N.$ longitude $53^{\circ} 47' W.$ entirely owing to a mistake of *four degrees* in laying down the Coast of Greenland, even in the *Admiralty charts*. Fortunately, however, she was got off the rock, though not without considerable damage. Lieut. Chappell appears unwilling that this ignorance of the north-west coasts should be attributed to the neglect of the Admiralty, though we must confess, that in our estimation, their conduct is very culpable. We are well aware, indeed, that little information can be collected from the Greenland mariners, whose observation of the places which they visit is so desultory, as scarcely to guide their own practice, much less to establish a line for the conduct of others. From the officers of the *Hudson's Bay Company*, more information might certainly be expected, but it appears that these gentlemen are especially desirous of withholding the knowledge which they possess, as a monopoly of local information is the surest safeguard of a monopoly of trade. The Company themselves, as Lieut. Chappell informs us, from conversations which he held with their officers, issue the strictest injunctions to all whom they employ, that they take especial care to conceal all papers and documents which may tend to throw a light upon the Company's fur trade. Accordingly, when in Hudson's Straits, the *Rosamond* was piloted by a chart belonging to the chief mate of a ship belonging to the Company, who was highly offended at an attempt made by the master of the

the *Rosamond* to take a copy of it. Now surely, in return for the protection which they afford to the Company, and to their trade, the Admiralty are bound to exact from them every tittle of information which they possess. It would be but a sorry excuse for the ignorance and blunders by which a seventy-four and her crew might be lost, that the Hudson's Bay Company, whom she was sent out to protect, chose to withhold the information essential to her safety. Under these circumstances, we think that Lieut. Chappell has done a service to his country, in communicating the soundings and other nautical information, which we find in the volume before us.

As the *Rosamond* approached Cape Resolution, the *icebergs*, or solid mountains of ice, began to appear; and, as she entered the Straits, the prospect increased in gloom. The black and craggy mountains, which were visible only towards their bases, their snowy summits being lost in the thickness of the atmosphere, the floating mountains of ice, through which they were to steer, and the fogs with which they were often enveloped, when combined with the piercing cold which they suffered, must have given them a sensation truly terrific. From this they were sometimes relieved by the brilliancy of the setting sun. It is worthy of remark, that in this climate, though it glitters to the eye, and throws a golden tint upon the water, yet it may be viewed without any feeling either of dazzling or pain to the eye; and that so far from diffusing any warmth by its brilliancy, that it appears almost to increase the intensity of the cold. The spectacle, however, from the reflection of the snow on the mountains, and from the shining forms of the *icebergs*, must have been magnificent.

After having passed through a sea which presented the appearance of a continued patch of broken ice, they were hailed by the Esquimaux, who anxiously await the approach of these ships, and immediately push off their canoes to meet them. Their arrival, indeed, constitutes a sort of annual fair for the sale of dresses, spears, &c. which they eagerly barter for pieces of metal, knives, needles, and other articles of the same kind.

Very erroneous notions have been formed of the appearance and manners of the Esquimaux, which have been chiefly taken from the Abbé Raynal. We are apt to imagine them a sort of *homo naturæ*, figures, not above four feet high—with enormous heads—without hair or beard. In all these points the Abbé is completely mistaken, as he also is in representing the whole shore of Hudson's Bay being peopled with the Esquimaux, whereas the greater part is occupied by various tribes of the hunting Indians, who are their bitterest enemies. To shew the fallacy of the Abbé's account, we will present to our readers the

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description which Lieut. Chappell has given us of these extraordinary people, from his own personal observation.

“ The male *Esquimaux* have rather a prepossessing physiognomy, but with very high cheek-bones, broad foreheads, and small eyes, rather farther apart than those of an *European*: the corners of their eyelids are drawn together so close, that none of the white is to be seen; their mouths are wide, and their teeth white and regular: the complexion is a dusky yellow, but some of the young women have a little colour bursting through this dark tint: the noses of the men are rather flattened, but those of the women are sometimes even prominent. The males are, generally speaking, between five feet five inches and five feet eight inches high; bony, and broad shouldered; but do not appear to possess much muscular strength. The flesh of all the *Esquimaux* feels soft and flabby, which may be attributed to the nature of their food. But the most surprising peculiarity of this people is the smallness of their hands and feet; which is not occasioned, as in *China*, by compression, nor by any other artificial means, as their boots and gloves are made large, and of soft seals'-skin. To their continual employment in canoes on the water, and to the sitting posture they are thus obliged to preserve, perhaps their diminutive feet might be ascribed: but when we reflect on the laborious life they must necessarily lead, and yet find that their hands are equally small with their feet, it will naturally lead us to the conclusion, that the same intense cold which restricts vegetation to the forms of creeping shrubs has also its effect upon the growth of mankind, preventing the extremities from attaining their due proportion.

“ The chin, cheek-bones, and forehead, among the women, are tattooed; and this operation is performed among the *Esquimaux* by pricking through the skin with some sharp instrument, and rubbing ashes into the wound: as the marks are not deep, their appearance is not disagreeable. I imagine that the tattooing does not take place until the females arrive at the age of puberty, because the youngest girls were without any such marks. None of the men undergo the operation; but they have a few straggling hairs on the chin and upper lip, while the women carefully remove them from every part of the body, excepting the head, where they have a lock on each temple, neatly braided, and bound with a thong of hide. On the back of the head, the hair is turned up, much after the fashion of the *English* ladies. I hope the latter will not be offended at the comparison.

“ After having gone so far in a description of their persons, perhaps their diet ought not to be overlooked; because it has been before noticed, that the relaxed state of their flesh, and the sallow hue of their complexions, may in a great measure be ascribed to the nature of their food. As they seem to devour every thing raw, it has been conjectured that they are unacquainted with the use of fire; but this is not true. I observed, near one of their huts,

huts, a circle of loose stones, containing the ashes of a recently extinguished fire, and a stone kettle standing upon it *: also, in a hut, I saw a pan of vegetables, resembling spinach, which had been boiled into the consistency of paste †. Yet, after all, it is no less certain that an *Esquimaux* prefers all flesh raw. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that the Commander of the *Eddystone*, a *Hudson's-Bay* ship, having shot a sea-gull, an *Indian* made signs that he wished for the bird: immediately on receiving it, he sucked away the blood that flowed from its mouth; then, hastily plucking off the feathers, he instantly dispatched the body, entrails, &c. with the most surprising voracity. The knowledge which the *Esquimaux* possess of the use of fire, is observable in the ingenuity with which they transform iron nails, hoops, &c. into heads for their arrows, spears, and harpoons. May not their fondness for raw flesh have arisen from the *scarcity of fuel*? There was not a bit of wood to be found on that part of the coast where I landed.

“ We made many attempts to induce the natives to partake of our food. At breakfast, we placed an *Esquimaux* at table, and offered him every species of food that the ship could afford. He tasted every thing; but, with a broad laugh, he was sure to eject whatsoever he tasted, over our plates and upon the table-cloth. The only thing they could be induced to swallow was a piece of hog's lard; and of this they all partook with avidity. Above all, they appeared to have the greatest aversion for sugar and salt.

“ In their dealings, they manifested a strange mixture of honesty and fraud. At one moment I observed an *Esquimaux* striving, with all his might, to convey into a sailor's hands the article for which he had already received his equivalent; and, in ten minutes afterwards, I detected the same man in an endeavour to cut the hinder buttons from my own coat. They value *metals* more than any other article of barter, and *iron* most of all. As a specimen of the relative articles of traffic, I shall briefly insert the prices which I paid for some little curiosities; viz.

- A seal's-skin hooded frock, quite new, for a knife.
- A seal's skin pair of breeches needle.
- Seal's-skin boots saw.
- A pair of wooden spectacles, or rather shades, used by the *Esquimaux* to defend their eyes against the dazzling reflection of the sun from the ice } one bullet.
- A pair of white feather gloves two buttons.
- A fishing lance or spear file.” P. 58.

* “ Mr. *Hearne*, in his Journey to the Mouth of the *Coppermine River*, observes, that the *Esquimaux*, on the sea coast to the northward, used kettles made of *lapis ollaris*.”

† “ It was probably *Sea-Weed*; a kind of food eaten as a stew, or soup, by the natives of the Isle of *St. Kilda*, in the *Hebrides*.”

The method of appropriation is by licking the article in question, which they immediately deposit in their boot, for this, as with the Cossacks at present, is the principal depository of all valuable articles. They appear very unwilling that the Europeans should penetrate the interior of their country, and they actually refused to conduct a party which landed, beyond a certain boundary. Like other barbarous nations, they are peculiarly attached to their bows and arrows, which they would not barter upon any consideration. Our author contrived, however, to bring a few of them to England, which were headed with flint, and exactly resemble the arrow-heads found in the tomb of the Athenians on the plain of Marathon. Though not in general of a cruel turn of mind, they have one barbarous custom, which might originate rather in superstitious observation, than a blood-thirsty disposition. If the first-born child dies before it has reached a certain age, the mother is immediately immolated. This may perhaps account for the health and strength of their children, as there is scarcely a sickly or a deformed child to be found among them. The Hudson's Bay Company issue orders to their officers never to attempt a landing, especially as the Esquimaux are so very desirous of concealing their habitations. Lieut. Chappell and his party were the first Europeans indeed, who for the last forty years had actually visited their habitations. Soon after this visit, the Rosamond proceeded on her voyage up the Straits, of which a better description cannot be given than in the author's own words.

" AUGUST 5th.—This morning forcing our way with difficulty through the ocean of ice that surrounded us; at length, being enveloped in a thick fog, and the wind dying away, we lashed our ship to a large piece of ice; and firing three guns as a signal for our convoy to do the same, we were astonished at the effect produced by the cannon. The explosion issued like thunder over the ice; then appeared to roll rumbling back towards the ship; bellowing forth again in tremendous peals. The echo died away in distant reverberation.

" Shortly afterwards, we imagined that we could distinguish the sound of voices through the fog: we immediately beat the drum, to point out our situation; and, in a few minutes, we plainly heard the shouting of the *Esquimaux*: they soon came along side the ship, with the usual expressions of delight. It is really surprising that this people should venture so far from the land, in such frail barks, through a mass of ice which is enough to daunt an *European*, even in a stout-built ship.

" The fog clearing away, we cast the ship loose, and endeavoured to force our way forward among the ice; until, from its increasing consolidation, we were again obliged to lash to a large piece of it.

This

This operation is called *grappling*; and it is performed by running the vessel alongside of the piece of ice to which it is intended to make her fast: two men then leap on the ice: the one runs, with a sort of pickaxe, to dig a hole in it, using the precaution to stand with his back to the ship; and the other man follows the first, with a serpent-like iron on his back, having a strong rope affixed to one end of it: this serpent (or ice-anchor, as it is termed) is hooked into the hole on the ice, and the rope is fastened on board the ship. Other ice-anchors and ropes are then hooked to different parts of the piece of ice; and the number of ropes is varied according to the state of the weather. In a gale of wind, we had generally five anchors a-head; and with a moderate breeze, not more than two. The whole manœuvre of grappling is generally accomplished in five minutes; and although the ship be lashed to windward of a clump of ice, yet the action of the wind on a vessel's masts, yards, &c. turns the ice round, and she will consequently soon be under the lee of it, with water as smooth as a mill-pond.

"We were employed this evening in filling our casks from a pool of snow-water on the ice; and our people were highly diverted with running upon it, leaping, playing at foot ball, and shooting at seals. At length, four of the seamen were so imprudent as to venture on a sort of peninsula which projected from the main body of the ice; when the isthmus instantly gave way, leaving them adrift on a small piece that was barely sufficient to sustain their weight. It was long after night-fall, and with the utmost exertion and difficulty, that we succeeded in getting them safe on board again, by help of a boat.

"AUGUST 6th.—In the middle of the night, the prospect from the ship was one of the most awful and sublime that I ever remember having witnessed, during a life spent entirely upon the ocean: and I regret no language of mine can give an adequate idea of the grandeur of the scene. As far as the eye could reach, a vast alabaster pavement overspread the surface of the sea, whose dark blue waters could only be seen at intervals, where parts of the pavement appeared to have been convulsively torn up, and heaped upon each other in ruined fragments. The snow-white surface of this immense plain formed a most striking contrast to the deep black clouds of a stormy night; through which, uninterrupted flashes of forked lightning succeeded each other with great rapidity, as if intending, by their fiery glare, to shew to us the horrors of our situation, and then to magnify them by leaving us in utter darkness. Add to this, the reiterated peals of thunder that burst forth, in a thousand roaring echoes, over the surrounding ice; also the heavy plashing of the rain, which poured down in torrents; the distant growling of affrighted bears, the screams of sea-birds, and the loud whistling of the wind;—the whole forming a midnight prospect which I would have gone any distance to see; but having once beheld never wish to witness again." P. 120.

Soon after this visit to the Esquimaux, the *Rosamond* entered the Bay itself, which was discovered in 1611, by the heroic Hudson, whose name it now bears, during a vain attempt to find out a north-west passage. In this very Bay he was set adrift by his crew, who from long hardship and repeated disappointment, were become mutinous, and was heard of no more. The Hudson's Bay Company have six factories established at the mouths of the principal rivers, which discharge themselves into the Bay, the northernmost of which is *Churchill*, in latitude $58^{\circ} 50' N$. In 1782, considerable devastation among them was made by the French, under la Perouse, in revenge as it appears, from the following anecdote, for the disappointment which he sustained in being unable to lay hold of the Company's ships.

“ *Perouse* entered *Hudson's Bay* in 1782, having under his command a line-of battle ship and two large frigates. With this force he of course insured the capture of the annual ships, together with their rich cargo of furs, oil, &c.; and as the escape of the three ships does high honour to the skill and intrepidity of their commanders, it is well worthy of notice. The ship which was bound to *Churchill*, was commanded by Captain *Christopher*; and the *French* admiral fell in with her at sea, just previous to her arrival at that place. A frigate was immediately dispatched in pursuit; but the night drawing on apace, Captain *Christopher* resolved on a bold manœuvre, which he accordingly carried into execution with great success. Perceiving that the *Frenchman* was ignorant of the coast, and, by his following the *English* ship, that he was determined to govern his own vessel by her motions,—whereby he hoped to avoid all danger, and in the end secure his prize,—Captain *Christopher* sent his men aloft, and furled his sails, pretending to come to an anchor. The enemy immediately conjectured that it would be dangerous for him to proceed farther; therefore he directly brought his frigate to anchor in reality. Captain *Christopher* rejoiced that his deception had so far succeeded to his wishes; and he made sail to sea with the greatest dispatch. Night coming on, and the *Frenchman* being a long time in getting up his anchor, the *Englishman* was soon out of sight, and escaped in safety to the northward. Fired with this disappointment, *Perouse* burnt the factory; and proceeded to *York*, to secure the other ship, then lying at that place, under the command of Captain *Fowler*. As there was not depth of water sufficient for his ships to enter *York*, he anchored in *Nelson River*, and made every disposition for an attack upon the ship and factory by the dawn of the next day; but, to his utter mortification, he found in the morning that the bird had taken wing;—for Captain *Fowler* had perceived three large ships at anchor in *Nelson River* the evening before, and, wisely conjecturing that they could have no good intentions towards him, put to sea during the night. *Perouse* dispatched a fast-sailing frigate in search of him, which

soon

soon had sight of the runaway; but Captain *Fowler* finding the *Frenchman* to have much superiority in point of speed, tacked about, and stood in for the land to the south of *York*, hoping thereby to entice the *Frenchman* into shallow water: the enemy, however, discovering his design, and fearing lest, in further pursuit, he might incur the risk of shipwreck, put off to sea; and Captain *Fowler* pursued his voyage to *England* in safety. The season was too far advanced to attempt any other exploit; and having therefore burnt the factory at *York*, *Perouse* returned to *Europe*; highly chagrined, no doubt, at being thus foiled by a pair of *English* sailors, and at having failed of success in the principal aim of his expedition. As there are many shoals and dangerous rocks in *James' Bay* *, he did not think fit to send a ship to destroy the southern settlements: and to the credit of this unfortunate navigator, I must state, that he publicly averred, if he had been aware of the factories being the property of individuals, he would assuredly have quitted them without molestation. It is remarkable that the Bay ship (as she is called) got safe to *Moose Factory*, and returned to *England*, without being at all aware how very narrowly she must have escaped falling into the hands of the enemy." P. 147.

Attempts have been made by the Company, at two several times, to settle permanent white fisheries at *Richmond Bay*, on the Coast of the *Esquimaux*, but both of these had so disastrous a termination, as to promise no better success for the future. The exports of the Company are rated at about 16,000*l.* while the commodities which they bring home, amount to about 29,340*l.* being chiefly furs and skins, which, when manufactured, afford us a lucrative trade with the Continent. The exports, on the contrary, consist generally of such goods as are drugs upon the market; a double advantage is therefore reaped by the country from their trade with these Indian nations.

The volume before us will be found to afford a simple and accurate detail of all that can interest the reader, in the manners, customs, productions, and climate of these north-west colonies, and what is of more importance, will throw light upon the navigation of those seas, which, from the little we know of their soundings, &c. are justly considered as so extremely dangerous.

* " This is the denomination of the bottom of *Hudson's Bay* to the southward of *Cape Henrietta Maria*."

ART. VII. *The New Testament, first published by the English College at Rheims, in 1582, with Annotations, &c. Corrected and revised, and approved of by the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, R. C. Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin; Coyne. London; Keating, Browne, and Keating. 1816.*

THE more rational and moderate advocates of Catholic Emancipation, have always supported the measure upon the grounds of union and conciliation. Professing their unwillingness to give the Catholics a preponderance, either in the legislature, or in the executive government, they have always maintained, that a proportionate share in both these departments would secure their attachment to the whole. They have even argued, that the Protestants themselves would find a considerable advantage in the measure, as, by such a concession, the natural foes of a Protestant Establishment, would be converted into its friends, the heart-burnings of jealousy, would subside into the most cordial attachment, and the jarring of discordant interests, would be lost in a feeling of mutual co-operation and mutual defence.

We are sorry to dissipate so pleasing a prospect, by only one simple observation, that with no other Church, will the Church of Rome, either in spirituals or in temporals, even for a season, unite. They are incapable of a concurrent jurisdiction. The experiment has been often tried, and has as often failed. Even in Canada, where the strong arm of power binds them together in apparent connection, the union both of feeling and of interest is as distant as ever; and were the external bond for one moment removed, open and active hostility would immediately ensue. Not that we are hence to infer, that both Churches are equally in fault. The tolerance of the Church of England is such, that its enemies cannot accuse it; the intolerance of the Church of Rome is such, that its friends cannot defend it. By the Church of England, the principle of persecution is abhorred, by the Church of Rome it is acknowledged; and although by her advocates it may be kept out of sight, to suit the convenience of the moment, yet never has the principle been abandoned, or its practice forgotten. Never, in the records of ages, had the Church of Rome mercy, where it had power; and in proportion as the latter has increased, the semblance of the former has uniformly been diminished.

The best practical proof of the truth of these observations, will be found in the conduct and temper of the Irish Catholics, at the present crisis. We could wish that the temperate advocates for Emancipation, would withdraw their minds from theories, however fascinating, and give some portion of their
attention

attention to events which are now passing before their eyes. They would then observe, that in proportion to the increase of charity and conciliation on the one side, there has been an increase of violence and bigotry on the other. It is generally believed, and especially by the Catholics themselves, that the season of Emancipation is fast approaching, and that in another session of parliament, their claims may be conceded. Now what has been the effect of this belief? Not to harmonize, but to divide; not to conciliate, but rather to exasperate. In proportion as a Protestant government have retreated, the Catholic population has advanced; the spirit of concession, on the one side, has been met by the spirit of hostility on the other; and the tone of temperate petition, has risen into the language of imperious demand.

Another favourite argument of the moderate Emancipationists is, that the Church of Rome has now so far abandoned all her bigoted and persecuting dogmas, as to easily unite, with her rival Church, in the joint possession of political power. If other proofs were wanting of the hopeless fallacy of such an argument, the volume before us would work conviction in the mind of every candid and unprejudiced man. It is an edition of the Holy Scriptures; those Scriptures, which even the Church of Rome acknowledges to be the word of life; those Scriptures, which when interpreted according to her own tradition, she holds forth to her children, as the rule of faith and the rule of action. Such then is the volume before us; it unites, at once, Scripture and tradition; Scripture in the text, tradition in the notes. It has the sanction and approbation of Dr. Troy the Archbishop of Dublin, and all the other Roman Catholic Bishops; it is ushered into the world under their names, and by their authority, as a preceptor and guide to the Catholic population of Ireland. The Romish Church are not now to be accused of shutting up to her children the word of life; here it is expanded before them, freely circulated, and freely to be believed.

Of the text we shall at present say nothing, of the notes we shall only observe, that with every good Catholic they are of the same authority with the text, as they speak the language of the one infallible Church. But even if they were not to be considered as of the same unerring original, they would still have a moral authority, almost the same, since to all the lower classes, and to many of the higher, who are incapable of judging for themselves, Scripture is, as it is interpreted.

In the annotations, thus authorized, we find some doctrines inculcated upon the Catholic population of Ireland, which will make even an Emancipationist to tremble. They are taught to believe,

believe that "Protestants are heretics and schismatics*." "The bane and disease of their time †." That "all the definitions and marks of a heretic fall upon them ‡." That "the Church of God calling the Protestants' doctrine, heresy, in the worst part that can be, and in the worst sort that ever was, doth rightly and most justly §." That "the Church Service of England, being in heresy and schism, is, therefore, not only unprofitable, but damnable §." That as the Jewish Temple was made a den of thieves, the Church, or the "House appointed for the holy sacrifice and sacrament, is now much more made a den of thieves, as it is made a den for the ministers of Calvin's breed." And, that, if our divine Redeemer "could not abide to see the Temple of God profaned by the secular business of money-changers, he can much less abide the profaning of the Church, now, with heretical service, and preaching of heresy and blasphemy ¶." That "THE PRAYER OF A PROTESTANT CANNOT BE HEARD BY HEAVEN **."

Such is the spirit of conciliation towards their Protestant fellow-subjects, which is infused into the minds of the Irish Catholics, on the eve of an expected Emancipation. The advocates of the measure, however, may, perhaps, consider such expressions as these, to be the language only of polemical theology; be this as it may, the eve of universal harmony and conciliation is rather a strange time for such sort of polemics. But we have, as yet, selected only the milder specimens of Catholic affection to their Protestant brethren. The population of Ireland are informed,

"That the speeches, preachings, and writings of Protestants, are pestiferous, contagious, and creeping like a cancer, and, therefore, never to be heard, or read, by Christian men." 1 Tim. iii. 12. "That as the devil, acknowledging the Son of God, was bid to hold his peace; so neither heretics sermons must be heard, no, not though they preach the truth; so it is of their prayers and service, which being never so good in itself, is not acceptable to God, out of their mouths, yea it is no better than the howling of wolves." Mark iii. 12.

In the preface we are told,

"That a Christian is bound to BURN AND DEFACE all heretical books:" i. e. Protestant Bibles and Prayer Books."

And, again, that the hatred attached to the books themselves,

* "2 John, 10." † "John xiv. 28." ‡ "Tit. iii 10."

§ "Acts xxviii. 22."

§ "Acts x. 9."

¶ "Mark xi. 16, 17."

** "John xv. 7."

is to be transferred to the persons of their publishers, for we read,

“ That the translators of the English Protestant Bible, ought to be abhorred to the depths of hell.” Heb. v. 7.

But not only are the memories of the dead to be held in detestation, but the same abhorrence is to be extended to the persons of the living. The Catholics are enjoined,

“ To ABHOR those new Manichees of our times, both Lutherans and Calvinists.” Acts ii. 23.

We shall pass over the various passages in which Protestants are consigned to eternal damnation, from which it is asserted, even martyrdom in heathen countries will not preserve them; and shall direct the attention of our readers, to injunctions of a more practical tendency. The Irish Catholics are informed,

“ That when Rome puts heretics (i. e. Protestants) TO DEATH, and ALLOWS THEIR PUNISHMENT IN OTHER COUNTRIES, their blood is not called the blood of Saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors, for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no common-wealth shall answer.” Rev. xvii. 6.—xxii. 18.

“ That though the Son of God rebuked his disciples, for proposing to invoke fire from heaven, against the Samaritans, as Elias had done, yet that Elias’s act was not reprehended, nor the Church, nor Christian princes blamed for putting heretics to death.” Luke ix. 55.

“ If St. Paul appealed to Cæsar, not yet christened, how much more may *we*, call for aid of Christian princes for the punishment of heretics.” Acts xxv. 11.

We would now put it fairly to the conscience of every candid advocate of Emancipation, whether all the persecuting dogmas, which the Church of Rome, ever held in the plenitude of her power, are not revived, to the utmost extent; and revived, at a time, when a revival also of its power is confidently expected. We find in another place,

“ That the zeal of a Catholic man ought to be so great toward all Heretics and their doctrines, that he should give them the curse—the execration—the anathema—though they were never so dear to him—THOUGH THEY WERE HIS PARENTS.”

Such is a precept issued forth under the authority of the Gospel and the sanction of the Catholic Church, which every Christian reader must shudder as he reads. Let the advocates of emancipation remember, that these are not the anathemas of forgotten

forgotten councils, nor the lumber of dark ages, but injunctions issued under the authority of the Catholic Hierarchy, and a code promulgated in the enlightened days of 1816. To an union even in temporals with their Protestant brethren the Catholic bishops will by no means consent, but they carefully guard their flocks against the infection even of secular intercourse. We know not which to admire most, the casuistry or the charity of the following instruction.

“ Though in such times and places where the community or most part are infected (*as in Ireland at present*) necessity often forces the faithful to converse with such in worldly affairs, to salute them, to eat, and speak with them, and the Church, by decree of council, for the more quietness of timorous consciences, provides that they incur not excommunicatiion or other censures for communicating in worldly affairs with any in this kind, except they be by name excommunicated or declared to be Heretics, yet even in worldly conversation and secular acts of our life, *we must avoid them as much as we may*, because this familiarity is many ways contagious and noisome to good men.” 2 John 10.

Such then is the line of conduct to be pursued by the Catholics towards their Protestant fellow subjects for the present; until an increase of political power shall have given them the means of pursuing more decisive measures. What those measures are to be the following annotations will shew.

“ The Good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it cannot be redressed without danger or disturbance of the whole Church, and commit the matter to God’s judgment in the latter day: *otherwise*, where evil men, be they heretics, or other malefactors may be punished and suppressed, without disturbance and hazard of the good, they MAY AND OUGHT BY PUBLIC AUTHORITY EITHER SPIRITUAL OR TEMPORAL TO BE CHASTISED OR EXECUTED.” Matt. xiii. 29.

“ All wise men see, or shall see the deceits of all Heretics, though for troubling the state of such commonwealths, where unluckily they have received, they cannot be so suddenly EXTIRPATED.” 2 Tim. iii. 9.

Thus then the toleration of Protestants is reduced to a mere matter of prudence, not of principle. The work of EXTIRPATION must not be too suddenly attempted; the noxious weeds are to be permitted to grow, till the Church shall be possessed of sufficient authority to eradicate them from the soil. The claims of the Catholics to exclusive possession both of spirituals and of the accompanying temporals, are boldly urged in the perverted language of Tertullian.

“ Who

“ Who are you? and from whence came you? What do ye in *my* possession? Why do ye sow and seed for your companions at your pleasure? It is *my* possession. I am heir of the Apostles. I hold the possession as they provided by their Testament, as they committed it to my credit, and as they adjured me. You they disinherited always, and cast you off as enemies.” Preface.

Pretty practical polemics these, and leading to most practical conclusions. Such are the principles respecting which the Earl of Donoughmore, in his letter to the Cork Roman Catholics, dated Sept. 3, 1817, has declared, that “ he has grappled with misrepresentation, and not entirely failed in making the Catholic religion and the character of its ministers stand erect in that house of which he is a member.” With the personal character of Dr. Troy we have nothing to do. We content ourselves with laying before the public the principles which are now sanctioned both by himself and his titular brethren, and are proclaimed in the Roman Catholic Bible in Ireland. These intolerant and persecuting principles were put down by a British Parliament at the Revolution, and we trust that the influence of no party will ever again cause them to “ stand erect” in the British legislature. The public will now be enabled to judge whether these principles were misrepresented by the distinguished prelate to whom Lord Donoughmore alludes, or whether his lordship was justified in the manly opposition with which he met their patrons and panegyrists.

What will the two honourable Baronets, who in a late debate so stoutly vindicated the principles of the Irish Romanists, advance in defence of the annotations to this Catholic Bible. One of them, Sir H. Parnell (as we are informed by the public prints) “ gave much credit to the Catholic priesthood for their *liberality* in circulating the Bible,” and added, “ that they taught nothing that was not deserving of being obeyed.” The honourable Baronet, when he made this assertion, had surely never read this Bible himself, or supposed that it would never be read by the British public. The other, Sir J. C. Hippisley, will find that the Irish Catholics are more deeply imbued with Transalpine principles, than he is at present aware.

In bringing such doctrines and precepts before the view of the British public, we perform a painful, but an imperious duty. Let the advocates of emancipation remember that these were the principles, which when embodied with the authority of the state, animated the sanguinary persecution of Mary; and it may be worthy of their remark, that the arguments enumerated by Bishop Burnet, as used by the Popish persecutors of that reign, are precisely those which are now circulated in Ireland under the cover of the scriptures, and the authority of Dr. Troy. Let the British

tish Parliament remember that to them are entrusted the liberty, the property, and the lives of all their fellow-subjects; let them ponder therefore, before it be too late, upon the danger of arming the professors and propagators of such principles with political power, let them not forget that they are answerable for the consequences which such principles may produce, if the civil sword of Ireland shall be subject to Popish direction. The terror of a Catholic executive, backed up by the numerical majority of a Catholic population, is not a mere phantom. The Protestants in Ireland have, in the sad experience of more than one rebellion, witnessed its reality, and they look forward with trembling to the moment when a British Parliament shall legalize its existence. What the principles are which animate the priesthood, and pervade the population which is wholly under their controul, the volume before us has unequivocally declared. The warning has been given in terms neither equivocal nor obscure.

“ Quater ipso in limine portæ
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.
Instamus tamen immemres, cæcique furore,
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.”

We have given our readers a specimen only of the notes which this authorised version of the Catholic scripture contains. Hundreds more might be produced of a tendency full as inimical to the Protestant interest, and to the Protestant government. The volume itself is a republication, or rather a revision of the celebrated Rheimish Bible, those passages having been *altered* which more particularly applied to the times in which it was written. Now though the notes which we have cited from, speak a tolerably plain language; our readers may form a more correct judgment of the scope and tendency of the work, after a brief view of the character of the seminary from whence it originally proceeded, and of the persons by whom it was contrived, and also, of the circumstances under which it was written.

The Popish priests who, after the death of Queen Mary, fled from England to the Netherlands, and being no longer able to persecute their protestant countrymen at home, fulminated against them from abroad, were assembled at Douay, A. D. 1568, “ by the procurement” (says Camden) “ of Wm. Allen, an Oxford man.” Here they founded a college, under the patronage of the mortal enemy of England, the bigotted Philip the Second of Spain. About ten years afterward, they were removed to Rheims, under the patronage of the Guises, whose massacres have been recorded in history in letters of blood. About this period, and soon after, similar foundations were established in
different

different parts of the Continent: at Rome, by Gregory XIII: at Valladolid, St. Omers, &c. &c. by Philip II. for the alleged purpose, principally, of supplying Popish priests to succeed the old and decaying stock in England, and "to sow the seeds of the Roman religion" in this country. For this reason, they were called *Seminaries*; and the priests who were educated in them, were called *Seminary Priests*.

All the authentic historians of that melancholy period, agree in representing the doctrines maintained in those seminaries, to be the most dangerous that have ever disgraced the popish system. The pope's power of excommunicating protestant princes; and the consequent duty of insurrection against those princes; the obligation of Romanists to extirpate heretics by fire and sword; the virtues of conspiracy against Protestant Governments, and of the assassination of the most powerful and leading Protestants; all such principles were taught in these seminaries, and recommended by their Doctors from the press. It farther appears from history, that they, who, amongst the bigotted Doctors at Rheims, were pre-eminent in bigotry, were engaged in contriving that dangerous perversion of the Sacred Scriptures, which is called the *Rheimish Testament*; and which a popish titular archbishop *now* thinks fit to sanction, and to circulate in the united kingdom, and especially in that part of it, where the publication is particularly calculated to produce the most injurious consequences.

Caunden states, in that part of his history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which treats of the year 1584, that

"A horrid piece of Popish malice against the Queen, then discover'd itself." That books were circulated in which "the Queen's gentlewomen were exhorted to act the like against the Queen, as Judith had done with applause and commendations, against Holofernes." And that "the suspicion lighted upon *Gregory Martin*" as the author: that "Carter, the bookseller who procured them to be printed, was executed."

It appears from other evidence, that the general suspicion entertained of Gregory Martin being the author of the book exhorting to assassination, was well founded.

The authentic testimonies concerning that period, agree in proving the correctness of the following statement by Foulis:

"The better to procure her" (the Queen's) "ruin; there was a little book composed, and called a treatise of Schism, which amongst other things, exhorted the women at Court, to act the same against the Queen, as Judith had done, with commendations, against Holofernes. The author of this pernicious pamphlet was
one

one Gregory Martin, formerly of St. John's College, Oxford. He died at Rheims in 1582.

" In London now (1584) lived one Carter chief printer for the Romanists, keeping two presses at their devotion. *He gets this book commended by ALLEN, and prints above a thousand; for which he is tried, &c. &c. condemned and executed. He hath the honor to be registered amongst their Martyrs *.*"

But the following account from SPEED, confirmed as it is, by other records and circumstances of the period it refers to, is decisive of Dr. Allen's character. POPE SIXTUS V. having confirmed the excommunications issued against Queen Elizabeth by his two predecessors,

" For the final dispossession of her Majesty, ordained his Catholic Son, Philip of Spain, commanding all her subjects, upon pain of his Curse, to aid and assist the great, noble, and invincible Armada, prepared to that end, under the Duke of Parma, and Allen an Englishman, an eager trumpeter of this exploit, now purposely made Cardinal by the Pope, (to shew his Holiness's affection to the English Nation,) would not be idle, but set himself on work, to write a book exhortatory to the nobility of England and Ireland, to rouse them up to the execution of the *Pope's sentence against their Sovereign, &c. &c.* Which book, (fraught with all impudency of devilish slanders against her sacred person,) was printed at Antwerp, A.D. 1588†, &c. &c. Don Martin Alorcon was ordained *Vicar General* for the *holy Inquisition*, and accompanied the Armada, having in his train an hundred monks and jesuits: and Cardinal Allen was appointed superintendant of all Ecclesiastical matters throughout England, who fearing to be overtaken with time, translated POPE SIXTUS's *Bull* into English *the Bull exhorting the Romanists, &c. under pain of Anathema, to rise against the Protestant government*, in order that it might be the sooner published, upon the arrival of the Spanish fleet in that Kingdom ‡."

The following statement respecting Dr. Allen is also particularly entitled to attention. It is fully confirmed by his paucyrist, the Popish historian Dodd, whose authority Romanists estimate so very highly; it rests, therefore, on unquestionable evidence.

The first mission of Jesuits into England, a mission which, we need not inform our readers, was proved to have been undertaken for the purpose of promoting treason and rebellion in the country, was determined on by the General of the Jesuits, upon

* " Foulis. P. 338."

† " Speed's History of Great Britain, Book 9. Ch. 24."

‡ " Speed, Book 9. Ch. 24."

the proposal of Dr. Allen: and the traitors who were employed in it, were sent from Rome to Rheims, in order to receive Dr. Allen's instructions *, before their coming into England. Of the two leaders of this expedition, one (Father Parsons) escaped: the other, (Father Campian) though less guilty, being apprehended, paid the forfeit of his life to the violated laws of his country. He and some of his principal associates were tried and convicted on each of three distinct charges †, any one of which constitutes a charge of high treason, by the present laws of England.

We have trespassed on our reader's patience with the above stated memorials of Dr. Allen, because he was the director and chief supervisor of the Rheinish perversion of the Scriptures. Dr. Allen was also rector or head of the *Rheims Seminary*, while their Testament was prepared. *Philip II.* indeed, was so pleased also with his plans, that he gave him a superintending authority over *his* English seminaries.

Concerning Dr. Bristow, (the subordinate agent in the publication) it may suffice to say, that he also gave his active aid to treason and rebellion, against the Protestant Government of England, by other publications. The Catholic historian Dodd informs us, that he was the right hand man of Allen upon all occasions.

"Sanders and *Bristow* were" (says Speed) "the Jannes and Jambres. Traitors heady and high minded, having a shew of Godliness, but denying the power thereof. Both of them approving Pius Vth's proceeding, about her Majesty's deprivation, and justifying the wicked in their rebellions ‡."

Stow informs us, that upon the trial of Campian the Jesuit, and the other conspirators engaged with him, the traitorous writings of Dr. Sanders and *Dr. Bristow* §, in defence of the Pope's Bull of Deprivation against the Queen, were read to them; that these two Doctors had written in approbation both of the Bull and of the rebellion in the North, which took place in consequence of it; that it was

"Manifestly proved to their faces, that *Bristow's* book in allowance thereof, was especially commanded to be used amongst the conspirators and their party both at Rome and at Rheims, every one being expressly charged, not to be without one of these books."

* Dodd's Church Hist. Vol. 2. 138. This Catholic historian says "that the General of the Jesuits *relished* Dr. Allen's proposals," &c.

† Stow's Annals.

‡ Ibid, Book 9, P. 847.

§ Dodd's Hist. Vol. 2. P. 59.

This they denied; and some of them said, they had never seen it: but, one of their associates had avowed it, and subscribed his name to the avowal.

" Besides (continues Stow) myself, when I came to *Rheims*, saw them as common amongst them, as the little Catechisms here amongst children. Again, at *Rome*, they were as common likewise in the seminary. Myself had it, and one of *Dr. Aden's* Catechisms delivered to me, with great charge to embrace it, as my chief instruction. My companion that went with me, had one, likewise. The rest of the witnesses had seen how common they were, and in what reverence and authority they esteemed them. Yet, these men would, with shameless faces, deny it: yea, and if they might have been so credited, would have sworn against it."

The principles of the Rheimish perverters of the Scriptures, may also be judged of, from those of their confidential friend, and cordial co-operator, *Dr. Sanders*, who ought not to pass unnoticed. Sanders died in rebellion in Ireland, whither he accompanied the Spanish invaders, as Pope's nuncio. Immediately before the breaking out of this Irish Rebellion, one of the most horrible assassinations, that has ever been recorded in history, was committed by Sir John Desmond, who murdered his best friend and benefactor, Mr. Davels, in his chamber, at midnight. The circumstances of this assassination were so revolting, that many leaders of the Rebellion (the assassin's brother the Earl of Desmond, and others), notwithstanding their hatred of Mr. Davels, on account of his being a Protestant, and a friend to the English Protestant government, expressed their horror at it. Dr. Sanders, however, blessed the assassin, gave him absolution from all his sins, and declared the unnatural and dreadful murder he had committed, to be a sweet-smelling sacrifice to heaven*.

Such were the effects of the doctrines maintained concerning heresy and heretics, be the Allens and the Bristows. Doctrines now republished and sanctioned in this United Kingdom.

The only other name which we recollect to have found to have been particularly mentioned, amongst the authors of the Rhemish Testament, is that of Dr. Reynolds, who wrote, *con amore*, in favour of Romish massacres. Dodd informs us, that "some have not been well satisfied with his (Reynold's) politics." That "he was a great stickler for the league." (viz. the persecuting league of the Guises, &c. against the Protes-

* "W. Hooker's Chronicles of Ireland, and Leland's History of Ireland."

tants of France.) And, that "he employed his pen in defence of it." But, adds this popish historian, endeavouring to justify Dr. Reynolds, "it was the *humour* of the time and place, wherein he lived."

True, indeed, that it was, most fatally, the *humour* of the time and place in which he lived, to exhort Romanists to rebellion and insurrection, against their Protestant governors, and to the persecution and massacre of Protestants. And, too true, indeed, it is, that one of the pernicious effusions of the *humour of that time and place*, is now published as an exposition of the Scriptures, under the sanction of the popish titular Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland.

We shall conclude our account of the principles of the seminary doctors of Rheims, with the following statement from Mr. Hume, which is certainly given with much accuracy and fidelity. We select it, because it is as true as it is concise.

"These seminaries founded with this hostile intention, sent over, every year, a colony of priests, who maintained the Catholic superstition, in the full height of its bigotry, &c. they infused into all their votaries, an extreme hatred against the queen; whom they treated as an usurper, a schismatic, a heretic, a persecutor of the orthodox, one solemnly and publicly anathematized by the holy Father. Sedition, rebellion, and even some times assassination, were the expedients, by which they proposed to effectuate their purposes against her."

We consider the annotations in the Rheimish Testament, as one of the most mischievous productions of Popery, when, (as the historian truly states,) in the full height of its bigotry, it anathematized the Protestant Sovereign of England, and encouraged sedition, rebellion, and even sometimes assassination. We have presented to the view of our readers, some specimens of the principles with which it abounds. Such an exposition of the Holy Scriptures was well suited to the Popish system, in the age in which the Rheimish doctors wrote. It was agreeable to the bigotted and sanguinary patrons whom they served. It was such, as might have been expected from the priests of Bonner's school, engaged as they were, in promoting treason and persecution. But it is not such as we expected to find republished and revised for the use of the Irish Catholics at the present day—and, republished and revised under the sanction of the highest Catholic authorities. Much as we respect the persons, and would tolerate the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects, we cannot allow the possibility of their being entrusted with the legislative and executive powers of these countries, while they bow in obedience to a priesthood, which both maintains and avows the principles now sanctioned by the Irish hierarchy—principles,

abhorrent from our merciful, tolerant, and free constitution—principles, which cannot be admitted into the state, without imminent and awful peril, as their very admittance, *de facto*, changes the leading character of the whole.

The circulation of this volume as a **MANUAL OF PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE**; among thousands and tens of thousands of our Irish population, speaks in a language which cannot be misunderstood, and we trust, will not be disregarded. All pains are taken to force it into circulation; and, as an accommodation to the purses of the poor, it is now republishing at Cork in numbers, that none may be without the benefit of its instructions. The seed is sown deeply and widely, and our earnest prayer is that it may not spring up to an harvest of blood.

The attention of the British public cannot but be awakened to a sense of the danger which threatens our sister island, from the dissemination of such principles under an authority so high, and a cover so sacred. So inseparably united are the interests of England and of Ireland, that no injury can affect the one, but that it will be deeply felt in the other. We shall take an opportunity, therefore, in a subsequent number, of recalling the attention of our readers to this important subject, and shall enter into a more enlarged discussion upon many very remarkable points connected with the volume before us, which, from our narrow limits, we are now obliged to defer.

ART. VIII. *Scriptural Essays, adapted to the Holydays of the Church of England: with Meditations on the prescribed Services.* By the Author of *Letters to a Young Man*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Cadell and Co. 1816.

TO render knowledge attractive, and instruction palatable, in an age too indolent to labour for them, and too fastidious even to accept them, unless offered in a pleasing form, has been the laudable endeavour of many writers of the present day; among whom the author of "*Letters to a Young Man*," may fairly claim an honourable place. Mrs. West has uniformly exercised her various talents in the cause of virtue and religion; and even when her writings have professed to offer mere amusement, it has always been her care to preserve the character, while she disguised the person of the instructor; and to make entertainment salutary. Nor will the persons to whom her *Letters* above-mentioned, and others of a similar nature addressed to a female, have been known, be surprised to find her employed in a work
which

which seems rather to belong to the province of the divine. Whatever she has written, which has any bearing upon religion has always borne the stamp of accurate knowledge, and enlightened faith. The most profound and excellent divines of our Church, are the sources from which, next to the Scriptures themselves, or in aid and illustration of them, she has always drawn her opinions; and that knowledge, which she diffuses in her writings for the benefit of youth. Whoever, indeed, is not too haughty to accept of information from the hand of a female, may receive it without scruple from the writings of Mrs. West.

Our modest and unassuming author, well knows what predecessors she has had in her present line of instruction; and is far from entertaining the wish to call a single reader from the study of Nelson or of Stanhope: but she invites, with great propriety, all those to whom such authors, with all their acknowledged merit, may appear too dry and technical. For such readers, certainly no inconsiderable class, she has prepared these volumes, illustrative of the Feasts and Fasts of our excellent Church; and the better to promote her purpose, has given them no more formidable title than that of "*Scriptural Essays.*" Essays, both from their own nature, and from the character of this author, will of course be expected to prove easy in style, natural in arrangement, instructive without being dry, and pleasing without being superficial, and such, in truth, is the genuine character of this publication.

Observing rightly the increased and increasing avidity, with which the lives of eminent persons are now sought and read, the author has contrived by a plan at once natural and judicious, to give a biographical cast to her *Scriptural Essays*. Their two principal divisions relate, first to the Life of Christ, and secondly, to the Lives of his Apostles, and most favoured servants. This is done by no more arbitrary method, than that of taking the commemorations of the Church in their biographical order, beginning with the Annunciation; which is, indeed, the order of the Church itself. The preparatory services of Advent she has indeed thrown to the end of her first volume; for which we can guess no better reason, than that she would not appear too formally to follow the arrangement of the Liturgy. In this perhaps she has not been injudicious. This method brings the biographical plan at once to view; while it veils, without obliterating, the course of doctrinal instruction.

According to this plan, the proper introduction to the whole, is the angelic Annunciation of the Messiah to the Virgin, who was by miracle to become his mother. In this and every Essay, the author has contrived to interweave, in an easy and natural manner, some account of the Lessons, Collect, and other appointed

pointed services of the day, with general reflections on the commemoration itself. The manner in which this is done, in this first Essay, may serve as a sufficient specimen of the whole plan.

“ The *collect* prays for a large influx of divine grace, to perfect us in the knowledge of those saving truths, which the message of the Angel, as on this day, first unfolded to man ; that, from belief in the incarnation of Christ, we may proceed to claim the benefits of his expiation, and finally partake the glories of his Resurrection. It makes no mention of the Virgin Mother, as is usually the case in days appropriated to the commemoration of Saints, though she certainly affords as eminent an example of piety, humility, and resignation, as any in the sacred calendar. But it must be remembered, that our Liturgy was adopted, when we had just escaped from popery ; and even a tempered and deserved eulogium might have alarmed many zealous Protestants, who had been accustomed to see the idolatrous worship, of what was called the Queen of Heaven, impugn the mediatorial supremacy of her Son ; for this reason, in the two festivals, when her name is combined with that of Christ in the title, no mention is made of her in the service. She is frequently introduced in Scripture, always in an amiable and interesting point of view : never as claiming or receiving any other distinction from her relation to the Messiah, but that of a pre-eminence in sorrow : thus verifying the prophecy of Simeon, and evincing that acquiescence in the will of God, which she promised in her reply to Gabriel. On some occasions, when the fears and prejudices of the mortal parent interfered with the divine mission of the Son, the incarnate Deity answered, by announcing the immutability of his purposes ; thus recalling to her mind the declaration of the angel, that, ‘ that holy thing which was to be born of her would be called the Son of God :’ but generally, Mary acted as a disciple of her child and Saviour, pondering in her heart the wonders which she saw, and urging others to do as He commanded.” Vol. I. p. 32.

Mrs. West, as above hinted, is always correctly orthodox in her opinions, of which the following passage may serve as proof remarkably strong, at a time when vexatious disputes are carried on upon the subject.

“ The errors which originate from considering baptism to be distinct from *regeneration* are, a disregard for the sacraments, which, though instituted by Christ, and commanded to be celebrated to the end of the world, are soon considered as non-essentials ; contempt for the church, which lays a stress on the punctual observance of her Lord’s commands, and of the priesthood, which administers what is termed a dead letter, or form, without vitality ; and fanatical expectation of a sudden conversion, of a sensible new-birth, of a perceptible and constraining call.

Their

Their effects may be seen on multitudes: when imagination is made the criterion of proficiency, it must follow that in many cases, the potent stimulant will warp the weak and varying standard. Hence, according to the temper and character with which it comes in contact, we behold madness, despair, presumption, hypocrisy, profane levity, spiritual pride, and lapses into a state of grievous sin, connected possibly, with a persuasion that the offender is safe in his soul-daring call, and still in a state of Grace." P. 62.

These reflections are very judiciously introduced in the Essay on the Service for the Circumcision, for which rite Baptism is the Gospel substitute. For her authority, the author refers to one which all sound divines will consider as excellent, namely the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Mant. It is a gratifying circumstance, and one which ought by no means to be passed over in silence, to contemplate a female writer thus preserving the perfect steadiness of a well-educated divine, through the whole of her career, unmoved by any sophistries, unseduced by any specious theories of her times, she continues steady to the doctrines of the Church; whose Articles are her sheet-anchor, and whose authorized interpretations of Scripture the compass by which she always steers. It would be easy to shew, that in politics our author is as sound as in divinity. In allusions to such topics, she is indeed, with good judgment, extremely sparing: but when she does introduce them, it is with the feelings of true patriotism. In proof of this assertion, we refer to the reflections which conclude the Essay last quoted, on the events of the year 1815: reflections not obtruded, but springing naturally from the Christian feelings of a truly Christian temper. We think it, however, more important to produce this useful writer in her combats with the seducing heresies of the day. In the service for Ash-Wednesday, speaking of the penitent thief, and of another notorious sinner, she proceeds:

"All that we know of them is that their crimes were forgiven. And surely those persons must be influenced either by mistaken zeal or hypocritical arrogance, who seek to win the confidence of ignorance, by indecently boasting, that, though they are now the chosen instruments of God, and dispensers of his word, they were once notorious for every crime which offends his purity; as if the sublimity of the soul's exaltation were proportioned to the depths of the abyss from which it sprung. The prudence or the sincerity of such as publish their past lives, by way of contrast to their present, is more than questionable; but the effect on the community is truly alarming. Criminals seem now confounded with martyrs in their closing scenes; for the dissolute depredator and relentless murderer expect a crown of glory with the confidence of an Apostle. The wondering and illiterate multitude are led to conceive

ceive that the walls of a prison act as the laver of regeneration ; and that the scaffold of public Justice is the Calvary from which the soul takes the surest flight to Paradise. Are the reveries of fanaticism, acting upon the terrors of a felon's alarmed conscience, the confessions which give glory to God, or the conversions which evince the power of his word, when death speedily drops his veil, and prevents the test of sincerity ? Let consolation be afforded to those forlorn and unhappy beings, whom society is compelled to cut off ; but let not the secrets of the prison-house be divulged beyond the humane purpose of giving consolation to surviving friends, lest a desire of celebrity should prove a snare for souls, — and a hope of posthumous fame divert the heart from that lowliness of true contrition, which only seeks to employ its measured space of time in making its peace with God." Vol. I. P. 133.

Such are these *Scriptura Essays*, which, without pushing the analysis of them to an unnecessary length, may be safely recommended to that class of readers for which they were composed ; as giving every requisite information, on the subjects which require to be illustrated ; and giving it in a manner at once clear and pleasing, without formality, without pedantry, superadding only such reflections, as, arising or deduced naturally from the services under consideration, are never suffered to deviate into fanciful, much less into any unsound speculations. Of errors, though they can hardly be quite excluded from a work of such variety, we have not detected any of magnitude sufficient to demand reprehension ; and it is our decided opinion, that a more pleasing, or more useful work of the kind, for young or female readers, will not easily be produced ; and cannot, indeed, reasonably be expected.

ART. IX. *Useful Knowledge ; being a Familiar Account of the various Productions of Nature, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal.* By the Rev. W. Bingley, A.M. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Plates. Baldwin and Co. 1816.

AS a compendium of accurate information upon every subject connected with the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, we have not seen a more useful publication. Mr. Bingley does not pretend, in the course of three small volumes, to enter very deeply into scientific research, but merely to give the reader a general outline of the subjects in question.

The first volume is dedicated to mineralogy, giving a brief account of stones, of salts, of combustible substances, of metallic substances, of rocks primitive and volcanic, of water, both
common

common and mineral. As a specimen of this part of the work, we will take the article coal.

“ 121. COAL FAMILY.—The component parts of coals are principally charcoal (48) and bitumen (120).

“ This invaluable mineral is found in beds, or strata, frequently betwixt clay-slate and sand-stone, and seldom betwixt those of lime-stone. It chiefly occurs in the northern hemisphere, particularly in countries which lie nearly in the same latitudes with Great Britain; in Siberia, Germany, Sweden, France, Canada, and Newfoundland; and in some of the northern parts of China. It is stated to be very abundant in New Holland; but we have no distinct account of coal in the continent of Africa. No fewer than seventy different kinds of coals are brought to the London market, the value and prices of which greatly differ. Of these the coals called *Wall's-end*, from the name of the pit, near Newcastle, whence they are obtained, usually bear the highest price.

“ Some kinds of coal are laminar, and others compact. They in general burn freely, with a bituminous odour, and leave a considerable residuum.

“ 122. COMMON COAL, or PIT COAL, is of black colour, and has generally a slaty structure and foliated texture.

“ In handling it stains the fingers: and in burning it cakes more or less during combustion. Its component parts are usually charcoal (48) and bitumen (120), with a small portion of clay, and sometimes with pyrites, or sulphat of iron (135, *d*). What is called slaty coal contains a greater portion of clay than other kinds.

“ Some foreign writers have ascribed the great wealth possessed by this country to the coals which are here produced in such abundance, and which facilitate, in a very essential degree, nearly all its manufactures, and consequently are a means of promoting its commerce to an extent which is possessed by few other countries. All our great manufacturing towns, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Glasgow, &c. are situated either in the midst of coal districts, or in places to which coals are conveyed, with little expence, by canal carriage.

“ Coals are principally obtained from the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, and Whitehaven. The particular places whence they are produced have the name of *collieries*, and the mines from which they are dug are called *pits*. The deepest of these are in Northumberland, and are worked at more than 900 feet below the surface of the earth. At Newcastle there is a coal-pit near 800 feet in depth, and which, at that depth, is wrought five miles horizontally, quite across, and beneath the bed of the river Tyne, and under the adjacent part of the county of Durham. At Whitehaven the mines are of great depth, and are extended even under the sea, to places where there is above them sufficient depth of water for ships of great burthen, and in which it is said the miners are able sometimes to hear the roaring of the water. On the contrary, in some parts of Durham the coal lies

so near the surface of the earth that the wheels of carriages lay it open, and in such quantity as to be sufficient for the use of the neighbourhood.

“The beds of coal are of various thickness, from a few inches to several feet, and in some places it is found advantageous to work them at a very great depth, although their thickness does not exceed four or five feet. The thickest bed of English coal, of any extent, is that of the main coal in Staffordshire, which measures about thirty feet. There are frequently several beds above, and parallel to, each other, separated by strata of slate, sand-stone, and other minerals. Coal is never found in chalk, and very rarely in limestone.

“At Whitehaven the principal entrance to the coal-mine for men and horses is by an opening at the bottom of a hill, through a long passage hewn in a rock. This, by a steep descent, leads to the lowest bed of coal. The greatest part of the descent is through spacious galleries, which continually intersect other galleries; all the coal having been cut away, except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards square at the base; such great strength being there required to support the ponderous roof. There are three distinct and parallel strata of coal, which lie at a considerable distance above each other, and which have a communication by pits that are sunk between them. These strata are not always regularly continued in the same plane; the miners occasionally meet with veins of hard rock, which interrupt their further progress. At such places the earth on one side of the vein appears to have sunk down, while that on the opposite side has its ancient situation. In some parts it seems to have sunk fifteen or twenty fathoms; and in others not so much as one fathom. These breaks the miners call *dykes* (4). When they come to one of them, their first care is to discover whether the coal in the part adjoining be higher or lower than that in which they have been working; or, to use their own terms, whether it be cast down or cast up. For this purpose they examine attentively the mineral strata on the opposite side, to see how far they correspond with those which they have already passed through. If the coal be cast down, they sink a pit to it; but if it be cast up, the discovery of it is often attended with great labour and expence.

“In general the entrance to coal mines is by perpendicular shafts, and the coals and workmen are drawn up by machinery. As the mines frequently extend to great distances horizontally beneath the surface of the earth, peculiar care is necessary to keep them continually ventilated with currents of fresh air, for the purpose not only of affording to the workmen a constant supply of that vital fluid, but also to expel from the mines certain noxious exhalations which are sometimes produced in them.

“One of these, denominated *fire-damp*, is occasioned by the generation of hydrogen gas, or inflammable air (45). This gas, when

when mixed with the common air of the atmosphere explodes with great violence, on the approach of a lighted candle, or any other flame; and has, at different times, occasioned the loss of many valuable lives. It is a singular circumstance, that although it is immediately set on fire by a flame, yet it cannot be kindled by red hot iron, nor by the sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel. Hence a machine is adopted in the mines near Whitehaven and Workington, in which a wheel formed of steel, and in shape somewhat like that of a razor-grinder, is turned round with very rapid motion against a series of flints, and in such manner as to yield to the miners sufficient light to carry on their work in places where the flame of a candle or lamp would occasion the most dreadful explosions. Without some contrivance of this kind, the working of these mines would be totally impracticable." Vol. I. P. 129.

The following is the account of the different sorts of coal.

"123. CANNEL COAL is of black colour, with little lustre, is not lamina, but breaks in any direction like pitch, and does not stain the fingers.

"This highly inflammable kind of coal is found very abundantly in the neighbourhood of Wigan, in Lancashire, where there is an entire stratum of it about four feet in thickness. It is also found near Whitehaven; in some of the pits at Newcastle; and in some parts of Scotland. Doubts have been entertained respecting the name of this coal; but when it is recollected that in Lancashire, whence it is chiefly brought, the word candle is usually pronounced with the omission of the letter *d*, and that in many instances the coal is used by the poor as a substitute for candles, these will be immediately removed. In Scotland it has the name of *parrot coal*.

"No kind of coal takes fire so readily, or burns with so cheerful and brilliant a flame as this; and its not soiling the fingers like pit coal renders the use of it peculiarly pleasant; but it does not cake, and soon burns away. When first kindled it crackles and splinters very much; and on this account would be dangerous, were it not easily prevented from so doing by previously immersing it for a little while in water. Cannel coal has much the appearance of jet. It admits of being turned in a lathe, and takes a good polish; and snuff-boxes and trinkets made of it have in many instances been sold as jet. Of all the coals that are used for producing gas for the lighting of large manufactories, &c. none is said to be so suitable as this.

"124. STONE COAL, KILKENNY COAL, WELSH COAL, or GLANCE COAL, is of a dark iron black colour, with metallic lustre, and foliated texture; and consists almost entirely of charcoal.

"Unlike most other kinds of coal this occurs both in stratified masses, and in lumps nested in clay. It is found in several countries

tries of the continent, in Wales, Scotland, and Kilkenny, in Ireland.

“ When laid on burning coals it becomes red hot, emits a blue lambent flame in the same manner as charcoal; and is at length slowly consumed, leaving behind a portion of red ashes. No smoke nor soot is produced from this coal, but on the contrary it whitens the places where the fume is condensed; and the effluvia which it gives out are extremely suffocating.

“ This coal is chiefly used in the drying of malt.

“ 125 **PITCH COAL** is of a black or brownish black colour, and velvety appearance. It is found massive in plates, and sometimes in the shape of branches, with a somewhat woody internal structure.

“ It is stated that in the district of Aude, in France, there are more than 1,000 persons constantly employed in the fabrication of pitch coal into rosaries, buttons, ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, snuff-boxes, and trinkets of different kinds. Near fifty tons weight of the coal are annually used for this purpose; and articles to the value of 18,000 livres are said to be sold in Spain alone. In Prussia the amber diggers call it *black amber*, because it is found accompanying that substance; and because, like amber, it is faintly electric, or attracts feathers and other light objects when rubbed. They manufacture it into various ornamental articles, and sell these as black amber, to ignorant persons, at a great price.

“ This coal which is found at Newcastle, Whitehaven, and in other parts of England, is used as fuel, either in a natural state or when converted into coke. It burns with a greenish flame, and strong bituminous smell, and leaves a light yellowish coloured ash.

“ 126. **BOVEY COAL, BROWN COAL, or BITUMINOUS WOOD**, is of brown colour, and in shape exactly resembles the stems and branches of trees, but is usually compressed. It is soft, somewhat flexible, and so light as nearly to float when thrown into water.

“ The greatest abundance of this coal occurs at Bovey, near Exeter, from which place it derives its name. The lowest stratum is worked at the depth of seventy-five feet beneath the surface of the earth. It is also found in Scotland, Ireland, and Germany.

“ As fuel the Bovey coal is used only by the poorest classes of the community, since, notwithstanding its burning with a clear flame, it emits a sweetish but extremely disagreeable sulphureous gas, which is injurious to the health of the inhabitants. It is principally used for the burning of lime, and for the first baking of earthenware.

“ 127. **JET** is a solid, black, and opaque mineral, harder than coal, and found in detached masses from an inch to seven or eight feet in length, having a fine and regular structure, and a grain resembling that of wood.

“ It has sometime been confounded with cannel coal (123), but it is easily distinguished by its superior hardness: Jet cannot with-
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out difficulty be scratched with a knife, whilst cannel coal may be marked by the simple pressure of the nail.

"The name of jet has been derived from Gages, a river of Lycia, where the ancients are said to have obtained this substance. It is frequently cast ashore on the eastern coasts of England, together with pieces of amber and curious pebbles, particularly near Lowestoft in Suffolk, and in some parts of Yorkshire, where many persons employ their leisure in searching for it, and forming it into various kinds of trinkets. Jet is found in several of the countries of the continent, but no where in such abundance as in England.

"The principal manufacture of jet is carried on in France. Sufficiently hard to admit of being cut and polished, it is made into small vases, buttons, beads, buckles, rings, bracclets, and trinkets, principally for mourning. A fictitious kind of jet is made of glass. By the ancients jet was used in medicine, but it is wholly omitted in the modern practice.

"When jet is once set on fire it burns with a green flame, and continues to burn for a considerable time, exhaling a strong bituminous smell. If the heat be rendered greater, it melts." Vol. I. P. 136.

The second volume is dedicated to the vegetable kingdom, which is divided according to the Linnean arrangement. In the third, we have a description of the animal part of the creation, divided into mammiferous, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, worms.

The style of this little work is clear and simple, without any rhetorical verbiage or useless amplification. Much accurate and useful information is conveyed in a form so concise and intelligible, that to the library of the young, these volumes will be a most desirable addition.

ART. X. *A compendious Dictionary of the Veterinary Art : containing a concise Explanation of the various Terms used in Veterinary Medicine and Surgery : also a short Description of the Anatomy or Structure of the Eye, the Foot, and other important Parts of the Horse. With practical Observations on his Diseases, as well as those of other domestic Animals. By James White, Veterinary Surgeon, Author of a Treatise on Veterinary Medicine. 18mo. 348 pp. 6s. Longman and Co. 1817.*

NEXT to the diseases of man, the maladies of our horses, our dogs, and our cattle, demand the most serious attention. We are happy to say, that in no science have we of late witnessed so rapid an improvement, as in that of farriery ; which we attribute principally

pally to the establishment of that admirable institution, the Veterinary College. We shall pass over the perversion of terms, by which a stable and shoeing-house is called a college, and horse-doctors are dignified with the name of *professors*. We shall expect soon to find a blacksmith pursuing his trade with a black gown and trencher cap. The name is absurd, but the establishment is excellent. It is much to be desired that the treatment of horses should be reduced to a regular system, and that the surgeons, to whom they are entrusted, should not, as heretofore, be greater brutes than the animals themselves. Farriery (we like to preserve old names) is now become a regular science, taught upon the same principles, and pursued after the same method with any other branch of mechanical knowledge.

The dictionary of Mr. White presents a concise but scientific view of all the improvements in the veterinary art, and is one of the most useful publications, in a small compass, that we have yet seen. Let us take, for example, Mr. White's description of grease in a horse's heel.

“**GREASE.** An inflammation and swelling of the horse's heels, sometimes extending upwards, even to the knee or hock joint. On examining the part, it will be very hot and tender. These symptoms are soon followed by a discharge of stinking matter from the heels. The disease most commonly attacks the hind-legs, but the fore-legs also are liable to it. The animal appears to suffer considerable pain, and when first moved he suddenly catches up the affected leg (when it is the hind-leg) as if he were cramped, and keeps it in that position a short time, hopping about, when forced to move, upon the opposite leg. This he often does also when both hind-legs are affected, drawing up that which is most painful. Grease is generally a local disease; but it sometimes appears to depend on general or constitutional derangement. Grease is produced by various causes: it is usually ascribed to a foul habit of body; and bleeding, purging, and rowelling, are the remedies commonly employed; but Mr. R. Lawrence very justly observes, that this mode of treatment is not always attended with success, and he considers debility in the system to be generally the original cause of grease, though other circumstances may concur in its production. Debility, he observes, may arise from directly opposite causes, viz. repletion and exhaustion. The healthy state of all animals is constituted by a due and regular circulation of the blood, and a uniform maintenance of the natural evacuations of the body. Whatever disturbs any of these functions will produce debility. In a full plethoric habit, the vessels which are appropriated for the circulation of the blood become oppressed by being overloaded, and are thus rendered incapable of performing their office; hence debility takes place, and the legs, (particularly the hind-legs) which by their situation are most remote from the centre of circulation,

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and through which the blood has to return in opposition to its own gravity, become swelled for want of the accustomed absorption. On the other hand, when the horse is lean and emaciated, either from a want of a sufficient quantity of nutritive food, or from excessive labour, the circulation of the blood will be languid from a deficiency of stimulus, and debility will naturally ensue. In addition to either of the above-mentioned causes he thinks the following may be given as collateral promoters of the disease; viz. the season of the year, unnatural confinement in the stable, the acclivity of the pavement of the stall, cutting the hair off the heels, and want of proper exercise and cleaning. In the winter season, at which period the grease is most prevalent, the insensible perspiration of the body is neither so regular nor so profuse as in the summer; but nature generally provides against this decrease by increasing the discharge of urine, and the expiration of vapour from the lungs; and this mode of expulsion would be fully sufficient for the purposes of the animal economy, if the horse remained in a state of nature. But it is far different with him in a domesticated state, in which he is alternately exposed to a cold and warm atmosphere, as he is within and without the stable. The secretion and evacuation of urine are disturbed in their process by forcing him to proceed in his labour at the moment when the fulness of the bladder stimulates him to discharge its contents; and though the perspiration may be increased to an excessive degree by exercise, yet it will be found, that the result of excessive labour and perspiration will be a proportionate debility; whereas the insensible perspiration is a tranquil and imperceptible evacuation, carried on without putting nature to the expense of any corporal powers. The bad effects arising from the foregoing causes are considerably aggravated by confinement to one situation, probably eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. The pavement of the stall being on an ascent will throw three fourths of the weight of the body on the hind-legs, and will also distress them by the toe being placed upon higher ground than the heel, whereby the ligaments and membranes are kept constantly distended. Under these unfavourable circumstances the legs swell, a rupture of the skin eventually takes place, and a serous discharge ensues, which by exposure to the atmosphere acquires a fetid and acrimonious quality. As the disease advances, the part affected becomes extremely sore and irritable, so as to give excessive pain to the animal when he moves the limb; at the same time the excoriation spreads, destroys the roots of the hair, and creates a chancreous or pustulous induration of the skin, understood in farriery by the appellation of grapes. I have been induced to give Mr. Lawrence's explanation at some length, because it appears to possess the merit of being ingenious and original. According to Mr. Feron, grease is often produced by sudden changes from cold to heat. "If," says he, "a colt is taken from grass and immediately kept in a warm stable after having been used to the severity of the atmosphere, he then gets the disorder. When old horses are

troubled with the grease, we shall find that their feet have been exposed first to cold and afterwards to heat, as when they have been in cold water or snow for some time, and on coming into the stable have a large bed of straw or perhaps hot dung to stand upon. This sudden transition from cold to heat produces a weakness of the legs, particularly in the skin; when inflammation and cracks, similar to chilblains in the human subject, take place, and are called the grease in horses." The cause to which Mr. Feron ascribes grease is certainly a very common one; and it cannot be disputed, that grease may take place under two very different states of the body, viz. general weakness from excessive exertion, aided by local causes, and plethora from over feeding and insufficient exercise; and it is probable, that the declivity or slope of the ground, on which the horse stands, may, by throwing an undue proportion of his weight on the hind-legs, contribute to the production of the disease."

Such is the description of the disease. Our readers may here perhaps interrupt us, and enquire, what connection exists between literature and greasy heels, that we should inflict upon the admirers of the former, so long a lecture upon the latter. In the first place, we have to observe, that this grease in the heels, is a disease not uncommon in the fields of literature, as our readers would probably find, if they were forced, like ourselves, to take their seat behind the riders of so many lame and limping Pegasi. As, also, (metaphor aside) the horses of literary men are, of all others, the most likely to contract the disease in question; for want of use we conceive, that a scientific account of its treatment, will be by no means unacceptable. Let us, therefore, take the following:

"If a horse when attacked with grease is in good or decent condition, has no appearance of weakness, and particularly if the pain and inflammation are considerable, bleeding is certainly proper; and after cleaning the affected parts, a large saturnine poultice (see *Poultice*) should be applied. If the horse is in any degree costive, a mild purgative should be given; if not, I would rather advise the use of mild diuretics, in the form either of balls or powders. When the poultice has been properly applied for a few days, the inflammation will generally be lessened considerably, and then some mild astringent lotion may be useful, as a solution of alum, either alone or mixed with white vitriol, or sugar of lead, vinegar, and water. In confirmed or inveterate cases of grease, where the hair about the affected part stands erect, and the matter which is discharged appears somewhat like dark coloured or dirty water, and has a peculiar fetid smell; and when the animal at the same time seems to suffer great pain, suddenly drawing up the leg as if it were seized with spasm when he attempts to move; I have found the following lotions speedily effect a cure, after emmollient

emollient poultices and fomentations had been tried without affording any relief. I wish to observe, however, that it may be prudent to try the effect of emollient or soothing applications before the lotions are resorted to. In vol. iii. p. 231, of the *Veterinary Medicine*, two cases are described, in which the lotions speedily and completely succeeded.

“ *Lotion No. 1.* Corrosive sublimate, two drams;
Muriatic acid, four drams;
Water, one pint.

“ In one case that has since occurred, some blue vitriol was added, and it appeared to have a good effect. As grease seldom occurs in a well managed stable, it is but reasonable to infer, that it is generally produced either by negligence or improper treatment. Watering a horse at a pond or river, or washing the legs in winter, certainly contributes to its production. Painful ulcers or cracks in the heels are sometimes a consequence of grease; these should at first be poulticed, and afterwards dressed with some astringent. Should fungous excrescences or grapes arise in the heels, they may either be destroyed by means of caustic, or cut off with a knife: the part is afterwards either to be dressed with some mild caustic or escharotic, or seared with a hot iron. The strictest attention to diet, regimen, and cleanliness must be observed during the whole treatment of grease, and gentle exercise must be persisted in. The best diet on these occasions will be cut grass, clover, lucerne, vetches, or carrots, or sweet hay and bran mash, with a moderate quantity of corn if the horse appears weak. He should not be tied up in the stall, but stand loose while in the stable, or be turned out in some dry paddock or field during the day, when the weather is favourable. The stable should be kept perfectly clean and well aired, but not too warm. The best means of preventing grease is to give the horse regular exercise, with a proportionate quantity of good oats and sweet hay, to dress him well, and especially to keep his legs and heels dry and clean, and to avoid the extremes of heat and cold.” P. 189.

A very ingenious plan has lately been discovered by Mr. Sewell, (one of the hippo-centauric professors) for remedying a chronic lameness, to which hunters, chargers, and other very valuable animals, are often subject, after considerable exertion. As the paper containing the discovery, was read before the Royal Society, so late as the 22d of May, it could not have been inserted in the volume of Mr. White; it is, at the same time, well worthy of communication to our readers.

Mr. Swell, in such cases as we have mentioned, divides the nervous trunk, and extirpates a portion of it, where it enters the foot behind the pastern joint. A case in which this method was completely successful, is attached to the work above-mentioned, and we doubt not, but that in other cases it will be attended with the same happy effect.

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This dictionary embraces every species of farriery, not only as it respects horses, but also dogs, cows, and sheep. The following direction for the management of the distemper among dogs, appear to us worthy of notice. We do not indeed know of a better line of treatment than is here recommended.

“ The symptoms of the distemper are not alike in every case, but vary considerably ; the following are its most usual appearances. It generally begins with a dry husky cough, attended with dullness and want of appetite, a running from the eyes and nose, and a loss of flesh. As the disease advances, the dog appears much emaciated and grows excessively weak, particularly in the hind-legs and loins. Convulsive twitchings of different parts, especially of the head, come on, attended with dimness of sight ; and as the disease proceeds and puts on a more virulent form, these twitchings degenerate into strong convulsive fits, which continue for a long time, and repeatedly return. In these fits, the dog runs round, and foams at the mouth, and appears to be in great pain, and to have a constant desire to dung. This is sometimes attended with obstinate costiveness, at others with violent purging. The stomach is extremely irritable ; every thing taken into it being immediately thrown up. When the disease has reached this state, the animal seldom recovers, and is generally carried off in one of the convulsive fits. According to Mr. Blaine, ‘ The peculiar weakness, which attacks the loins and hind-legs in this disease, sometimes appears very early and very suddenly ; in other cases it does not appear at all, even though the termination should be fatal. Many cases of distemper put on a putrid appearance : this is common where the attack has been violent at first, and rather sudden ; and in these instances the disease lasts, even with violence, for two, three, or four weeks, producing every appearance of putrid fever ; the running from the eyes and nose being very fetid, and often bloody ; the stools black, liquid, and very offensive, and the animal weak, restless, and very irritable.’ Mr. Blaine considers the distemper as a specific catarrhal affection ; the inflammation generally extending down the windpipe to the lungs, or down the gullet to the stomach and bowels : in some cases both these passages are affected. In the beginning of the distemper, it is generally adviseable to give an emetic, for which purpose two or three grains of tartarized antimony, or the same quantity of turpeth mineral may be given. A tea-spoonful of common salt dissolved in a little water will also answer the purpose very well. After the operation of the emetic, should the dog be constive, or if the bowels are not already open, give a purgative of calomel and jalap, or calomel and aloes, in doses suited to the age and size of the animal ; about two grains of calomel, with eight or ten of jalap, or five or six of aloes, will perhaps be found sufficient for a young pointer three or four months old. The dog should be kept in a warm situation, well-bedded and clean, be liberally supplied with warm
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rich broth and warm milk, and when the purgative has operated, solid animal food may be allowed, as beef, mutton, or horse-flesh, boiled. When the eyes, nose, and head are much affected, a large seton in the neck will be found useful; when costiveness is attended with great weakness, castor oil is the safest purgative: when the distemper is accompanied by vomiting and purging, the animal throwing up his food soon after it has been swallowed, from twenty to thirty drops of tincture of opium should be given, or about one grain of solid opium, according to the age and size of the dog; when the purging is excessive, he should be made to take frequently some arrow-root gruel. Mr. Blaine recommends in this case gum arabic and chalk, and when the purging has been effectually checked, a mixture of his distemper powder and Peruvian bark. Mr. Daniel, in his 'Rural Sports,' says he has witnessed extraordinary effects in the distemper from James's Powder, given in the following manner: when the symptoms of the distemper are apparent, a third part of one of the parcels in the half-crown packet is to be given, mixed with a little butter, and the dog is to have plenty of warm broth or milk and water, and, if possible, he is to be near a fire, or at least kept very warm. Two hours afterward another third part is to be given, and should neither of these operate by vomiting or purging at the end of four hours, give the remaining third. Should the first two portions have the effect, the remaining third should not be given until four or six hours (according to the evacuations) after the expiration of the four hours; in the mean time, the dog should be encouraged to lap, and if he refuses, be forced to take plentifully of warm broth or milk and water. It very seldom happens, even when the case is inveterate, but evacuations are brought on by the taking of one parcel, generally by the second dose; but should it so happen, that there is no such proof of the powder's effect, the second parcel should be divided and given in a similar manner, until the stomach is emptied. I have lately been informed by a friend, who was an eye-witness to the fact, that copious bleeding, with a purgative of calomel, aloes, and assafoetida, proved successful in a very bad case of distemper. I was told, that this person uniformly adopts the same mode of treatment, and that he is so confident of success, that he undertakes the management of a distempered dog conditionally; that is, if he does not effect a perfect cure, he is not to receive any thing for his trouble." P. 111.

ART. XI. *Placide, a Spanish Tale. Translated from Les Bât-tuécas, of Madame de Genlis, by Alexander Jamieson. In Two Volumes. 12mo. 8s. Simpkin and Marshall. 1817.*

A WORK from the pen of Madame de Genlis, upon which she professes to have employed more care and attention than

upon any former production, is likely to raise expectation. Yet the present performance, we may venture to predict, will not add to her fame. The merit it possesses bears so little proportion to the labour bestowed upon it, that were not some notice due to it from the celebrity of the authoress, we might suffer it to take its course down the stream of oblivion without the parade of criticism.

The characters and incidents introductory to the main story are so slightly connected with it, that they may be suffered to pass unnoticed. We shall begin therefore by introducing our readers to Placide, the hero of the tale. If they should conjecture from his name, that he is exhibited as an exemplification of the tranquil virtues, they will find themselves mistaken. Never were parents more unfortunate in the choice of a name for their offspring than that of Placide. They could have had no foresight of his future character. Upon almost every occasion he discovers the most ardent enthusiasm, and it is disgust at the insipidity of the tranquil life which he leads in the valley of the Battuécas that determines him to leave it. The description of the valley of the Battuécas, and the history of their origin and manners, are founded upon fact: the details concerning them are to be found in the Dictionary of Moreri, and in the travels of M. de Bourgoing. This valley is situated in Spain, about fourteen leagues from the city of Salamanca, and the description of it reminds us of the happy valley in Rasselas. It is only necessary to mention that for ages it remained inaccessible, and that it was first penetrated in the sixteenth century by the Duke d'Albe, who afterwards sent missionaries there, and introduced the Christian religion. There is nothing historical in the work except the details respecting the Battuécas. Great stress is laid by the authoress upon the novelty of her hero's character, and of the situation in which he is placed, though the resemblance it bears in some respects to that of the Peruvian Princess, and in more to that of Rasselas, is too palpable to escape observation. The events are supposed to take place during the French Revolution; at which period, the inhabitants of the valley are represented as holding little intercourse with the rest of the world, and as fondly attached to the habitation, which nature had provided for them. In this attachment they were strengthened by their priests, who endeavoured to persuade them that they would search in vain elsewhere for the happiness they there enjoy. Placide however, bolder and more enterprising than his companions, shewed from his infancy a passionate admiration for the people of the other world, as the Spaniards of the other cantons are designated by the Battuécas. His enthusiasm is increased by several volumes of sacred poetry, put into his hands by his instructor, father Isidore. He soon signalizes himself by poetical productions of his

own, a selection of which, unknown to him, is printed at Madrid, and thus, without being aware of it, he acquires the reputation of being one of the best poets in Spain. Such is his natural genius, that without having seen a musical instrument, he invents for himself the flute and the cymbals, and in short to whatever he applies, the most brilliant success is sure to reward his exertions. Industry and talents like his could not, even in the happy valley, escape envy; but he is compensated for the malevolence of his countrymen by the universal admiration with which he inspires his female companions. Among the rival shepherdesses, who disputed his heart, he chooses the most amiable, who, very luckily, happens also to be the most lovely. For the gentle Ines, he felt love without passion, and as six months was to intervene before she could become his bride, he determines, notwithstanding the dissuasions of father Isidore, to spend the interval in a visit to Madrid, and sets off under the conduct of Don Pedro, the nephew of his instructor. We shall extract the account of the first adventure that befell him on his journey, and leave our readers to reconcile his wonderful simplicity with his previous advantages for information, his extraordinary talents, and his great acquirements. For our own part, we think that either the missionaries must have been extremely negligent of their duty, or that Placide could have paid little attention to their instructions.

“ At the second post, when we stopped to change horses, I was much agitated by a spectacle, as afflicting as new to me. Don Pedro sleeping most profoundly, I was leaning on the door of the carriage, looking with curiosity on every thing which presented itself to mine eyes. We were at the extremity of the village, and directly opposite to a baker's shop, when a woman covered with rags, and carrying two young children in her arms, approached our vehicle, and begged alms of me, saying in a lamentable voice ‘ That she and her children were dying with hunger.’ What! cried I, do not you see that quantity of loaves? go and take some.—‘ Alas! I will not be suffered.’ How? said I; in the situation you are in?—Upon saying these words, I opened the carriage door, jumped out, flew towards the baker's shop, and seized a large loaf, giving it to the poor woman; at the same time saying to the baker, my good friend, you see I have not taken this loaf for myself, it is for this woman who is poor, and complains she is hungry. ‘ Pay me then for it,’ replied the baker. I cannot, I have no money; I tell you again, it is for this unfortunate woman. ‘ We have many other poor, and I cannot give to all,’ said the baker. As long as you see any poor and have bread, you must give it, said I. You only sell it to the rich to enable you to supply the poor. ‘ In this manner,’ quoth the baker, ‘ our trade would truly go on well.’—Yes! said I, for God would bless it. At these words, the poor woman fearing the

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the resentment of the baker, wished to return the loaf, which he was going to take hold of, offering her a smaller one; but I opposed it. She shall have the one I chose for her, cried I, dragging the larger loaf out of the hands of the baker, who furious, instantly called his two men servants, and they came running to his assistance. I valiantly defended myself with the very loaf I had made a conquest of; I broke it upon the baker's shoulders, whom I threw down, and overturned at the same time one of his men; I seized the other by the throat, and hurled him to the other end of the shop. My physical strength filled them with fear, and I was left master of the field of battle, when Don Pedro, awakened by the noise this scuffle made, ran up to me to demand an explanation." Vol. I. p. 55.

He expresses to Don Pedro his sorrow for what he had done; but alledges in extenuation of his misconduct, in very technical language for so simple a person, that though he had read of laws for the regulation of civilized society, yet, in his own country all things being in common, his mind is not yet familiarized with the idea of the distinction of property. This distinction would have been more forcibly impressed upon his mind, if, instead of coming off victor, he had received a drubbing from the baker and his men, and as he was outnumbered, the authoress might have managed this, without disparagement to the prowess of her hero.

Soon after his arrival at Madrid, he is introduced to Donna Bianca, a young and fascinating widow, who quickly effaces from his heart the image of the gentle Ines. In the society of Donna Bianca he is all spirit and animation, and he soon evinces that, whatever may be his deficiency in graver studies, he is complete master of the language of compliment. We shall give our readers a specimen, which occurred at the table of Don Pedro, where Placide enters into a contest with some of the literati of Madrid, respecting the merits of one of their poets.

"I spoke with an energy which disconcerted my adversaries; for they had not expected to find in a Battuécas such a taste for poetry. I was transported beyond myself, not because I was listened to with surprise and approbation, but because Donna Bianca was proud of my success. Rising from table, she said to me, in an under voice, 'You have had a fine triumph, and I have participated in it.' The only triumph I have enjoyed, said I, you have this instant afforded me." Vol. I. P. 79.

Donna Bianca completes her conquest by singing to him an ode of his own composition, and declarations of mutual love speedily follow. They agree however that his engagement to Ines is an insuperable obstacle to their union. This obstacle is at length removed by a letter from father Isidore, informing

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Placide,

Placide of the perfidy of Ines ; and the day and the very hour of their union is fixed, when provokingly enough, they find that their information is false, and that Ines is innocent. Upon this they heroically give up all thoughts of their union. Placide is married to Ines, and Donna Bianca, happily exempt from that fastidiousness with which too many heroines are chargeable, takes up with Don Pedro.

We must do the heroes and heroines of Madame de Genlis the justice to say that upon all occasions they are ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and that whenever duty requires even the greatest sacrifices, they make them with a good grace. They are not of that untractable kind of beings, that so often figure in romance, who, when they have met with disappointment, persevere in stubborn grief, and reject consolation. With romance enough to satisfy the most romantic reader they have at the same time a sufficient bottom of sober sense to secure their own happiness. In the remainder of the story is described the discontent of Placide, after his marriage with Ines, and by what means he is finally cured. It possesses even less interest than the former part, and we might here dismiss our readers, did we not think it unpardonable to omit recording an instance of the tender foresight of love, related in the secondary narrative, to which we might defy the most unwearied reader of novels and romances with all his legendary lore to produce a parallel. Calista fell a victim to the French Revolution, while her lover, Adolphus, was waiting her arrival in Spain, where they had previously agreed to fly for refuge. Before her execution she gave to her friend Leontine sixteen letters to be sent to Adolphus, as from herself, every six months successively, till eight years should have expired. Notwithstanding this considerate precaution of Calista, the disclosure of her fate, at the expiration of the eight years, had nearly cost Adolphus his life; he is thrown into a burning fever, accompanied with delirium, and experiences a long and dangerous illness. On his recovery, he determines to dedicate six months to profound solitude, and at the end of that period to marry Leontine, the friend of Calista, and whom Calista had recommended as her successor in his affections. We would recommend this limitation of their sorrow to a certain definite time to all heroes and heroines. It is much better than habitual melancholy and sentimental whines. They might abridge the period of their seclusion, should six months appear too long, *ad libitum*, without disparagement to their sensibility, provided they took care to make up by the intensity of their grief for the shortness of its duration.

Upon the whole, this Spanish tale has little to recommend it: the characters for the most part are without characteristic features,

tures, and the incidents are too improbable to excite interest. The authoress shews so little art in concealing her art, that it continually obtrudes itself upon our notice. She announces in her preface, that upon the character of Placide she has bestowed the most profound attention; yet, except in some palpable instances, it seems to be but little influenced by his situation. She warns us not to mistake him for a savage without reflection and judgment, but the warning is needless; we are in greater danger of mistaking him for a civilized beau than for an untutored savage.

As to the translator, should he engage in a similar undertaking, we would recommend him to bear in mind that a religious deference to the mother tongue is an essential requisite to the due discharge of his office; and, that he may not forget our hint, we subjoin the following instances of the liberties which he has taken.

P. 6. Preface. "I preferred abridging it, than to add scenes."

P. 55. "Alas! I will not be suffered."

P. 192. "She was laying on a couch."

ART. XII. *The Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers; with a critical Catalogue of Books in occult Chemistry, and a Selection of the most celebrated Treatises on the Theory and Practice of the Hermetic Art.* 8vo. pp. 384. 10s. 6d. Lackington. 1815.

WE have not either inclination or leisure to entertain our readers with a long history of Alchemy, but we shall content ourselves with recommending the volume before us to those who may feel inclined to enter into this department of ancient folly. It contains the lives of the adepts from Synesius in 410 to Joseph Balsamo in 1798. It gives a large catalogue of alchemic books, besides thirty-four entire treatises.

We will give our readers a notion of alchemic biography in the following history.

" ANONYMOUS ADEPT.

"ATHANASIUS KIRCHER, a German jesuit, retired to Rome in 1640, where he wrote and published twenty-two volumes folio, and eleven in quarto. He records in his *Mundus Subterraneus*, that one of his friends, whose veracity he could not doubt, related to him as follows:—"From my youth," said this honest man, "I made a peculiar study of alchemy, without ever attaining the object

object of that science. In my course of experiments, I received a visit from a man who was entirely unknown to me: he asked very politely, what was the object of my labours, and without giving me time to reply, he said, I see very well by these glasses and this furnace, that you are engaged in the search of something great in chemistry; but believe me you never will, in that way, attain to the object you desire. I said to him, Sir, if you have better instructions, I flatter myself that you will give them. Willingly, replied this generous unknown: immediately I took a pen and wrote down the process he dictated; and to shew you the result, said the stranger, let us both work together, according to what you have written. We proceeded, and our operation being finished, I drew from the chemical vessel a brilliant oil, it congealed into a mass, which I broke into powder. I took a part of this powder and projected it on three hundred pounds of quicksilver, it was in a little time converted into pure gold; much more perfect than that of the mines; it endured all the proofs of the goldsmiths.

“ ‘ A prodigy so extraordinary struck me with surprise and astonishment, I became almost stupid; and as another Croesus, I fancied I possessed all the riches in the universe. My gratitude to my benefactor was more than I could express: he replied that he was on his travels, and wanted no assistance whatever; but “ it gratifies me,” says he, “ to counsel those who are unable to complete the hermetic work.” I pressed him to remain with me, but he retired to his inn; next day I called there, but what was my surprise, at not finding him in it, or at any place in the town. I had many questions to ask him, which left me in doubt. I returned to work according to the receipt, and failed in the result; I repeated the process with more care; it was all in vain! Yet I persevered until I had expended all the transmuted gold, and the greater part of my own property.’

“ ‘ We see,’ says Father Kircher, gravely, ‘ by this true history, how the devil seeks to deceive men who are led by a lust of riches. This alchemist was convinced he had an infernal visitor, and he destroyed his books, furnace, and apparatus, by the timely advice of his confessor.’ ” P. 83.

MONTHLY LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

DIVINITY.

The Nature and Tendency of Apostolical Preaching considered: a Sermon preached at St. Michael's Church, Bath. By the Rev. W. Dealtry, B.D. Rector of Clapham. 1s. 6d.

Plurality of Worlds; or, Letters, Notes, and Memoranda, Philosophical and Critical, occasioned by “ A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation viewed in Connection with the Modern Astronomy,” as published by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. 5s.

A Visitation Sermon, preached at Oxford, August 29, 1817. By F. Haggitt, D.D. Prebendary of Durham. 1s. 6d.

A Sketch of the Foundation of the Christian Church, according to Holy Scripture. By the Rev. J. L. Girdlestone, A.M. Part. I. 3s.

2

A Sermon

A Sermon preached at Cowbridge, at the primary Visitation of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Landaff. By the Rev. Scawen Plumptre, A.M. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess of Ayleford, and Vicar of Ilanblethlen, &c.

A Sermon, entitled unauthorized Zeal the Cause of Evil as applicable to the Case of Itinerant Preaching, being intended as a Sequel to "The Admonition of our Lord to his Disciples." By the Rev. James Duke Coleridge. 1s 6d.

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THE

BRITISH CRITIC,

FOR OCTOBER, 1817.

ART. I. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D. late Vice Provost of the College of Fort William in Bengal. By the Rev. Hugh Pearson, M. A. of St. John's College, Oxford.* 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Parker, Oxford; Cadell and Davies, London. 1817.

“SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” The subject of these memoirs was certainly indebted to no advantages of birth for his fortune, or his advancement: his parents moved in a humble, though respectable sphere of life; and their son was raised to a rank in society which their most sanguine hopes could never have anticipated. How far he may be truly said to have achieved greatness, the readers of Mr. Pearson's volumes will judge for themselves; but it is evident, that they are written with the intention of thrusting greatness upon his memory; and this, not so much on his own account, as with a view of serving that particular cause, to the support of which his life was principally devoted.

“It may not be unnecessary to observe,” says Mr. Pearson in his preface, “that these volumes contain the history of a man, whose leading characteristic was a sincere and devoted attachment to the gospel of Christ, as a living principle of faith and practice. While therefore, it is hoped, that those whose sentiments are substantially similar, will derive peculiar gratification from the perusal of the following memoirs. they may tend, as far as others are concerned, both to explain the nature of those principles, and to illustrate and recommend their excellence and value.

“Whatever is worthy either of being admired or imitated, and there is much which is deserving of both in the character of Dr. Buchanan, is chiefly to be ascribed to his views and feelings as a

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Christian;

Christian; and though, as the author himself would avow, it is by no means necessary to coincide in every opinion expressed by Dr. Buchanan in these volumes, he is deeply persuaded, that the leading principles of his life and conduct are alone capable of producing genuine and exalted virtue; peace of conscience, and a well-grounded hope of eternal happiness." Preface, P. ix.

As far as a sincere attachment to the whole gospel of Christ, as a living principle of faith and practice, may be shewn to have been felt by the late Vice Provost of the College of Fort William, we shall certainly feel disposed to admire and venerate his character: but this attachment furnishes no reason for bestowing two volumes on memoirs of *his* life, more than of the lives of many thousands, who have been equally zealous for the law of their fathers, and have lived, as he doubtless did, in all good conscience before God in their respective stations. An attentive perusal of these volumes has however convinced us, that they were not written merely to illustrate the beneficial effect of a sincere attachment to those opinions which he held in common with every sincere and orthodox believer; but to represent the superior moral influence of those, which identified him with a particular class of Christians, and drew from his biographer an avowal that he was moderately calvinistic. We are convinced that these opinions are not "*alone* capable of producing genuine and exalted virtue, peace of conscience, and a well-grounded hope of eternal happiness;" and we feel it our duty to guard our readers against such a mistake; which, however it might advance the interests of a party, would be deeply injurious to the cause of pure and genuine Christianity. We disclaim however all hostility to the character or memory of Dr. Buchanan, though for many reasons we do not approve of his being thus held up as a model for imitation. We are ready to give him the credit which we believe was his due, as a zealous and laborious man, sincerely believing in the truth of a particular religious system, and conscientiously endeavouring to promote and extend its influence. We are not disposed to deny that he was sometimes the direct, though more frequently the indirect instrument of good. He perseveringly laboured to advance an object of the highest importance, the promotion of Christianity in India; and though his plans included more than could be safely undertaken, the zealous earnestness with which he advocated them certainly contributed much to turn the public mind to the subject. It is possible also, that many of those connected with the affairs of India, who were not originally impressed with the necessity, or willing to incur the expence of maintaining an episcopal establishment in that country, alarmed at the extended and magnificent scale upon which Dr. Buchanan urged its introduction, may have been
thus.

thus the more easily induced to concur in the contracted measure which it was finally judged expedient to adopt. That measure, however inadequate to the whole wants of the case, was yet hailed with approbation by every reflecting member of the church. It was at least good as far as it went; it was the beginning of a better order of things; the efficiency of the person appointed to carry it into execution was a pledge, that all which could be safely attempted would be undertaken; and those who lamented that but one bishop could be afforded to direct the ecclesiastical concerns of the Asiatic Peninsula, were consoled by the reflection, that this bishop was Dr. Middleton.

The subject of these memoirs, who by his partial friends was designated as a proper man to fill this exalted and difficult office, was born at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, March 12, 1766. His father was a respectable school-master; his mother was the daughter of Mr. Claudius Somers, who had been one of the elders of the church at Cambuslang, and a follower of the well known George Whitfield, whose opinions she also appears to have adopted. Young Buchanan himself, after remaining six years at a Grammar School at Inverary, was appointed tutor to the two sons of Mr. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, at the early age of fourteen; and, with the exception of about two years and a half passed at the university of Glasgow, he continued to discharge the same office in different families, until the autumn of 1787, when suddenly smitten with a romantic desire of travelling through Europe, he quitted his parents, and the university where he was then studying, under a feigned pretence of accepting an invitation to attend the son of an English gentleman on a tour.

His own account of this wild undertaking, which, as it was commenced in folly and falsehood, ended, as it deserved, in misery, is thus given by his biographer.

“ I had the example of the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith before me, who travelled through Europe on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute. I could play a little on the violin, and on this I relied for occasional support during my long and various travels. In August, 1787, having put on plain clothes, becoming my apparent situation, I left Edinburgh on foot with the intention of travelling to London, and thence to the continent: that very violin which I now have, and the case which contains it, I had under my arm, and thus I travelled onward. After I had proceeded some days on my journey, and had arrived at a part of the country where I thought I could not be known, I called at gentlemen's houses, and farm houses, where I was in general kindly lodged. They were very well pleased with my playing reels to them (for I played them better than I can now) and I sometimes received five
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shillings,

shillings, sometimes half a crown, and sometimes nothing but my dinner. Wherever I went, people seemed to be struck a little by my appearance, particularly if they entered into conversation with me. They were often very inquisitive, and I was sometimes at a loss what to say. I professed to be a musician travelling through the country for his subsistence: but this appeared very strange to some, and they wished to know where I obtained my learning; for sometimes pride, and sometimes accident, would call forth expressions, in the course of conversation, which excited their surprise. I was often invited to stay for some time at a particular place; but this I was afraid of, lest I might be discovered. It was near a month, I believe, before I arrived on the borders of England, and in that time many singular occurrences befel me. I once or twice met persons whom I had known, and narrowly escaped discovery. Sometimes I had nothing to eat, and no where to rest at night; but, notwithstanding, I kept steady to my purpose, and pursued my journey. Before, however, I reached the borders of England, I would gladly have returned; but I could not; the die was cast; my pride would have impelled me to suffer death, I think, rather than to have exposed my folly; and I pressed forward. When I arrived at Newcastle, I felt tired of my long journey, and found that it was indeed hard to live on the benevolence of others: I therefore resolved to proceed to London by water; for I did not want to travel in my own country, but on the continent. I accordingly embarked in a collier at North Shields, and sailed for London. On the third night of the voyage we were in danger of being cast away, during a gale of wind; and then, for the first time, I began to reflect seriously on my situation." Vol. I. P. 8.

These reflections, however, produced no alteration in his conduct, he reached London in safety on the 2d. of September.

"But by this time," he continues, "my spirits were nearly exhausted by distress and poverty. I now relinquished every idea of going abroad. I saw such a visionary scheme in its true light, and resolved, if possible, to procure some situation, as an usher or clerk, or any employment, whereby I might derive a subsistence: but I was unsuccessful. I lived sometime, in obscure lodgings, by selling my clothes and books: for I did not attempt to obtain any assistance by my skill in music, lest I should be discovered by some persons who might know me or my family. I was in a short time reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness and want. Alas! I had not sometimes bread to eat. Little did my mother think, when she dreamt, that she saw her son fatigued with his wanderings, and oppressed with a load of woe, glad to lie down, and sleep away his cares on a little straw, that her dream was so near the truth! What a reverse of fortune was this! A few months before I lived in splendour and happiness! But even in this extremity of misery my eyes were not opened. I saw indeed my
folly."

folly, but I saw not my sin: my pride even then was unsubdued, and I was constantly anticipating scenes of future grandeur, and indulging myself in the pleasures of the imagination." — "After I had worn out many months in this misery, observing one day an advertisement in a newspaper, for 'a clerk to an attorney,' I offered myself, and was accepted. I was much liked, and soon made friends. I then obtained a better situation with another gentleman in the law, and, lastly, engaged with a solicitor of respectable character and connections in the city, with whom I remained nearly three years. During all this time I had sufficient allowance to appear as a gentleman; my desire for going abroad gradually abated, and I began to think that I should make the law my profession for life. But during a great part of this time I corresponded with my friends in Scotland, as from abroad, writing very rarely, but always giving my mother pleasing accounts of my health and situation." Vol. I. P. 11.

Thus struggling under the combined pressure of a scanty income, and a laborious and distasteful employment, Mr. Buchanan still continued to deceive his parents, and even the death of his father did not awaken him to a sense of the impropriety of his conduct, as he appears from his diary to have answered his mother's letter, announcing that afflicting event, by a letter dated Florence, 12th May. Three years passed in this manner, when an accidental conversation with a friend revived the religious feelings, which had been early implanted in his mind by his mother and his grandfather. These were further strengthened by the perusal of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, Alleine's *Alarm to the Unconverted*, and Boston's *Fourfold State*: and when we find that with a mind thus prepared, and with a disposition naturally inclined to yield to the influence of romantic impressions, he became first the attendant on Mr. Newton's preaching, and afterwards his intimate acquaintance and admirer, we cannot be surprised that he devoted himself to those enthusiastic opinions, which afterwards influenced his character, and directed his conduct. In all this we confess there appears to us nothing extraordinary. The biographer of Mr. Buchanan, however, views this part of his life in a very different light; and the following observations upon "this change in his religious and moral dispositions," are sufficiently indicative of the school of which both the author and his hero may be considered disciples; and also throw considerable light upon the purpose for which these volumes were compiled.

"It is possible, on the one hand, that some may perceive in Mr. Buchanan's ingenious statement, little more than an example of that sudden and enthusiastic conversion, which it is so much the custom to ridicule and to deny; while, on the other, an equally
numerous

numerous class of readers may be inclined to think, that the circumstances thus related are easily to be accounted for, and little to be regarded. The one, in short, may be disposed to treat the whole as visionary and delusive, the other, as weak and unimportant."——“ In reply to the former of these objections, it may be observed, that, even admitting the change in question to have been sudden, it does not necessarily follow that it was enthusiastic and visionary. ‘ I do not, in the smallest degree,’ says a peculiarly calm and cautious writer *, ‘ mean to undervalue, or speak lightly of such changes, whenever, or in whomsoever they take place; nor to deny that they may be sudden, yet lasting: nay, I am rather inclined to think that it is in this manner that they frequently do take place.’ But in the present case, sudden as that impression appears to have been, which was the turning point in the mind of Mr. Buchanan between a life of sin and of religion, between the world and God, it was neither the first nor the last which he experienced; but one of many previous convictions, which had been comparatively ineffectual, and of many subsequent influences, which issued in the real conversion of his heart to God, and which continued through his future course to establish and edify him in Christian faith and holiness. The substantial effects which followed sufficiently rescue the impressions which have been described from the imputation of enthusiasm, and vindicate their claim to a more legitimate and divine origin.

“ If the spiritual change, however, which has been thus explained, is acknowledged by some to have been devoid of any thing delusive or visionary, it may still perhaps be considered by others as neither extraordinary nor important. The religious education of Mr. Buchanan, it may be alleged, might naturally have been expected to lead at some period of his life to such a result; and the change in his character and conduct was only such as a regard to truth and propriety absolutely required. The early associations and habits of Mr. Buchanan undoubtedly favoured the hope that he would eventually become a real Christian: but their very inefficacy in restraining him during several years from a course of insincerity, vanity, and sin, is alone sufficient to prove that nothing short of that divine influence, to which he ascribed his conversion, could at once have convinced his understanding, and changed and purified his heart.” Vol. I. P. 28.

We are well aware that many great and notorious sinners have been suddenly brought to a sense of their guilt and danger, sometimes by the pressure of external circumstances, sometimes by the influence of powerful and awakening exhortation. We are inclined to think with Dr. Paley, that in this manner such persons are frequently led to repentance; and this we believe to be all which that “ peculiarly calm and cautious writer” meant to

* Dr. Paley. Sermons, p. 123.

assert. But though we consider such occurrences as signal proofs of the divine *mercy*, which has permitted them; still we shall hesitate to attribute them to any particular and sensible interference of divine *power*, because such interference is no where promised in the Scriptures; and whenever its expectation has been cherished, it has given birth either to presumptuous confidence, or groundless despair. But Mr. Pearson must not therefore reckon us among those who are inclined to *ridicule* every alleged instance of sudden conversion thus effected. Such narratives generally excite very different feelings in our minds; feelings of pity for the persons who have been thus deluded, and taught to build their hopes upon a visionary basis, instead of resting them upon the sure foundation of God's promises.

Mr. Pearson has taken great pains to prove, that Mr. Buchanan was an instance of this conversion; and in the passage which we have cited, he endeavours to meet all the objections which can be taken against its reality. He has failed in convincing us; not because we are disposed to treat the *whole* account as visionary and delusive, for we are ready to allow the authenticity of all his facts, though we deny the inference he has drawn from them; nor because we regard these facts as weak and unimportant, for these are epithets which apply only to the *reasoning*, and not to the *narrative*; but because his statements leave the question just where they found it; they may be easily and rationally accounted for without any extraordinary exertion of divine power; and though, in common with every other godly motion, they must be attributed to "the effectual grace of God," p. 32, yet it is to that grace working in the ordinary manner, insensibly, and not to any peculiar, perceptible, or irresistible impulse.

It is allowed by Mr. Pearson, that "the early associations and habits of Mr. Buchanan undoubtedly favoured the hope that he would eventually become a real Christian." P. 30. And the occurrences of the narrative are all easily explained, by allowing to these early associations and habits that influence, which they might reasonably have been expected to exert over such a mind and disposition, whenever the events of his life called them into action. Mr. Pearson indeed speaks of "their inefficacy in restraining him during several years from a course of insincerity, vanity, and sin;" and seems to think this a sufficient proof that his change of conduct could be attributed only to an operation immediately divine. But, though it did not suit the evident purpose of the biographer to recall the attention of his readers to the fact, he had before admitted, that these early associations and habits had never wholly lost their influence; and from the storm which Mr. Buchanan encountered during his passage from North Shields to London, unto the conversation which he held with

with his religious friend, and his subsequent study of Doddridge, Alleine, and Boston, frequent instances are given of the recurrence of that sense of misconduct, which marked the existence of religious principle in his heart.

But let us hear Mr. Buchanan's own account of the matter, always remembering the austere and rigid notions of religion in which he had been educated; and then, making due allowance for the exaggerated language which a person in his state of mind, writing to such a man as Mr. Newton, might be expected to employ, let us ask whether his was a dignus vindice nodus, a case of such a desperate nature as to require the immediate exertion of divine agency to work his cure?

“ Since my coming to London,” he observes, “ until June last I led a very dissipated, irreligious life. Some gross sins I avoided, but pride was in my heart; I profaned the Lord's day without restraint, and never thought of any religious duty. Thus I lived till within these few months, exactly three years since my voluntary banishment from my native country; three tedious years! and for any thing I could have done myself, I might have remained in the same state for thirty years longer. But the period was now arrived, when the mercy of God, which had always accompanied me, was to be manifested in a singular manner. *I had a very strong sense of religion when I was about the age of fourteen; and I used often to reflect on that period: but I had not, I believe, the least idea of the nature of the Gospel.* It was in the year 1790 that my heart was first effectually impressed, in consequence of an acquaintance with a religious young man.” Vol. I. P. 19.

We shall not dwell upon inconsistencies in this account, which our readers cannot fail to observe; nor shall we ask how Mr. Buchanan could have had a very strong sense of religion at the age of fourteen, without having the least idea of the nature of the Gospel? or how he could often reflect on that period, and still never think of any religious duty? It was his object to make his case as bad as he could, that his change might be the more striking; though with singular, and somewhat unaccountable caution, he concealed from his chosen confessor, the great leading fault of his conduct, the deceit which he was practising towards his mother. But after all, we see in this description only the natural reaction of principles, early and deeply impressed upon an ardent mind; nor does the subsequent narrative of his conversion, as it is called, disclose any thing but the regular progress of feelings thus excited, and afterwards kept alive by the continual application of the same stimulants by which they had been first awakened.

We have dwelt thus long upon this period of Mr. Buchanan's life, because we are aware of the importance attached to it, by
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the particular class of persons for whose edification these memoirs were compiled. He was to be represented as a striking instance of the new birth; his future life was to be considered as having taken its bias from this auspicious moment, this "turning point," as it is called, "in his mind, between a life of sin and of religion, between the world and God." P. 29. And he was to be reckoned as a brand plucked out of the fire by the ministry of Mr. Newton, and ordained to bear distinguished testimony to the efficacy of instantaneous conversion, and the sensible operations of the Holy Spirit upon the so called and renewed sinner. But surely hard measure is thus dealt out to those natural guardians and teachers, whose endeavours to impress his youthful mind with their peculiar views of religion, appear to have been exemplary, and were doubtless the assignable cause of all his future conduct.

"I had a very strong sense of religion," says he, "when I was about the age of fourteen;" p. 19. "My pious grandfather" (the disciple of Whitfield) "chose me from among my mother's children to live with himself. He adopted me as his own child, and took great pleasure in forming my young mind to the love of God." Vol. I. P. 33.

To the principles thus early imparted to him, all his subsequent opinions and actions may be traced; the connection into which he afterwards fell, might have called those principles into action, and given them a force and consistency which they might not otherwise have obtained; but the seed was sown by his parents; and to their early care, assisted by the subsequent nursing of Mr. Newton, may be attributed that peculiar tone of mind, and direction of character, which Mr. Buchanan afterwards exhibited, without appealing to a particular spiritual interference, which it is at least unnecessary, and therefore unbecoming and presumptuous to assume.

We have only one further remark to make, and we make it with reluctance, lest it should be attributed to a desire which we do not feel, to mark the blots in Mr. Buchanan's character. But it seems essential to observe, that under the influence of this conversion, which is so plainly attributed to the effectual working of the Holy Spirit of God, Mr. Buchanan was not induced to make the only reparation in his power for the sin he had committed against his parents. He did not confess his fault to his surviving and excellent mother, until some weeks afterwards, when advised to do so by Mr. Newton. Now on this we will only say one word; we have authority to assert, that confession and repentance are the *first* evidences of *real* conversion: what then must have been that sudden change, could it

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it have been so "radical," so "universal as to its objects and influence," as Mr. Pearson represents it, p. 31. when for more than a fortnight it had worked no such effect upon his conduct?

Under the sanction of his new spiritual guardian, Mr. Newton, Mr. Buchanan determined upon entering the Church; and the liberality of Mr. H. Thornton having provided him with the means of pursuing his studies at the university, we find him in the year 1791 at Queen's College, Cambridge. We are not inclined to follow his biographer through his long detail of the struggle which Mr. Buchanan underwent, before he could be induced to devote his mind to the established course of study at the university, instead of dedicating his time exclusively to theological pursuits. Fortunately for his future character, he was now under the guidance of wiser men than himself; and they at last taught him to believe, that

"A competent acquaintance with the learned languages, and with the stores of historical and ethical knowledge which they contain; the principles of sound reasoning, and the elements, at least, of general science, are essential to the formation of an enlightened and able theologian." Vol. I. P. 52.

If, indeed, Mr. Buchanan had recollected, that, when he first began to study the Scriptures, "the Bible appeared to him like a confused heap of polished stones prepared for a building, which must be brought together, and each of them fitted to its place, before the proportion and symmetry of the temple appear;" p. 44. he would have wanted no suggestions of others to convince him, that a man must discipline his head as well as his heart, his understanding as well as his affections, before he can be able "rightly to divide the word of truth, as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." In due time he felt the whole of this truth as regarded himself.

"I once," says he, "thought myself prepared for the Church! I shudder at my temerity. A zeal (if zeal it may be called) without knowledge, must have dictated this unhallowed confidence. In one sense, indeed, any one to whom God has given his grace, may enter into the Church, however ignorant or unfit in other matters; inasmuch as all success in it comes from God. But in another, no man ought to enter upon the ministry, who is not qualified by nature and education to do justice to a public station, and claim respect from a gainsaying world. This is absolutely necessary, unless miracles have not ceased. And for want of attending to these circumstances, viz. the present state of Christianity, and the progress of civilization, I see that the Gospel suffers in every quarter." Vol. I. P. 103.

Agreeing perfectly with Mr. Buchanan in the sentiments expressed in the latter part of this passage, we may observe, that
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the former of the two cases might have been omitted without injury to the statement. It is certainly true that a man, to whom God has given such a portion of his grace as to supply the defects of nature and education, may enter the Church with advantage; this was exactly the case of the Apostles. But it is also certainly true, that miracles have ceased; that such miraculous gifts of grace are not now, in any instances, bestowed; and, therefore, that it is the height of presumption in any ignorant and unfit person to venture upon this sacred office, and hope that God will prosper his undertaking. It is wonderful that Mr. Buchanan, who could so clearly see the difficulties attending the study of the Scriptures; and the importance, nay absolute necessity of natural talent, fostered and improved by education, to qualify a man for a teacher of the Gospel, should afterwards blindly lend himself to the support of an institution for sending forth the Bible unexplained into the world, as an all-sufficient instrument of instruction; and become the patron and encourager of self-called missionaries, who had no authority to preach the word but the suggestions of their own fancy, no qualification for the office but "an unhallowed confidence dictated by zeal without knowledge!" Such are the inconsistencies of enthusiasm!!

The good effect which a persevering attention to the studies of the university might have produced on Mr. Buchanan's mind, was in some degree counteracted by the inconsistent jealousy of Mr. Newton, who appears afraid, that his young friend might learn or know too much, and grow enamoured of the sciences which he had himself represented as necessary. Mr. Buchanan's answer to his expostulations proves, that the leaders of the party at Cambridge were better politicians than Mr. Newton. How preferable is the honest, though mistaken zeal of the latter, to the cunning craftiness which presided at the councils of the former!

"Your jealousy lest my heart might be gradually attached to our academical studies, awakened my fears, and I prayed for divine aid while I scrutinized myself and my views; and now I must candidly acknowledge, that I believe your doubts to be well founded; I believe that *you* are right, and that many of my friends here are wrong; I say I believe it, for as yet I am not sure: you and they view me in a different light; hence arises this difference of opinion relating to the plan of my studies. These gentlemen, not only bred at this university, but anxious for its fame, and still more for that of the religious students in it, are desirous that we should *excel* in the studies of the place, that we may, as it were, shed some lustre (in the eyes of men,) on that Gospel which the learned despise. The grand argument we use against *infidels*, who deride

ride the truth, as being only professed by men of weak judgment, is to point out some learned Christian, (if such can be found,) and then say with St. Paul, (Are you a Hebrew? so am I,) are you a mathematician? so is he. Are you a classic, an historian? so is he. *What* are you? he is all that; but he is something more. Now it is natural to adopt such an argument when we can. On this account these gentlemen are eager to incline the serious young men to the studies of the university, which they therefore represent as being not only ornamental but useful." Vol. I. P. 67.

What follows in the same letter bears honourable witness to the integrity of Mr. Buchanan's heart, and the sincerity of his intentions.

"I shall now give you the result of my own deliberations on the subject. Rather than you should have a moment's uneasiness lest the purity of my heart should be tainted by the mathematics," (what would old Isaac Barrow have said to this?) "I would throw every mathematical book I have into the fire, and make them a funeral pile to the manes of your jealousy. For compared with the word of truth, they are as dross to fine gold. In a certain degree they may be useful, and to that degree I would desire them; and I hope to be led so far, and no farther. At first I disliked them; but considering them as a nauseous medicine, which might do me some good, I took them up. You too bade me. After a while, they became more palatable, and at length a pleasing study. For this I was exceedingly thankful, as they were in the way of my duty. But now as I have arrived at a certain length in them, and have in view very soon to enter on an important office, which requires much preparation, I think it will be right, not to relinquish them wholly; I do not mean that: but so to circumscribe them, and my other academical exercises, as to afford me a considerable proportion of the day (the half if possible) for 'the preparation of the Gospel of peace.' I do not mean to put this sudden resolution into practice, till I know whether it be right. From some experience I know myself to be weak, injudicious, inconstant, changeable. I shall therefore prosecute my studies as usual, 'till I hear from you. Having acquired somewhat of a reputation for my attention to college studies, if I can preserve it, it will be a desirable thing. If not, I cannot help it; I willingly sacrifice it, 'to a better name.'" Vol. I. P. 69.

We now arrive at that period of Mr. Buchanan's life, which has laid the foundation of his notoriety, and rendered him a subject for the unceasing encomiums of that party, which is anxious, in every way, and by every means, to shed a lustre upon what they would call the cause of serious Christianity.

Having been ordained Deacon 20th September, 1795, and Priest early in the following spring, by Bishop Porteus, Mr.
Buchanan

Buchanan embarked for India 11th August, as one of the Company's chaplains, on the Bengal establishment. The three first years of his residence in India were passed rather impatiently, in a subordinate station at Barrackpore; but in the year 1800 he was appointed Vice-Provost of the newly founded college of Fort William.

Of the policy or utility of that foundation we are not called upon to give an opinion; but we entertain very great doubts of the propriety of the nomination, which placed nearly the whole of the internal regulation and discipline of the college, under the controul of such a man as the new Vice-Provost. Upon the right discharge of the various and important duties, which awaited the students of that college, when called into the active service of the Company, depended not only the commercial interests of their employers, but, in some degree, the prosperity and political supremacy of their native country, now closely interwoven with her Asiatic superiority; and the comfort, peace, and happiness of sixty millions of the natives, who were to be placed under their controul.

"Upon them," said the noble founder of this magnificent institution, "devolve the duties of dispensing justice to millions of people of various languages, manners, usages, and religions; of administering a vast and complicated system of revenue throughout districts, equal in extent to some of the most considerable kingdoms in Europe; and of maintaining civil order in one of the most populous and litigious regions of the world. They can, therefore, no longer be considered as the agents of a commercial concern; they are in fact the ministers and officers of a powerful sovereign, and must be viewed in that capacity, with a reference, not to their nominal, but to their real occupations. Their education should consequently be founded in a general knowledge of those branches of literature and science, which form the basis of the education of persons destined to similar offices in Europe.

"To this foundation should be added an intimate acquaintance with the history, languages, customs, and manners of the people of India, with the Mohammedan and Hindoo codes of law and religion, and with the political interests and relations of Great Britain in Asia. They should be regularly instructed in the principles and system which constitute the foundation of that wise code of regulations and laws enacted by the Governor-General in Council, for the purpose of securing to the people of this empire the benefit of the ancient and established laws of the country, administered in the spirit of the British constitution. Finally, their early habits should be so formed, as to establish in their minds such solid foundations of industry, prudence, integrity, and religion, as should effectually guard them against those temptations and corruptions with which the nature of the climate, and the peculiar depravity of

of the people of India, will surround and assail them in every station, especially upon their first arrival in India." Vol. I. P. 197.

Surely then the person called to fill the arduous and responsible office of Vice-Provost in a college, where so much was to be done, and so grievous would be the consequences of a failure, the person whose "peculiar province and sacred duty" it was, "to guard the moral and religious interests of the institution, and vigilantly to superintend the conduct and principles of all its members;" p. 204. the person who was to form the character of the future rulers and judges of that immense territory, should have been eminently endowed with all the best qualities of the head and heart, with deep and various learning, with cool and discriminating judgment, with an enlarged, enlightened, and liberal mind. However amiable Mr. Buchanan might have been in private life, however respectable for professional zeal, religious sincerity, or individual worth, still he was not exactly the man to whom such a charge should have been confided. Neither his previous habits of life, nor the associations which he had formed, nor the opinions which he had uniformly professed, fitted him for the superintendant and example of the intended "ministers and officers of a powerful sovereign." His religious peculiarities also might have been reasonably considered as a bar to such an appointment. It was well known at Calcutta that the Calvinistic tenets, which he considered essential to Christianity, were disclaimed by the great body of his brethren, and the heads of the Church in England; and that they tended to engender an enthusiastic and fanatical spirit, wholly alien to the Church herself, and calculated materially to lessen, if not entirely to destroy the beneficial influence which her pure and apostolic doctrine, taught and recommended with her characteristic moderation, might have otherwise obtained over the natives.

We are aware that every motive which duty or interest could suggest, urged the necessity of providing, in a speedy and effectual manner, for the religious and moral culture of those youths, to whom the controul, both civil and military, of our Indian possessions, was to be intrusted. We know what were the inevitable consequences of a system, under which the servants of the Company, released at an early age from all the restraints which the discipline of a school, or a college, or a parent's eye, commonly impose on the heedlessness of youth, were sent into an enervating climate, among a people of habits and character licentious to a proverb, where temptation solicited, and example sanctioned indulgence, where sensuality had lost the name and opprobrium of vice, and where in many situations not even the stated forms of public worship recurred to remind them

them that they were Christians, and as such bound by a purer rule of life. And we are deeply impressed with a conviction, that, unless such a system had been amended, the Company would shortly have become as unable, as they would have been unworthy to retain their territorial possessions. But we cannot allow that such a change could have been beneficially effected by Mr. Buchanan. The inculcation of his particular system of faith was the great object of his life; to this every other consideration would have yielded; and the College of Fort William, the nursery of the future judges and statesmen of India, would have dwindled by degrees into a seminary of "moderate Calvinists."

If we are called upon to state the grounds of our opinion, the volumes before us supply them in abundance. "By this institution," says Mr. Buchanan, "two hundred students, the whole generation of English India, will be put, in some degree, under the direction of Mr. Brown and myself." P. 206. The effects of this direction were not long in shewing themselves. "With the commencement of the year 1801 Mr. Buchanan entered upon his important and laborious duties as Vice-Provost." P. 213. And in a very few months he is enabled to inform a correspondent, that there were "some instances of a *serious* spirit of religious enquiry among the students." P. 215. In the same year Mrs. Buchanan was bearer of a letter to one of Mr. B.'s friends in England,

"In which he mentions that the regular attendance of the greater number of the students on divine worship, and still *more decisive proofs of serious impressions* among them, had given him new ardour and new hopes, that the college of Fort William would prove a *religious* as well as a literary institution to many of them." Vol. I. P. 218.

Two years afterwards he writes thus to Major Sandys; "We do as usual in Calcutta, *serious religion appears to increase*." P. 265. And again; "Mrs. Buchanan is quite surprised to find so much *vital religion* among us." P. 268. In 1805 he gave the following "encouraging account" of the success of his labours, to one of his correspondents:

"You will be glad to hear that——still perseveres in listening to sacred things; as do many other young political servants whom you do not know. The demand for religious books, *particularly of evangelical principles*, has been very great these two last years." Vol. I. P. 317.

And in the same year, when the disapprobation of the higher powers at home had led Mr. Buchanan to anticipate the speedy
dissolution

dissolution of his favourite establishments, he thus declares the hopes he had formed from its operation, and the purposes which its influence, under his direction, would have been employed to advance.

“ Our hope of evangelizing Asia was once founded on the College of Fort William. But a rude hand hath already touched it; and unless the Imperial Parliament interpose, it will soon be said of this great and useful institution, which enlightened a hemisphere of our globe, *Fuit Ilium et ingens gloria*. Its name however will remain, for its record is in many languages; and the good it hath done will never die, for it hath taught many the way to heaven. Had the College of Fort William been cherished at home with the same ardour with which it was opposed, it might in the period of ten years have produced translations of the Scriptures into all the languages from the borders of the Caspian to the sea of Japan. An idea seems to have gone forth in England that Lord Wellesley founded his College merely to instruct the Company's writers. Lord Wellesley founded the College of Fort William to enlighten the Oriental world; to give science, religion, and pure morals to Asia, and to confirm in it the British power and dominion.” Vol. I. P. 367.

Whatever might have been the distant prospects or expectations of Lord Wellesley, however he might have hoped that his College would eventually produce the effects which Mr. Buchanan has enumerated, certain it is that his minute confines itself to what Mr. B. calls the instruction of the Company's writers: and therefore it is not at all extraordinary that an idea should have gone forth in England, that this was the object for which the College was founded; or that those who saw Mr. Buchanan's zeal for employing it as the instrument of evangelizing Asia, might conceive that he was overstepping the line of his duty, and exerting the influence and authority of his official station in a manner wholly foreign to the purposes for which they had been bestowed.

The course which Mr. Brown* and Mr. Buchanan were now running, and the use they were making of that appointment which placed all the junior civil servants of the Company under their superintendence, naturally excited the apprehensions of the other resident clergy, who did not consider the doctrines of Calvin to be those which as ministers of the Church of England they were commissioned to teach. Accordingly we find that

“ Towards the end of the year 1804, and the commencement of the following year, a considerable degree of opposition to the

* Mr. Brown was Provost of the College.

doctrines inculcated by Messrs. Brown and Buchanan had been manifested by two or three of the other chaplains of the presidency;" and that "Mr. Buchanan was in consequence induced to preach a series of discourses on the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England." P. 327. Mr. Pearson assures us that "the impression of these sermons upon his audience was considerable;" that "the reasonings of their author were unquestionably sound and scriptural; and his exhortations powerful and persuasive." He allows indeed that some were "proof against both;" but these it seems were the victims of "passion and prejudice;" and in a word, "his labours, whether accepted or refused, afford an evidence of his fidelity as a minister and ambassador of Christ, which will hereafter testify for him before his glorious throne." P. 348.

This is a decisive sentence, and doubtless will weigh with those for whose gratification it was intended; for ourselves, we have heard such oracles before, too often to be much affected by them. We would only beg leave to remark, that there are other things besides passion and prejudice which have rendered men proof against both the reasonings and exhortations of Calvinistic divinity; and that some theologians of no mean note have ventured to think them neither so sound nor so scriptural as they appear to Mr. Pearson. If Mr. Pearson had recollected, that the opposition of which he complains arose from the other chaplains of the presidency, men not lightly to be accused of passion or prejudice; he probably would have been induced to pass a more charitable, if not a more impartial judgment on the case. But we willingly proceed to a more pleasing subject.

The propriety of granting to our countrymen in India the benefits of a resident Episcopacy, and the advantages which might reasonably be expected to result from it to the cause of Christianity in the East, had long been felt and acknowledged by the heads of the Church at home; and they were fully disposed to seize the first favourable opportunity of recommending the subject earnestly and respectfully to the consideration of government. The zeal of Mr. Buchanan was early directed towards this object, his efforts to recommend it were strenuous and unremitting, and his writings and representations, seconded by the activity of his friends both in India and at home, who had already designated him for the episcopal throne in the East, certainly helped to awaken the interest of the public in its favour. Thus far then he may be justly said to have contributed to the accomplishment of this great and necessary work; and thus far he is doubtless entitled to our thankful remembrance and our commendation. An essential difference of opinion and design was soon discoverable among the advocates of this measure. Mr. Buchanan and his friends were for "evangelizing

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Asia" at once: the ardour of their zeal spurned at impediments; and they reasoned as if the resolution of the directors, or the *fiat* of an Act of Parliament could extend the influence of Christianity in a moment from Bombay to Ganjam, from Cape Comorin to the Godavery.

"One observation I would make," says Mr. Buchanan, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "on the proposed ecclesiastical establishment. A partial or half measure will have no useful effect. A few additional chaplains can do nothing towards the attainment of the great objects in view. An Archbishop is wanted for India; a sacred and exalted character, surrounded by his bishops, of ample revenue and extensive sway; a venerable personage, whose name shall be greater than that of the transitory governors of the land; and whose fame for piety, and for the will and power to do good, may pass throughout every region."——
 "We want something royal in a spiritual or temporal sense, for the abject subjects of this great Eastern empire to look up to. They cannot conceive themselves in a settled state without a Sultan or Maha Rajah. They are incapable of freedom; for superstition keeps men in childhood. And yet they have neither King nor Emperor; they have neither national temple nor High Priest. They are a mixed multitude, who have no common sentiment of truth or falsehood, of right or wrong. Every man contradicts his neighbour; and the European tells them they are all right?"——
 "Spiritual power, with means of instruction, is wanting, to awaken to life this sluggish and inert race. Vegetating in ignorance and passive misery, they want a sacred guide, who shall take them by the hand, and lift them up, and look them in the face, and express some interest in their happiness. The success of the solitary missionary demonstrates what would be the powerful effect of the whole Church." P. 370.

This illustration perhaps was unfortunate; for the adversaries of the measure would have used it with equal confidence, as an evidence of the visionary nature of Mr. Buchanan's expectations. But be this as it may, the whole passage shews clearly enough, that Mr. Buchanan aimed at nothing less than the immediate establishment of Christianity, as the paramount Creed of the Asiatic peninsula; and the spiritual necessities of his own Christian countrymen, sojourning in a heathen land, were wholly lost sight of, in the magnificent design of converting millions.

On the other hand, more discreet and moderate men, though equally anxious for the ultimate propagation of Christianity throughout the vast regions which Providence had submitted to our empire: and equally desirous that the natives of India, when prepared for Christianity, should receive it, through the instrumentality

strumentality of our own Church, in the same purity in which it was professed by their rulers ; still felt and acknowledged great and alarming difficulties in the way of a project so extensive as that which Mr. Buchanan proposed. They were not ignorant that " the existence of our Indian empire is involved in religious considerations." P. 371. And therefore they thought nothing so likely to shake it, as even the appearance of an intention to interfere with the religious feelings of its inhabitants. They did not think of the Mohammedan, the Guebre, or the Hindoo, as mere passive beings, who would renounce the creed and the rites of their forefathers without a murmur or a struggle. They were assured that though this mixed multitude might set no value upon personal freedom, though they might look up with submissive deference to the sceptre of command, whether wielded by a native despot or a Christian governor general, their superstitions were dearer to them than liberty or life ; and they felt that it would be unwise to awaken their jealousy by so ostentatious a measure as that contemplated by Mr. Buchanan. Still they earnestly desired to make immediate and effectual provision for the spiritual wants of the British residents in India, who, though Christians in profession, were in danger of losing all sense of the obligations which that profession entailed upon them, from the scanty provision made for the celebration of public worship and for religious instruction, and the total want of ecclesiastical discipline. By providing for the supply of these deficiencies, and giving to Christianity and the Church of England that visible form of external polity and discipline, that influence of example and authority which it before wanted, they conceived that they were contributing, in the most effectual manner, to the permanent establishment of our holy faith in India. Having once laid the foundation of an episcopal church deep and firm, they doubted not, that it would gradually extend its influence by the persuasive force of its own attractive example ; and to this, under the blessing of Providence, they chose to trust, rather than to a shew of power which might alarm a timid people, or an ostentation of external splendour which might irritate an envious and jealous priesthood.

Such were the designs of those who were best qualified to frame, and best entitled to originate so important a measure ; and these designs our excellent primate himself condescended to explain to Mr. or as we must now call him, Dr. Buchanan, in a letter which unfortunately did not reach its destination until he had quitted India.

" The object," says the Archbishop, " we have in view is a reasonable object, and must not be lightly abandoned. It is not

the spirit of making proselytes by which we are actuated, but the sober wish to maintain, in its purity and strength, Christianity among Christians. If it shall please God through these means, the best, I had almost said the only means, in the hands of man, to spread the blessings of Christianity, it is a result devoutly to be wished, but not impatiently pursued. Experience may have taught us that they are blessings that will not bear to be crudely and prematurely obtruded; they must be left to grow at their ease, and to ripen out of the character, and discipline, and doctrine of that Church which is planted in India, and which is necessarily the object of daily and curious observation." Vol. II. p. 198.

One fourth of the second volume of these Memoirs is occupied by an account of Dr. Buchanan's tour to the coast of Malabar. But as the Dr. has here been his own historian, and as his travels and researches have long been before the public, we shall not follow Mr. Pearson over this ground. We were tempted to smile at the importance attached by the biographer to this journey in search of health, and the exaggerated encomiums which he passes on Dr. Buchanan for taking a tour, which all the influence of the governor general was exerted to make easy and pleasant. Mr. Pearson will excuse us if we regard this expedition as no very self-denying exertion, and requiring no remarkable efforts of zeal or resolution; and he must allow us to impute just as much importance to the result of the Doctor's Christian Researches, as subsequent statements of no less authority have warranted.

On his return to Calcutta, Dr. Buchanan subjected himself to the disapprobation of the supreme government, by his strenuous interference on behalf of the missionaries in Bengal; whose exertions it was thought necessary to restrain. Our limits will not allow us to enter upon the subject, farther than to remark, that, though the cautious measures of the supreme government might not keep pace with the ardent wishes of Dr. Buchanan, it was evidently his duty to put the best interpretation upon the conduct of his superiors, and not the worst; and finally to submit to their decision. At all events, it became him not to proceed beyond the line of respectful advice, entreaty, or remonstrance. And when he so far forgot himself and his duty, as to preach a series of discourses in the church of the presidency, calculated to recommend his own views of the subject, and by consequence to throw censure on the proceedings of the government; and afterwards made preparations for their publication, we conceive that a more appropriate description might have been given of such a proceeding, than to call it "a legitimate and laudable design, conducted not in the spirit of violence and fanaticism, but of calm discussion, and reasonable and benevolent

volent exertion." Vol. II. p. 130. We stop not to inquire who these missionaries were, or what had been their conduct; that it had not been always prudent or blameless, Dr. Buchanan himself allowed; Vol. II. p. 135. And how far their exertions, even if they had been in all respects such teachers as a minister of the Church of England could conscientiously and consistently recommend, were to be permitted or restrained, was a question which the supreme government alone was legally competent to determine.

Our remarks on the remainder of these volumes must necessarily be brief: the occurrences of Dr. Buchanan's life, from his return to England, in August 1808, till his death, which happened in 1815, were mostly unimportant: the sermons, and other tracts which he published during this interval, prove that his mind was continually occupied with the subjects to which he had devoted his attention while in India; and the controversies to which these publications gave occasion, are now happily set at rest by the legislative provisions which have been made for an ecclesiastical establishment in that country. We had marked many passages in this part of the work for observation, but the article has already grown under our hand to a length which forbids us to expatiate farther.

Dr. Buchanan appears to have been a man of warm feelings and sincere intentions; that which he firmly believed he zealously inculcated on others; the practice which he thought becoming a Christian, he carefully adhered to, and earnestly recommended. In disposition he was munificent; and he seems to have thought little of the fortune which his situation had enabled him to accumulate, but as it gave him the power of advancing those objects to which his life had been devoted.

Of his religious opinions we will say but little; as far as they were Calvinistic, they were in our opinion mistaken; and we cannot but lament that mistake, as it not only coloured his faith but his practice, as it rendered his exertions less useful to the cause of Christianity, as it devoted him to a party in the Church rather than to the Church herself, and necessarily raised up opponents to his professional exertions, who could not, consistently with their duty, acquiesce in his attempts to engraft his own enthusiastic peculiarities on her pure and apostolic doctrine. Mr. Pearson gives him credit for a comprehensive mind, and informs us, on the authority of the head of the college to which he belonged at Cambridge, that his character as an under-graduate there, was marked by plain, sober, good sense. Vol. II. p. 376. It may be so, for numerous are the instances in which the mind has been narrowed by attachment to a party, and plain sense obscured by religious enthusiasm. Mr. Pearson says, that he has been

accused of exaggeration in his representations of the religious state of India, of undistinguishing severity in his strictures on the ecclesiastical deficiencies, and negligences of our Eastern administration, and of a dictatorial tone in his suggestions. We are not inclined to impute intentional misrepresentation in any case to Dr. Buchanan; but we doubt not that in some cases he was himself deceived by those in whom he thought he could confide, and that in others he coloured too highly what he strongly felt. The severity of his censure, and the offensive and dictatorial tone in which his suggestions were sometimes conveyed, we attribute to those peculiarities of opinion, which tend to make even a humble man think more highly of himself and his party than he ought to think. In a word, what was excellent in Dr. Buchanan, and much there was in his character so to be accounted, is to be ascribed to his sincerity as a Christian; while most of what was faulty, most of the errors of his public conduct, and the failures of his plans, were produced by the influence of what Mr. Pearson calls his "moderate Calvinism," upon a disposition peculiarly adapted to the impressions of enthusiasm.

ART. II. *The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation,* by David Ricardo, Esq. 8vo. 14s. Murray. 1817.

ART. III. *Additions to the Fourth and former Editions of an Essay on the Principle of Population,* by W. Malthus. 8vo. 9s. 6d. Murray. 1817.

WE have frequently derived both instruction and amusement from the writings of Mr. Ricardo. His practical good sense, and his accurate views of trade, have hitherto secured for him a considerable degree of attention whensoever he chose to address the public; his opinions, on certain points, still continue to be popular among a large class of readers; and, indeed, we may safely venture to say, that few names are better known, or more respected, than Mr. Ricardo's, in all discussions connected with money, with the course of exchange, and with the various circumstances which affect, less or more, the relations of foreign commerce. After these remarks, which we make in sincerity, and not at all for the sake of contrast, we are sorry to add, that his present publication has greatly disappointed us; that we do not precisely understand the object of it; and, in short, that it contains no valuable information in point of fact, and very little good reasoning in point of doctrine. He seems to us, to have
assumed

assumed false data in the outset ; and consequently in every part of his book, which is founded on the peculiar doctrines of his theory, his conclusions, generally speaking, are either absurd or positively unintelligible.

He holds, for example, and this is the leading principle of his system, that the price of all commodities brought to market, consists solely of the wages paid to workmen, and of the ordinary profits on the stock, whether fixed or circulating, which is employed by the master manufacturer in producing them. No man, we are ready to admit, acquainted with the very rudiments of political economy, will deny that position, generally considered ; but, at the same time, almost every man, we are certain, will stand out against the inferences which our author attempts to draw from it ; namely, that, in every case, profits fall when wages rise ; and that the market price of all produce, agricultural, and manufactured, is regulated by that description of land, and by that particular manufactory, the revenues arising from which, barely cover the expences of production ; that is, which merely repay wages, and afford the ordinary profits of stock. It is, according to Mr. Ricardo, the land that yields no rent, which regulates the price of corn ; it is the pit that yields no rent, which regulates the price of coal ; and the mine that yields no rent, which regulates the price of silver. In one word, (as it is expressed in p. 513) the price of a thing is “ regulated by the cost of its production to those who are least favoured.” As a corollary from this very questionable conclusion, we are desired to believe, that it is very much for the interest of land-owners to have the expense of raising corn increased ; for as the price of that article would naturally rise, in proportion to the difficulty of producing it, Mr. Ricardo concludes, that the landlord’s share of the corn raised by his tenant, and paid to him in the name of rent, would become, from every additional rise, proportionably more valuable to him. Now, to say the least of it, this is a very short sighted view of the subject. If other commodities did not, in the long run, keep pace with corn in their market value, and, if, in all circumstances affecting the ease or difficulty of producing corn, the landlord’s share were constantly the same in amount ; then, and only then, would it be for the advantage of him who owns land, to prevent such improvement in agriculture, as would diminish the money-price of its produce. We mention this, however, merely in passing, having no intention to follow out the subject in its manifold ramifications. The opinions of the author on this point, indeed, are so fully refuted by the slightest experience of the actual state of things, and of the ordinary views and practice of
mankind

mankind at large, that it would be a waste of time to develop or expose them at greater length.

Towards the close of his volume, Mr. Ricardo makes a few strictures, intermixed with some very sensible remarks, on the doctrines of Mr. Malthus in relation to *rent*; and, certainly, of all the publications of that distinguished writer, his "*Inquiry into the nature and progress of Rent*," is the least perspicuous and satisfactory. If the whole essay be taken together, indeed, and examined with candour and attention, the meaning will be found to be not only consistent with sound principle, but completely in unison with the general views expressed in the other works of the same author: if, however, it shall be strictly analyzed, and inspected minutely in a state of separation, nothing will be more easy than to point out many sentences at variance with one another, and several attempts at illustration, which only tend to bewilder the reader. This Mr. Ricardo has done, in one or two instances, with much candour and good humour; and we have no doubt, accordingly, that in any future lucubrations of the same kind, Mr. Malthus will profit by the verbal criticisms with which he has been thus favoured.

As our attention is to be chiefly engaged with the work which stands second on our list, at the head of the article, we shall, in the mean time, give an extract from that which stands first, in order that our readers may have a fair specimen of the manner in which Mr. Ricardo writes and reasons on the "*Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*." We take it from the seventh chapter, entitled, "*On Taxes*."

"Taxes are a portion of the produce of the land and labour of a country, placed at the disposal of government; and are always ultimately paid, either from the capital, or from the revenue of the country.

"We have already shewn how the capital of a country, is either fixed, or circulating, according as it is of a more or less durable nature. It is difficult to define strictly, where the distinction between circulating and fixed capital begins; for there are almost infinite degrees in the durability of capital. The food of a country is consumed and reproduced at least once in every year; the clothing of the labourer is, probably, not consumed and reproduced in less than two years; whilst his house and furniture are calculated to endure for a period of ten or twenty years.

"When the annual productions of a country exceed its annual consumption, it is said to increase in capital; when its annual consumption, at least, is not replaced by its annual production, it is said to diminish its capital. Capital may, therefore, be increased by an increased production, or by a diminished consumption. If the consumption of the government, when increased by the levy
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of additional taxes, be met either by an increased production, or by a diminished consumption on the part of the people, the taxes will fall upon revenue, and the national capital will remain unimpaired; but if there be no increased production, or diminished consumption on the part of the people, the taxes will necessarily fall on capital.

“ In proportion as the capital of a country is diminished, its productions will be necessarily diminished; and, therefore, if the same expenditure on the part of the people and of the government continue, with a constantly diminishing annual reproduction, the resources of the people and the state will fall away with increasing rapidity, and distress and ruin will follow.

“ Notwithstanding the immense expenditure of the English government during the last twenty years, there can be little doubt but that the increased production, on the part of the people, has more than compensated for it. The national capital has not merely been unimpaired, it has been greatly increased, and the annual revenue of the people, even after the payment of their taxes, is probably greater at the present time, than at any former period of their history. For the proof of this we might refer to the increase of population, to the extension of agriculture, to the increase of shipping and manufactures, to the building of docks, to the opening of numerous canals, as well as to many other expensive undertakings; all denoting an increase both of capital and of annual production.

“ There are no taxes which have not a tendency to impede accumulation, because there are none which may not be considered as checking production, and as causing the same effects as a bad soil or climate, a diminution of skill or industry, a worse distribution of labour, or the loss of some useful machinery; and although some taxes will produce these effects in a much greater degree than others, it must be confessed, that the great evil of taxation is to be found, not so much in any selection of its objects, as in the general amount of its effects taken collectively.

“ Taxes are not necessarily taxes on capital, because they are laid on capital; nor on income, because they are laid on income. If from my income of 1000*l.* per annum, I am required to pay 100*l.* it will really be a tax on my income, should I be content with the expenditure of the remaining 900*l.*; but it will be a tax on capital, if I continue to spend 1000*l.* The capital from which my income of 1000*l.* is derived, may be of the value of 10,000*l.*; a tax of one per cent. on such capital, would be 100*l.*; but my capital would be unaffected, if, after paying this tax, I, in like manner, contented myself with the expenditure of 900*l.*

“ The desire which every man has to keep his station in life, and to maintain his wealth at the height which it has once obtained, occasions most taxes, whether laid on capital or on income, to be paid from income; and, therefore, as taxation proceeds, or as
government

government increases its expenditure, the annual expenditure of the people must be diminished, unless they are enabled proportionally to increase their capitals and income. It should be the policy of governments to encourage a disposition to do this in the people, and never to levy such taxes as will inevitably fall on capital, since by so doing, they impair the funds for the maintenance of labour, and thereby diminish the future productions of the country.

“In England this policy has been neglected in taxing the probates of wills, in the legacy duty, and in all taxes affecting the transference of property from the dead to the living. If a legacy of a 1000*l.* be subject to the tax of 100*l.* legatee considers his legacy as only 900*l.* and feels no particular motive to save the 100*l.* duty from his expenditure, and thus the capital of the country is diminished; but if he had really received 1000*l.* and had been required to pay 100*l.* as a tax on income, on wine, on horses, or on servants, he would probably have diminished, or rather not increased his expenditure by that sum, and the capital of the country would have been unimpaired. But this is not the only objection to taxes on the transference of property; they prevent the national capital from being distributed in the way most beneficial to the community. For the general prosperity there cannot be too much facility given to the conveyance and exchange of all kinds of property, as it is by such means that capital of every species is likely to find its way into the hands of those who will best employ it in increasing the production of the country. Those taxes, however, are easily collected; and this may be thought to afford some compensation for their injurious effects.”

This is all very sensible, no doubt, but it is, at the same time, very common-place kind of talking. Originality, we grant, is not to be expected on a subject which has been so frequently handled by men of the first-rate genius and acquirements: that consideration, however, should have some weight with such persons as are only amateurs in political science, and who can have nothing to tell in their books, which they are pleased to get up, but what they admired in the books of others. He who has so little of novelty to bring forward, should hesitate on the expediency of appearing before the public, whether for correction or instruction.

The volume now before us, which Mr. Malthus has denominated “Additions” to his *Essay on the principle of Population*, contains many interesting observations, and some very instructive facts. It is chiefly filled, indeed, with supplementary discussions on the trite topics of the corn trade and the poor laws; but even on these subjects, surrounded as they are with all the tedium and irritation which usually accompany a protracted controversy,

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this able philosopher has succeeded in striking out new lights, and in awakening throughout the interest of his reader. We pass over these matters at present, however, in order to introduce Mr. Malthus as himself, a critic. Since the publication of the last edition of his Essay, in 1807, two works have appeared, the avowed object of which, is to oppose the principles and conclusions which our author has therein endeavoured to establish. These are the "*Principles of Population and Production*," by Mr. Wayland; and an "*Inquiry into the Principle of Population*," by Mr. James Grahame.

Of Mr. Grahame's book we have already given our opinion; in stating which we expressed, nearly in the words which Mr. Malthus has since employed, the difficulty we felt to make out its real intention, and to connect together the various fragments of reasoning which lie scattered over it. It is here characterized as "a slight work without any very distinct object in view;" and as containing "some strange specimens of misrepresentation, which it may be useful to point out." From the general character of Mr. Grahame's "*Inquiry*," we are inclined to believe, that he does not wilfully misrepresent the views of the celebrated work, upon which he passes his strictures, but, rather, that he has not examined into them with sufficient care, and, therefore, does not thoroughly understand them, in all their bearings. No man, we will venture to say, who has read Malthus with attention, and with an ordinary share of candour and intellect, will affirm, that he regards the vices and follies of human nature, and their various products, famine, disease, and war, as *benevolent remedies*, by which nature has enabled human beings to correct the disorders that would arise from that redundancy of population, which the unrestrained operation of her laws would create. This, however, is affirmed by Mr. Grahame, not only of Mr. Malthus, but of all who hold his opinions; and,

"If the imputation were just," says the latter writer, "we have certainly, on many accounts, great reason to be ashamed of ourselves. For what are we made to say? In the first place, we are stated to assert that *famine* is a benevolent remedy for *want of food*. Secondly, we are said to affirm, that nature enables human beings, by means of diseases, to correct the disorders that would arise from a redundancy of population; that is, that mankind willingly and purposely create diseases, with a view to prevent those diseases which are the necessary consequence of a redundant population, and are not worse or more mortal than the means of prevention. And, thirdly, it is imputed to us, generally, that we consider the vices and follies of mankind, as benevolent remedies

remedies for the disorders arising from a redundant population; and it follows, as a matter of course, that these views ought to be encouraged rather than thus reprobated."—"It would not be easy to compress, in so small a compass, a greater quantity of absurdity, inconsistency, and unfounded assertion."—"The two first imputations may, perhaps, be peculiar to Mr. Grahame; and protection from them may be found in their gross absurdity and inconsistency. With regard to the third, it must be allowed it has not the merit of novelty. Although it is scarcely less absurd than the two others, and has been shewn to be an opinion no where to be found in the Essay, nor legitimately to be inferred from any part of it, it has been continually repeated in various quarters for fourteen years, and now appears in the pages of Mr. Grahame. For the last time I will now notice it; and should it still continue to be brought forward, I think I may be fairly excused from paying the slightest further attention, either to the imputation itself, or to those who advance it."

Mr. Malthus then proceeds to shew from the leading statements of his Essay, that he has either been misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented by Mr. Grahame; and that so far from regarding vice and misery as *benecolent remedies*, for the disorders of excessive population, he uniformly pointed to them as themselves the great disorders springing from the source; and, moreover, that, instead of representing these evils, either as desirable in the light of checks, or as inevitable calamities, attending the progress of human society, he has on all occasions described them, not only as being within the reach of mitigation, or even of positive removal, by moral causes, but as constituting that giant bane of human life, to the removal or mitigation of which, moralists and philosophers should direct their chief exertions. He repeats, that he has never considered any possible increase of population as an evil, except as far as it might increase the proportion of vice and misery; that vice and misery, and these alone, are the great evils which it has been his object, all along, to contend against; that he has expressly proposed moral restraints as their rational and proper remedy; and, accordingly, whether the remedy be good or bad, adequate or inadequate, the proposal itself, and the stress he has laid upon it, ought, he thinks, to be received as an incontrovertible proof, that he never could have considered vice and misery as themselves remedies.

We shall only mention another instance in which Mr. Grahame has dealt rather injuriously by Mr. Malthus, in relation to a topic, too, of all others the most invidious and unpopular. In speaking of the poor-laws in this country, and of their tendency (particularly as they have been lately administered) to

eradicate

eradicate all remaining spirit of independence among our peasantry,

“ I observe,” says Mr. M. “ that hard as it may appear in individual instances, dependant poverty ought to be held disgraceful ; by which of course I only mean, that such a proper degree of pride as will induce a labouring man to make great exertions, as in Scotland, in order to prevent himself, or his nearest relations, from falling upon the parish, is very desirable, with a view to the happiness of the lower classes of society. The interpretation which Mr. Grahame gives to this passage is, that the rich ‘ are so to embitter the pressure of indigence, by the stings of contumely, that men may be driven by their pride, to prefer even the refuge of despair, to the condition of dependence !’ a curious specimen of misrepresentation and exaggeration.”

In justice, however, to Mr. Grahame, as an author, we have to remark, that it is only because the tone and style of his publication appeared to Mr. Malthus entitled to more respect than the work of most of his opponents, that he thought it worth while to notice his misrepresentations.

The critique on Mr. Weyland’s book does not so easily admit of abridgment. It should seem, however, that the arguments contained in the “ Principles of Population and Production,” are pointed against the head rather than the heart, and on that account, they have not excited in the mind of Mr. Malthus, the same degree of indignation and anger, with which he appears animated towards Mr. Grahame. The severest remark he makes upon the former is, that “ he really appears to have dictated his book with his eyes blindfolded, and his ears stopped ;” and that it has never been his fortune “ to meet with a theory so uniformly contradicted by experience.”

Weyland, it appears, for we have not had the pleasure of reading his book, denies that the population of old countries has a tendency to become redundant ; maintaining that the bad air and unhealthy occupations of large towns keeps down the excess of births ; and that, in advanced stages of human society there are various circumstances called by him, “ ‘ anticipating alterations’ which render many persons unwilling to marry, and many more, who do marry, incapable of reproducing their own numbers, and of replacing the deficiency in the remainder.” It does not, however, tally with well-known facts, to affirm that population in every case is repressed by the extension of towns and by the increase of manufactories ; for in this country, during the ten years from 1800 to 1811, as Mr. Malthus has proved, the number of inhabitants increased at such a rate as would double the whole amount in fifty-five years ; whilst, in countries

countries much more agricultural, the population has been merely stationary. In Sweden the proportion of the people living in the country, is to those who live in town as 13 to 1; in England this proportion is about 2 to 1; and yet England increases much faster than Sweden. In spite of the enlargement of all our towns, says Mr. M. in spite of the most rapid increase of manufactories, and of the proportion of people employed in them; in spite of the most extraordinary and unusual demands for the army and navy; in short, in spite of a state of things which, according to Mr. Weyland's theory, ought to have brought us long since to the point of *non-reproduction*, the population of this country has advanced at a rate more rapid than was ever known at any period of its history.

But proceeding on the fact assumed by Mr. Weyland, that the progress of civilization and improvement is always accompanied by a correspondent abatement in the natural tendency of population to increase, we land, in the end, at the very same conclusion to which Mr. Malthus's reasoning leads us, and find that the abatement here spoken of originates in the difficulties of providing food generally, or in the inferior quality and diminished quantity of that, upon which the mass of the people are compelled to subsist.

"What is it," exclaims Mr. M. "that indisposes people to marry, but the absolute helplessness of being able to support their families? What is it that renders many more who do marry incapable of reproducing their own numbers, but the diseases generated by excessive poverty; by an insufficient supply of the necessities of life. Can any man of reflection look at Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and many of the other countries of Europe, and then venture to state that there is no moral reason for repressing the inclination to early marriages; when it cannot be denied that the alternative of not repressing it must necessarily and unavoidably be premature mortality from excessive poverty. And is it possible to know, that, in few or none of the countries of Europe, the wages of labour, determined in the common way by the supply and the demand, can support in health large families, and yet assert that population does not press against the means of subsistence, and that 'the evils of a redundant population can never be necessarily felt by a country till it is actually peopled up to the full capacity of its resources.'"

The greatest objection to Mr. Weyland's theory, however, respects the practical tendency which his doctrines carry with them, to confirm prejudices already too strong, and to give perpetuity to a system which cannot possibly subsist much longer without inflicting a material injury both upon the character and prosperity of the working class in this populous country. If population,

pulation, as our author observes, instead of having a tendency to press against the means of subsistence, becomes by degrees very slow in overtaking them, Mr. Weyland's inference that we ought to encourage the increase of the labouring classes by abundant parochial assistance to families, might perhaps be maintained. But, if his premises be entirely wrong, while his conclusions are still acted upon, the consequence must be that universal system of unnecessary pauperism and dependence which we now so much deplore. Already above one-fourth of the population of England and Wales are regularly dependent upon parish relief; and, if the system which Mr. Weyland recommends, and which has been so generally adopted in the midland counties, should extend itself over the whole kingdom, there is really no saying to what height the level of pauperism may rise. While the system of making an allowance from the parish for every child above two is confined to the labourers in agriculture, whom Mr. Weyland considers as the breeders of the country, it is essentially unjust, as it lowers, without compensation, the wages of the manufacturer and artificer; and when it shall become just, by including the whole of the working classes, what a dreadful picture will it present! What a scene of equality, indolence, rags, and dependence, among one half or three-fourths of the society. Under such a system to expect any essential benefit from *saving-banks*, or any other institutions to promote industry and economy is perfectly ridiculous. When the wages of labour are reduced to the level to which this system tends, there will neither be power nor motive to save.

But we leave the criticisms and explanations which have been called forth by the attacks of his opponents to enter a little more at length into the merits of this additional volume itself. There is in it, among a variety of other matters, a supplementary discussion on the foolish question touching Systems of Equality, respecting which we hold the opinion of those other friends to whom he alludes, that it would be advisable to throw it out altogether. No man of common discretion can seriously entertain for one moment the absurd proposal of Godwin or Spence, to have all things in common, and to reduce all conditions to the same level. We even feel as if Mr. Malthus were subjecting himself to a species of degradation, when he undertakes to confute the reasonings and meet the objections of Spencean and Lanarkshire philanthropists. As we shall have to encounter Mr. Owen in a subsequent chapter, we leave him at present to extract a paragraph from the "addition" on the poor-laws, wherein our author exposes the arts, by which certain demagogues, as well as some others of better principles and intentions, have recently attempted to mislead the lower orders.

“ If these things are so, and I am firmly convinced that they are, it cannot but be a subject of the deepest regret to those who are anxious for the happiness of the great mass of the community, that the writers which are now most extensively read among the common people should have selected for the subject of reprobation, exactly that line of conduct which can alone generally improve their condition, and for the subject of approbation that system which must inevitably depress them in poverty and wretchedness. They are taught that there is no occasion whatever for them to put any sort of restraint upon their inclinations, or exercise any degree of prudence in the affair of marriage; because the parish is bound to provide for all that are born. They are taught that there is as little occasion to cultivate habits of economy, and make use of the means afforded them by saving-banks to lay by their earnings while they are single, in order to furnish a cottage when they marry, and enable them to set out in life with decency and comfort; because, I suppose, the parish is bound to cover their nakedness, and to find them a bed and a chair in a workhouse. They are taught that any endeavour on the part of the higher classes of society to inculcate the duties of prudence and economy, can only arise from a desire to save the money which they pay in poor-rates; although it is absolutely certain that the *only* mode consistent with the laws of morality and religion of giving to the poor the largest share of the property of the rich, without sinking the whole community in misery, is the exercise on the part of the poor of prudence in marriage, and of economy both before and after it. They are taught that the command of the Creator to increase and multiply, is meant to contradict those laws which he has himself appointed for the increase and multiplication of the human race; and that it is equally the duty of a person to marry early, when, from the impossibility of adding to the food of the country in which he lives, the greater part of his offspring must die prematurely, and consequently no multiplication follow from it, as when the children of such marriages can be all well maintained, and there is room and food for a great and rapid increase of population. They are taught that, in relation to the condition of the labouring classes, there is no other difference between such a country as England, which has been long well peopled, and where the land which is not yet taken into cultivation is comparatively barren, and such a country as America where millions of millions of acres of fine land are yet to be had for a trifle, except what arises from taxation. And they are taught, O monstrous absurdity! that the only reason why the American labourer earns a dollar a day, and the English labourer earns two shillings is, that that the English labourer pays a great part of these two shillings in taxes.

“ Some of these doctrines are so grossly absurd, that I have no doubt they are rejected at once by the common-sense of many among the labouring classes. It cannot but strike them that, if
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their main dependence for the support of their children is to be on the parish, they can only expect parish fare, parish clothing, parish furniture, a parish house, and parish government, and they must know that persons living in this way cannot possibly be in a happy and prosperous state."

We pass over the chapters, or rather supplementary notices, on the corn-laws, on prohibition and bounties, on the commercial and agricultural systems as connected with the grand question of population, because as every one of those topics would of itself form the subject of an article, we could not possibly do justice to them in the rapid sketch to which we are now confined. Besides, the views developed by Mr. Malthus in his present publication have been rendered familiar to the public by the numerous discussions to which his own pamphlets and other treatises gave rise in 1814 and 1815, and which were ably maintained and illustrated by several speakers in the House of Commons, on the memorable occasion of passing into a law the bill now in force, for regulating the trade in corn. We therefore proceed to the consideration of one or two of the different plans which have lately been proposed for improving the condition of the poor. The pressure of the times which are just gone by, has drawn to this subject more than an ordinary share of attention; and, as the system of relief administered by means of the poor laws, is universally allowed to have become inadequate, and otherwise objectionable in a high degree, the more reflecting part of the community have very distinctly expressed their conviction that some substitute or improvement has become absolutely necessary. It is generally thought, as Mr. Malthus observes, that some measure of importance will be the result of the present state of public opinion.

"Among the plans which appear to have excited a considerable degree of the public attention is one of Mr. Owen's. If the question were merely how to accommodate, support, and train in the best manner, societies of twelve hundred people, there are perhaps few persons more entitled to respect than Mr. Owen; but in the plan which he has proposed, he seems totally to have overlooked the nature of the problem to be solved. This problem is, *How to provide for those who are in want, in such a manner as to prevent a continual increase of their numbers, and of the proportion which they bear to the whole society.* And it must be allowed that Mr. Owen's plan not only does not make the slightest approach towards accomplishing this object, but seems to be peculiarly calculated to effect an object exactly the reverse of it, that is, to increase and multiply the number of paupers.

"If the establishments which he recommends could really be conducted according to his apparent intentions, the order of nature

ture and the lessons of Providence would indeed be in the most marked manner reversed; and the idle and profligate would be placed in a situation which might justly be the envy of the industrious and virtuous. The labourer or manufacturer who is now ill-lodged, and ill-clotied, and obliged to work twelve hours a-day to maintain his family, could have no motive to continue his exertions, if the reward for slackening them, and seeking parish assistance, was good lodging, good clothing, the maintenance and education of all his children, and the exchange of twelve hours hard work in an unwholesome manufactory, for four or five hours of easy agricultural labour on a pleasant farm. Under these temptations, the numbers yearly falling into the new establishment from the labouring and manufacturing classes, together with the rapid increase, by procreation, of the societies themselves, would very soon render the first purchases of land utterly incompetent to their support. More land must then be purchased, and fresh settlements made; and if the higher classes of society were bound to proceed in the system according to its apparent spirit and intention, there cannot be a doubt that the whole nation would shortly become a nation of paupers with a community of goods. Such a result might not, perhaps, be alarming to Mr. Owen. It is just possible, indeed, that he may have had this result in contemplation when he proposed his plan, and have thought that it was the best mode of quietly introducing that community of goods which he believes is necessary to complete the virtue and happiness of society. But to those who totally dissent from him as to the effects to be expected from a community of goods; to those who are convinced that even his favourite doctrine, that a man can be trained to produce more than he consumes, which is no doubt true at present, may easily cease to be true, when cultivation is pushed beyond the bounds prescribed to it by private property; the approaches towards a system of this kind will be considered as approaches towards a system of universal indolence, poverty, and wretchedness.

“ Upon the supposition, then, that Mr. Owen’s plan could be effectively executed, and that the various pauper societies scattered over the country could at first be made to realize his most sanguine wishes, such might be expected to be their termination in a moderately short time, from the natural and necessary operation of the principle of population. But it is probable that the other grand objection to all systems of common property, would, even at the very outset, confound the experience of Mr. Owen, and destroy the happiness to which he looks forward. In the society at the Lanark Mills, two powerful stimulants to industry and good conduct are in action, which would be totally wanting in the societies proposed. At Lanark the whole of every man’s earnings is his own; and his power of maintaining himself, his wife and children, in decency and comfort, will be in exact proportion to his industry, sobriety, and economy. At Lanark, also, if any workmen
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be perseveringly indolent and negligent, if he get drunk and spoil his work, or if in any way he conduct himself essentially ill, he not only naturally suffers by the diminution of his earnings, but may at any time be turned off, and the society be relieved from the influence and example of a profligate and dangerous member. On the other hand, in the pauper establishment proposed on the present plan, the industry, sobriety, and good conduct of each individual would be very feebly indeed connected with his power of maintaining himself and his family comfortably; and in the case of persevering idleness and misconduct, instead of the simple and effective remedy of dismissal, recourse must be had to a system of direct punishment of some kind or other, determined and enforced by his authority, which is always painful and distressing, and generally inefficient. I confess it appears to me that the most successful experience, in such an establishment as that of Lanark, furnishes no ground whatever to say what could be done towards the improvement of society in an establishment where the produce of all the labour employed would go to a common stock, and dismissal, from the very nature and object of the institution, would be impossible. If, under such disadvantages, the proper management of these establishments were within the limits of possibility, what judgment, what firmness, what patience would be required for the purpose. But where are such qualities to be found in sufficient abundance to manage one or two millions of people?

“On the whole, then, it may be concluded that Mr. Owen’s plan would have to encounter obstacles that really appear to be insuperable, even at its first outset; and that if these could by any possible means be overcome, and the most complete success attained, the system would, without some unnatural and unjust laws to prevent the progress of population, lead to a state of universal poverty and distress; in which, though all the rich might be made poor, none of the poor could be made rich; not even so rich as a common labourer at present.”

We cannot help admiring the restrained and qualified manner of speaking which Mr. Malthus employs towards the projector of the mad scheme, which the public, actuated by the conviction that some change had become necessary, have recently allowed to be explained to them. The rules and regulations which Mr. Owen has imposed upon his work-people at Lanark, and which he enforces by the fear of being turned off, may perhaps manifest much profound knowledge of human nature, and great discernment as to the best means of promoting virtue and happiness among those who earn their wages at his hand; but nothing certainly could be more ridiculous, more absurd, or more pregnant with hazard to the community at large than the plan which he lately *developed* in this city for employing and maintaining the poor. At Lanark Mills, only a certain number of men, wo-

men, and children, are wanted for the purposes of the manufactory; a certain number of houses accordingly are prepared for their reception, and a corresponding amount of provision, in all other respects, is secured for their maintenance. If, in these circumstances, the population at the works has a tendency to exceed the number of persons wanted to carry them on; (and if there is no tendency to this excess, we must conclude that they enjoy neither health nor happiness;) the supernumeraries must find employment for themselves, either at other works of the same kind, or among the farmers in the neighbourhood; and thus is Mr. Owen freed from the effects of an eventual evil which would be most of all to be dreaded in his proposed national establishments, and upon which Mr. Malthus founds his principal objection to them—a redundancy of numbers. If Mr. Owen were obliged to provide all the people born at his mills, with education and employment in the first instance, and with food and houses as they grew up and chose to marry; and if he could shew that he had done all this for thirty or forty years, without affecting his own interests on the one hand, or imposing any severe restrictions upon his dependents on the other; in such a case, we should be most ready to admit that his experience would be of some value to the public, and his advice deserving of some attention. As things are conducted at present, however, and particularly as he has at all times a ready outlet for the full excess of the population which may happen to spring up at his manufactory, we cannot see that his scheme carries in it a single circumstance which could be turned to good account when applied to the exigencies of a nation at any period, and more especially to meet that temporary pressure of distress which his plan was more immediately intended to relieve.

Of Mr. Curwen's expedient for the relief of the poor, which comes next under Mr. Malthus's consideration, we have already given some account in our March number; and we have the satisfaction to find that our own opinion coincides with the views now expressed in the able work before us. The great objection to the measure recommended by Curwen is, that it is calculated, not only to extend the system of relief at present administered by the poor-laws, but even to render that system perpetual. This argument proceeds throughout upon the assumption that funds, in name of poor's-rates, *must* be raised for the relief and maintenance of the indigent. Now, regarded as a permanent plan, we have no hesitation in saying that it is much more objectionable than that which is acted upon at present; for, by extending the range in which the assessment is to be imposed, its first and natural effect will be to create on the part of the people, a still greater degree of reliance upon that species of relief,
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and thus to aggravate the evil which it is meant to mitigate or remove. At present, too, as Mr. M. observes, the parochial rates fall so very heavily upon one particular species of property, that the persons whose business it is to allow them, have in general a very strong interest to keep them low; but if they fall equally on all sorts of property, which is the leading object of Mr. Curwen's plan, and particularly if they were collected from large districts or from counties, the local distributors would have comparatively but very feeble motives to reduce them, and they might accordingly be expected to increase with great rapidity. Nor do we think much more favourably of his proposal to have a large national fund, or friendly society, incorporated or connected with the existing system of *poors'-rates*; for as the rates would always be regarded, even by the contributors themselves, as their chief dependence, and, at all events, as the source from which all deficiencies would come to be made up, it is not at all likely that the labouring classes would subject themselves to any material privations in the meantime, merely that their allowance from the public stock might be a little more ample when they should happen to want it; particularly as they know that, as things are conducted at present, they have a right and title to as much of that allowance as will afford to them the means of subsistence. And even at the best, even taking it for granted, that the majority of the working people in England would contribute to the proposed national fund, there would be hardly one step gained towards accomplishing the great end which all plans of this nature ought now to have in view, namely, the implantation of a feeling of independence, and of a habitual reliance upon their own resources, among the peasantry and manufacturers of the country at large. When it is considered, says our author, that a large and probably an increasing amount of *poors'-rates* would be subscribed to these societies; that, on this account, their members could hardly be considered as independent of parish assistance; and that the usual *poors'-rates* would still remain to be applied as they are now, without any proposed limitations, there is little hope that Mr. Curwen's plan would be successful in diminishing the whole amount of the rates, and the proportion of dependent poor.

As a good deal has been said and written on the subject of *Saving Banks*, and as confident hopes are entertained by many persons as to their effects in lessening the pressure of rates, and in recovering the proper tone of sentiment among the lower orders of society, our readers will be desirous to know the opinion which is held of them by an author so well qualified to judge in such matters, as is Mr. Malthus.

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“Of all the plans,” says he, “which have yet been proposed for the assistance of the labouring classes, the saving-banks, as far as they go, appears to me much the best and the most likely, if they should become general, to effect a permanent improvement of the lower classes of the community. By giving to each individual the full and entire benefit of his own industry and prudence, they are calculated greatly to strengthen the lessons of Nature and Providence; and a young man who had been saving from fourteen or fifteen, with a view to marriage at four or five and twenty, or perhaps much earlier, would probably be induced to wait two or three years longer, if the times were unfavourable; if corn were high; if wages were low; or if the sum he had saved had been found by experience not to be sufficient to furnish a tolerable security against want. A habit of saving a portion of present earnings for future contingencies can hardly be supposed to exist without general habits of prudence and foresight; and if the opportunity furnished by provident-banks to individuals, of reaping the full benefit of saving, should render the practice general, it might rationally be expected that, under the varying resources of the country, the population would be adjusted to the actual demand for labour, at the expence of less pain and less poverty; and the remedy thus appears so far as it goes to apply to the very root of the evil.

“With a view to give these banks greater encouragement at the present moment, an act has been passed, allowing persons to receive parish assistance at the discretion of the justices, although they may have funds of their own, under a certain amount, in a saving bank. But this is probably a short-sighted policy. It is sacrificing the principle upon which saving banks are established, to obtain an advantage, on this very account, will be comparatively of little value. We wish to teach the labouring classes to rely more upon their own exertions and resources, as the only way of really improving their condition; yet we reward their saving by making them still dependant upon that very species of assistance which it is our object they should avoid. The progress of saving-banks, under such a regulation, will be but an equivocal and uncertain symptom of good; whereas, without such a regulation, every step would tell, every fresh depositor would prove the growth of the desire to become independent of parish assistance; and both the great extension of the friendly societies, and the success of the saving-banks, in proportion to the time they have been established, clearly shew that much progress might be expected in these institutions, under favorable circumstances, without resorting to a measure which is evidently calculated to sacrifice the end to the means.”

These observations on the discretionary power of the justices are, no doubt, expressive of Mr. Malthus's good sense and discrimination; but it must, unquestionably, have occurred
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to him, whilst thinking on this subject, that, if parish assistance were to be refused to every one who should make a deposit in a saving-bank, no person would be found weak enough thus to sacrifice his claim for the future, by practising such a piece of self-denial. Indeed it must be very obvious to minds of much less perspicuity than our author's, that neither saving-banks nor friendly societies can be attended with their natural good effect so long as such as do not contribute to either have a right to support from the funds of their more industrious fellow-subjects. The main and essential point to be attained is, the abolition, in due time, of the present system, in principle and practice. The corrupt tree will always bring forth corrupt fruit; and, in this instance, the taint is not in the branches, but in the trunk and roots. It must be hewn down and cast into the fire. Nothing engrafted upon it will thrive, or ever look healthy. Its leaves have no virtue in them for the healing of the nations; they drop down poison and death. In the words of Mr. Malthus, we repeat, with the most perfect confidence, that there is only one class of causes from which any approaches towards a remedy can be naturally expected; and that consists of whatever has a tendency to increase the prudence and foresight of the labouring classes. This is the touchstone to which every plan proposed for the improvement of the condition of the poor should be applied. If the plan be such as to co-operate with the lessons of nature and providence, and to encourage and promote habits of prudence and foresight, essential and permanent benefit may be expected from it; if it has no tendency of this kind, it may possibly still be good as a temporary measure, and on other accounts, but we may be quite certain that it does not apply to the source of the specific evil for which we are seeking a remedy.

ART. IV. *The Second Part of Armata.* 8vo. 224 pp.
8s. 6d. Murray. 1817.

AMONG the great variety of profound and original reflections with which this inimitable satire upon the politics and manners of the present age and nation abounds, we were much struck by the following judicious remark: that "when a person has once unmasked, his character, however well it may have been supported, is irretrievably gone." Now although a perusal of this "second part of the *Armata*" has by no means decreased the lively admiration which we expressed for the profound wisdom

dom contained in the former part, yet upon the strength of the above general principle, we certainly would not recommend its author to quit his *incognito*: "The great masters of criticism," indeed, as he justly observes, "aware that they are subject to error, are remarkable for the candour with which they examine publications at all entitled to respect." But our author has "fallen on evil days;" these are levelling times; and though no one would deny that whatever is said by those who are, or have been, invested with dignities, is "entitled to respect," yet, as we before hinted, such is the spirit of the age, that there is a large class of persons who would, we fear, persist in thinking *nonsense* to be *nonsense*, even though it were the nonsense of an *ex* Lord Chancellor. Our readers will immediately perceive, that we are now speaking generally; we have already recorded our lively admiration of the acute writer of the anonymous publication now before us, and we can safely say, that further acquaintance has not, in any degree, tended to make us change our sentiments. This second part of that most exquisite satire, which we had the happiness of recommending to the notice of our readers; in our number for April last, bears the stamp of the same powerful and original mind; the same thorough acquaintance with the rules of grammar, and principles of taste; the same happy art of adumbrating a manifest truth till it gradually vanishes amidst the "majesty of darkness;" the same freedom from all the prejudices, which, a too strict regard to the rules of logic is so apt to create in minds, that have not *principles of their own* to reason upon.

As every thing connected with so remarkable an event as the publication of this excellent performance, must necessarily interest our readers, we shall, in the first place, extract our author's account of the accident by which the MSS. of this second part were preserved from destruction.

"The history of this *Second Volume* is a very short one—The *First*, as my readers must remember, was suddenly interrupted by sea damage to the manuscript, and all that was left of it remained, until about a fortnight ago, in a seemingly irrecoverable state; when it happened that a poor man, of a most squalid appearance, came into my apartment to ask for a morsel of bread. He was worn to a shadow, and held in his trembling emaciated hand a small blue bottle.—'My father,' he said, 'lived for many years in a garret at Knightsbridge, where he was always to be found amongst his phials and crucibles, mixing together many offensive ingredients, but what they were I know not.—When he was at the point of death, he gave me this bottle, saying, I might make money of it, but *how* he did not tell me, as he instantly expired.—This is my honest case, and I have not a single farthing to support me, nor any thing upon earth to give me comfort.

"There

“ There being so many impostures practised in London, I could scarcely believe this story, but I said to the poor man, that if I could give credit to it, I would endeavour to help him.

“ ‘ Then’ said he, looking up to Heaven, ‘ may whatever is in this vessel prove poison and death to me, if I do not speak the truth;’—and to give emphasis, I suppose, to his faltering voice, as from weakness he could scarcely stand upright, he struck it with violence upon the table, when it broke all to pieces, and the liquor ran over my papers which lay there as much doomed to the flames as any widow in Hindostan.

“ Our mutual surprize may be better imagined than described, when I inform the reader that every word of the writing touched by it became in an instant, as bright as if it had been an illuminated parchment for a lord mayor on his quitting office.—I preserved what remained in the bottle, which was analysed by a celebrated chemist, and after my manuscript had been restored by a fresh preparation of it, I took measures to secure the discovery by a patent; and the poor creature has been already offered above 200*l.* for the secret, but five times that sum will never purchase it, as it has since been appllied to decayed pictures with almost incredible effect.

“ The chapter of accidents has always appeared to me the most curious one in the book of our lives, and this wretched man may well think so.—*His* fortune was suddenly made, whilst neither *myself*, nor any others, derived the smallest benefit or advantage from so extraordinary a chance.—I had positively resolved never to retrace my thoughts, and but for this strange circumstance, I should have been saved the great trouble of copying, for printing, what I had written, and the public the still greater one of reading it.” Preface, p. iv.

Our readers will, probably, agree with us in thinking, that nothing could more strongly evince the fertility of our author’s invention, than the above agreeable fiction; though we trust he will find few converts to the opinion expressed in the concluding paragraphs, as to the trouble which he fears the public may be put to in reading this part—it is, we think, possible, that his alarm may be premature.

The work before us, seems to have been intended by its author to hold up, as it were, a *mirror to the times*, in which the “ form and pressure” of the institutions, politics, and manners of this country are to be reflected. In the former part, we were entertained with the opinion of our author respecting the form of our government, the principles of our domestic and foreign policy, and other matters of the like sort; in the continuation which is now open before us, we meet with a series of remarks upon our system of manners.

As our readers are, however, already in possession of the sentiments

timents which we entertain with regard to our author's merits as a writer generally, it will be sufficient, on the present occasion, if we merely make a few extracts, in order to prove that he has not fallen off in any of the qualities for which we ventured formerly to praise him. That we may not be suspected of picking out the beauties of the work, and then producing them as fair specimens of our author's manner in general, we shall commence with the first page. The following are a list of queries, which our author ejaculates upon seeing the ocean.

“ ‘ Oh, England, England!—if ever I might but behold your white cliffs again, I could set upon the highest of them, and gaze upon your world of waters for ever. Dully uniform to the *eye* is its vast expanse, but, to the *mind*, infinitely various—How profound are its caverns which no line can reach, nor the deepest knowledge account for—unfathomable to the philosopher in his closet, as to the sailor upon its surface! Has it always, as now, so curiously indented the land, or have its boundaries been abridged? If its empire has been contracted, did it retire spontaneously, or did subterranean fire invade it, and plant earth within its domains? From whence is the salt that has for ages preserved it? If the moon raises its floods by attraction on the side nearest her, how do they rise on the opposite, and why on the equator are they at rest? When its tides are thus lifted up, whatever exalts them, and when furious under the lash of the tempest they threaten our shores with destruction, what is it that commands them to return to their beds and to sleep? When smoothed again for the impatient navigator, what is it which directs his course? Whence is it that rude, inanimate matter, even the unshapen stone we tread upon, derives an intelligence beyond Newton's mind, even to guess at? Does it point steadily to the poles when in the bowels of the earth, and does it only begin to shift and vary when it comes into contact with unsettled and restless man? The Great First Cause is manifest: but what are the principles which govern such marvellous effects? When the philosopher is thus lost, and driven back within the limits of his faculties, the ocean is not less an object of sublime contemplation; we see it then with all its roaring multitude of waves obsequious to the command of God for the happiness of man.” P. 5.

We think the art with which our author has contrived, in the above passage, to render his meaning gradually more and more unintelligible, until at length the shadow of it totally disappears, is not badly managed. We perceive the whole artifice consists in the skilful application of the pronoun *it*, which, by being made to stand for six or seven noun substantives at one and the same time, occasions all that inextricable confusion which it is so pleasant to have our faculties involved in. A similar, and perhaps a still more striking instance of the effect produced by this peculiar

peculiar use of the relative pronoun, occurs again in a few pages afterwards.

“ I have heard from my father that, *even in his time*, persons of rank were stupid enough to wear lace and embroidery, and other expensive fabrics, in their daily habits, but we have a damned deal more taste now, and they are never beheld except in the palaces of princes, and when you see them hereafter, you will think that, notwithstanding their absurd unwieldiness, the whole court was engaged in some distant military expedition, as every one of them wears a sword, and carries a kind of knapsack upon his back.” P. 13.

The general construction of the above sentence is above all praise; we must, however, take the liberty of remarking, that we doubt whether our author has any good authority for the use of the word “damned,” in the former part of it; “a damned deal more taste,” is a humorous expression certainly; but perhaps it is hardly to be praised for its propriety. We the rather take an opportunity of mentioning this, because the word seems to be one which our author is partial to; thus, at page 47, we have “damn all trees, shrubs, and flowers;” and again, in the next page, “this damned stupid adventure.” And now we are upon the subject of minute criticism, we may also notice that such expressions as, “all the devils in hell could not deny it,” p. 65. —“Damn me! if I ever saw one of them before to-night—nor care if they were all in hell,” p. 73; “my face was now running down with sweat,” p. 72; “sweating like a bull,” p. 79; and many others in a similar taste, are neither elegant in themselves, nor derive any propriety from being put into the mouth of a young man of education, fashion, and fortune; the two last examples indeed are expressions which our author makes use of in *propria personâ*. We might perhaps close our extracts in this place, except that we are unwilling to deprive our readers of the benefit which they may possibly extract from the very luminous views entertained by our author on the subject of our ecclesiastical establishment. He sets out by explaining the reasons why so many sectaries have refused to subscribe the articles of our Church. “The great bulk of the articles would,” says he, “have been *accepted*, but that some of them, though standing upon divine authority, were wickedly *rejected*,” p. 186. Among other articles of belief, to which our author informs us, all members of the Church of England are required to subscribe, is “a belief in all things *visible* or *invisible*,” p. 189; upon which our author does not hesitate to say, that although, for his own part, he has no wish to deny the being of a God merely because he is invisible, yet he must needs confess, that “*all things*, is rather a startling proposition,” p. 189. We certainly think our author comes to a
very

very proper conclusion ; but there is a slight mistake in the premises upon which he reasons ; our creed does indeed require of us to believe, that God is the creator of all things visible and invisible ; but if our learned author has been informed that before he can become a member of our established Church, he must “ believe in all things visible and invisible,” some wicked wags have been imposing upon his credulity.

We shall now take our leave of the anonymous author of this pleasant satire upon the vices and follies of the age ; which is in one respect distinguished from all others, inasmuch as in most instances, it instructs us by example as well as by precept ; the writer of it, being in many instances, as our readers may have observed, like Longinus, “ himself the great sublime he draws.”

ART. V. *A Sermon preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, on Thursday, March 6, 1817, before the Honourable Sir James Allan Park, one of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and the Honourable Sir James Burroughs, one of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, and before the University, at the Lent Assizes. By John Davison, M. A. Fellow of Oriel College. 1s. 6d. Parker, Oxford ; Rivingtons, London. 1817.*

AN assize sermon affords the preacher little scope for the display of original thought or argument. Mr. Davison has trodden the beaten path with ease and dignity ; and without aiming at novelty, or depth of research, he has succeeded in commanding attention by an able and temperate discussion of the subject which the occasion placed before him. From Romans xiii. 3, 4. he argues, that “ lawful power for the administration of justice is not less than the minister of God.” Instead of contrasting public law with religion, in order to establish the superiority of the latter ; a superiority, which none who admits its divine origin and authority can feel disposed to question ; he thinks it more useful to consider them as associates in the same great cause ; as both divinely appointed means for the moral improvement of man, and his gradual preparation for a more perfect state of being.

“ The minister of justice, and the minister of religion, are each of them acknowledged instruments for the good of man. Their characters are distinct, but not opposed ; their duties are separate in kind, but not divided in object. They are both sanctioned alike ; and their use is, to conspire in fitting man for that state of regulated

lated appetite, of social order, of disciplined action, which the Creator and Judge of all men has himself explicitly approved; that this present world might be reduced to such a state as should prepare the way for a state of rest, and order, and virtue, which shall be perfect and eternal." P. 5.

Pointing out the benefits resulting from the operations of public law, as the handmaid of religion, in the work of purifying human nature from the consequences of its moral depravation, he does not omit to dwell upon its advantages as a system of restraint.

"The repression of crime in society," he observes, "is one active principle of positive virtue. It is the tenour of human nature. Save a man from villainy, and he is in the way to goodness. Make sin dangerous, and duty will be the next choice. If it be so ordered, that men *dare* not sin, for any reason whatever, so much of the question between duty and guilt is already decided; and the direct, positive motives of duty are left to act with their full force. It may sound, perhaps, humiliating to our pride of character, to affirm, that we can derive inducements or lessons of virtue from the fear of legal penalties. But can it be denied, that a large proportion, even of a civilized and Christian community, take their strongest and some of their best impressions from the authoritative and instituted ethics of their country; that they have their sense of right and wrong powerfully assisted, and, still more, their conduct determined, by the law of man, speaking thus, 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'thou shalt not steal,' 'thou shalt not bear false witness,' as well as by the divine law enforcing the same prohibitions? Present and future fears are alike salutary to the unsteady and undisciplined make of our fallen nature. The innate infirmity of it, when taken at the disadvantage of a strong temptation, while conscience slumbers, and an eternal world is out of sight, craves all the assistance of restraint and controul, by instant apprehension of temporal shame and und deferred punishment, to fortify it against the pressing importunities of evil. And although the first effect of such controul be only upon the action, and not upon the heart, yet the guilty propensity is robbed of its strength when it is so far fettered: the resources of duty still remain almost entire: the danger is abated: and, if in the eye of the perfect law of God the very thought, once conceived, is sin, yet as a seed and principle of future progressive criminality, it is the gross and complete transgression, which once has crossed the threshold, that makes the serious and most threatening danger. Actions form so much of the very principles of good and evil within us, that where they are wrong, the same must be corrected: and where they are restrained, although it may not be pure, it is still within the hope of recovery, and retains its communication with duty." P. 6.

When we reflect how much every evil passion is strengthened by indulgence, we cannot doubt the moral influence of that restraint

straint which is imposed upon them by the *fiat* of public law. And though it may be admitted that it does not operate so directly, or so surely as that voluntary coercion, to which we are impelled by the dictates of conscience, yet to deny it any power, would argue considerable ignorance of human nature.

The man who has conceived in his heart a sinful thought, or has suffered himself to cherish a sinful desire which he dares not gratify; though far from innocent in the eye of God, is yet much nearer to recovery, than he who has embodied that thought in action, and nourished his desires with the food they crave. The one has not that impulse from without, to drive him from reflection and amendment, to which the other is subject: his fault is a secret to all but God and his own conscience; and the influence of the moral sense will be aided by the consolatory conviction, that he has it yet in his power to escape from public degradation. The other has overstept these salutary restraints: he knows that his character is lost, and he is hopeless of its restoration: and that sensitive reluctance to meet the scorn of his fellows, which every man of unblemished reputation feels to be an active assistant of virtuous principle, gives place to an assumed indifference to their disapprobation, which is soon the parent of real insensibility to shame and censure. When the terrors of the law have thus preserved a man from this downfall; have kept him from the act of sin, and left him in full possession of his character; and have forced him to restrain his passions, and convinced him of the danger and the guilt into which they would lead him; who will say, that their influence has not been beneficial to the individual whom they have thus checked, as well as to the society which they have protected from his meditated crimes? Who will maintain that law does not possess a moral influence, that its tendency is not to ameliorate the heart as well as the conduct, that it is not a useful and a powerful associate of religion in this salutary work, and the minister of God for the improvement of man, as well as the defender of the helpless and innocent, and the bond of human society? To argue thus is not to raise public law to an equality with religion, as a principle of moral action; still less is it to supersede the necessity of the latter, as the foundation upon which all our conduct must ultimately rest, to make it acceptable in the sight of God. Mr. Davison is aware, that the view which he has taken of his subject may seem to some to be open to this objection; and he deems it necessary to vindicate his argument from such an imputation.

“ But perhaps a scruple of another kind may deserve more respect; the scruple of those who might consider the province and authority of religion as invaded by our admitting any other principle, than that one, to a part in the direction of men's lives and conduct.

“ If

“ If the matter of fact be, that a great part of men are so made as to draw support to their virtue from any cause, be it what it may, that cause must be allowed the merit of effecting what it does. No anxious concern for the pre-eminence of any one principle will warrant us in denying or discrediting the advantage, from whatever source obtained. And religion is infinitely above the need of such prevarication. But is there at the bottom the smallest reason for interposing such a competition between law and religion, on the subject of morals, among Christians? If we make the whole of this world in its affairs a contrivance of man, and see nothing in it beyond his combinations, there might be some ground to fear lest we attributed too much, by attributing any thing, to his plans, in furthering that work, which we more justly ascribe to the great Governor of the world, the promotion of righteousness in the hearts of men. But such an idea of this present worldly scene is scarcely to be taken for a true one. More rational is it to regard Him as working unseen by things visible, the instruments of His providence. The moral discipline of the social law claims at least to be derived from Him. The Apostle has so represented it. Its fitness, its necessity to the state of man is the internal evidence that he has represented it truly. And we may be abundantly contented with his explanation; an explanation which leads us to perceive the agency of a divine appointment in the affairs of men, deterring and restraining crime, supporting the first efforts of virtue, and providing for a system of improvement and discipline among men, by the very frame of society itself, by sanctions temporal, as well as by hopes and fears eternal; the terror of the first being only a present, sensible anticipation of the other.

“ Those may think themselves individually so far raised by the advantageous care of education, or the inestimable privileges of religion, as to be independent of the restraints of human jurisdiction, for their integrity of principle, should be reminded of two things, which may not always reach them, in the elevation of their moral security. First, that the most universal, the most certain instruction, which falls to the lot of their humbler fellow creatures, when they come to years of moral competence, is that which results from the known institutions of the laws of the country in which they live. This is *their* education and theory. It is the obvious practical address to their understanding and conscience. It meets them at their entrance into life, and prepares them with some stock of ideas for duty. It is their first and plainest rule of action. That it should be their only one, no Christian could ever desire. Neither should he desire, that it should be weakened or taken away from them. Let none therefore disparage an order of things imparting to others a benefit which he himself, perhaps, may not stand in need of. But, secondly, who will presume to say how far the highest principles of duty in his own mind are independent of that amelioration of society, which is the acknowledged result of a wise and equitable system of judicature, laying crime under the interdict and infamy of a public condemnation: propagating
through

through all orders a deference to some known rule : inducing peace, civilization, security of private life, culture of faculties and feelings, and even preparing the way for a more general and more enlightened knowledge of religion. He who is so strong in his own virtue, is living perhaps upon the fruits which he has not traced back to the deeply rooted stock from whence they came, and enjoying a benefit conveyed to him through many combined channels. It was not an extravagance of humility, therefore, I should think, but a sound calculation, or a natural feeling, which once made a distinguished moralist, when he saw one of his fellow-creatures under the extreme sentence of law, express his thankfulness, that he had escaped the fall and fate, to which he was perhaps in himself as liable as the guilty sufferer." P. 10.

To the above extract we cannot forbear to add the following passage, in which the preacher sums up his argument.

" Upon the whole, therefore, it would be right to acknowledge, that the office of law is of no mean destination. Its office is to be one legitimate remedy of the base and violent selfishness of unrestrained nature, to be the protector of right, and the awful reprovcr of crime; to save many by its warning voice, and just example; and to promulgate with authority from its tribunal the sacredness of the social duties. And if it seem to coerce more than to encourage, to deter from sin more than exhort to virtue, be it remembered how great the advantage is on the side of morals, by any right motive or feeling whatever, to keep the rebel part of our nature in awe, and thereby reduce the conflict between duty and disobedience. Law is, therefore, the energetic auxiliary of religion. And many, it is hoped, who have been preserved by the seasonable terrors of a present retribution from the gulf of sin, have gone on from safety to strength, and passed from the fear of man to the love of God." P. 16.

We can with confidence recommend this sermon to our readers; not indeed as an adequate specimen of the mental powers of its author, for it afforded him little opportunity for the display of his eminent talents; but as a sober, temperate, and useful discourse, suited to the place, and the occasion on which it was delivered; and well calculated to impress the youthful part of the congregation who heard it, with a becoming respect for the public laws and institutions of their country.

ART. VI. *A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia in the Year 1817.* 8vo. 220 pp. 8s. Ridgway.

THE publication of which it is our present wish to give some account to our readers, is, we believe, avowedly from the pen of an officer, to whom the public have been indebted on former occasions for productions of a somewhat similar nature to the present. The history of the expedition to Egypt, obtained at the time considerable, and we think upon the whole, a very deserved popularity; and although our author's account of the unfortunate campaign in Poland, which ended with the treaty of Tilsit, attracted less attention, yet, owing to the interest which at the time was attached to the subject, and to the peculiar opportunities of making himself master of it, which our author was supposed to have enjoyed, it met with a degree of success quite sufficient to encourage him in presenting himself once more before the public.

Those who remember to have been pleased with the above lively productions, will probably, as was our case, look with some expectation to another from the same hand; if they hope, however, to find the same spirit pervading the performance before us, which contributed so much to the interest which the former excited, they are likely, we apprehend, to find themselves not a little disappointed. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* When Sir Robert Wilson (for as our readers will have guessed, such is the name of the writer of the anonymous little work now before us) last appeared before the public in the capacity of an author, he was the champion of his country's glory; proud of her fame, sympathizing with her cause, exulting in the triumphs of her arms. But since our author's late residence abroad, new lights have broken in upon his mind; all his sympathies are now with the disasters and supposed injuries of the enemies of his country; he has no admiration to spare for the conqueror of Waterloo, no joy in the liberation of mankind from the heavy oppression under which they were so lately groaning; the idol of his worship is now that very man whom he once held up to our indignation; and the only real *fact* which we have been able to deduce from the performance before us, is, that Sir Robert Wilson would not feel any very violent regret, were France once more under his dominion.

Now although, from all that we have heard of our author's proceedings, we believe him entitled to every praise, as a very fearless officer, yet to speak the truth, neither in his present nor in any of his former publications, has he managed to impress upon our minds a very high idea of his talents; we should conse-

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quently

quently deem our labour thrown away, were we to enter into a grave refutation of the opinions it may please him to entertain; and one of our reasons for thus noticing the changes which they have undergone, is merely to explain the total want of interest and information which the work before us exhibits. Whatever other qualities our author may possess, his judgment certainly is by no means entitled to implicit deference, even upon points on which one might suppose it not easy for a man of good sense to be deceived. Not that our author is not a man of sense; but he reasons in all cases from his feelings, and seems to have the happy power of believing and disbelieving all things, just as they happen to fall in with his wishes and prejudices. This to be sure is a trait, not at all peculiar to our author, but on the contrary, it is one which he possesses (though we confess rather in a remarkable degree) in common with all the *violent* politicians whom we have ever happened to meet with; but be this as it may, we conceive it will very satisfactorily explain the meagre interest which the present publication is calculated to excite, compared with that excited by his former productions. When a writer's opinions are founded, as in the present instance, solely upon his feelings, it is of great consequence that the latter should be right; in which case, although the former may not very greatly enlighten, yet at least they are not likely very greatly to shock the reason of his reader. But in proportion as we believe our author's original feelings to have been correct, do we believe those which he now entertains to be otherwise; and perhaps no better illustration could be adduced of this, than the nature of the principles which are built upon them. What these are, our readers will, we dare say, have pretty well guessed. We dislike calling names; and therefore would not willingly characterize any set of opinions that are honestly, however mistakenly, entertained, by terms of reproach; be it sufficient to say, that the author of the *History of the Expedition to Egypt* now belongs to that large class of politicians in this country, who by an *unlucky* coincidence, to say the least of it, look upon every thing in our affairs both at home and abroad with exactly the same eyes as those who openly profess to be friends to the prosperity of neither. We have thought it necessary to notice our author's way of thinking upon political subjects in general, because it will at once explain the reasons upon which some particular views which he entertains are founded; for the rest, it was certainly not for *opinions* that we took up the volume before us, nor will such probably be the kind of curiosity which our readers are likely to feel. Sir Robert Wilson, it is well known, enjoyed particular opportunities of making himself acquainted with many military facts connected with the history of the campaigns in
Russia,

Russia, Germany, and Italy, which led to the first abdication of Buonaparte, and which of course it would not be possible to collect from any official documents. A detail of these does not, it is true, form a necessary part of a dissertation upon the military and political power of Russia, as it stands at present; nevertheless when we took up the volume, it was in hopes that our author would naturally be led to illustrate his opinions from those particular sources of information which he has had access to, and from which the public in general were excluded.

But in this expectation we have been altogether disappointed; opportunities are only valuable in proportion as we possess a talent for observation, and penetration enough to apply our observations to the elucidation of some general principles. If our author possesses the former talent, he has certainly reserved the fruits of it for the edification of his own private thoughts; a production more barren of interest in the way of facts, than this before us, has seldom come under our notice; and as to the general positions which it aims at elucidating, they have commonly so little to do with truth and sober sense, that it can hardly be a matter of surprise to find, that our author has been able to collect little else in support of them, except his own very confident opinions. Of facts that fell under his own observation, he is very sparing indeed, and these, for the most part, were sufficiently known before; and if he had been equally sparing of those which he has collected from hearsay, and which have frequently no other probability except that which they derive from the support they give to his foolish prejudices, his book would, we think, have been by no means a less veritable record. Many of these last, indeed, our author designates as *indisputable*, and *not to be denied*, and *absolutely certain*; but we feel as little hesitation in saying, that we think them in most instances, manifestly erroneous, or at least so extremely unlikely, as to require much better evidence than the mere asseveration of an individual.

To give any thing like a methodical account either of the objects, or execution of the work, would be difficult if not impossible. It professes indeed to be a "Sketch of the Political and Military Power of Russia;" and in conformity with its title, it informs us, that the Russian empire was exceedingly extensive previously to the late events, and that since these, it has made still farther acquisitions. These no doubt are unquestionable facts; but if our author supposes they were not fully known previously to the publication before us, we feel happy in an opportunity of undeceiving him. When our author indeed affirms upon his own authority, that the Emperor Alexander has a military establishment of more than a million of men, and that he has 640,000 soldiers actually on foot at the present moment, we

apprehend that we have quite as good a right and probably as good grounds for disbelieving in his statement, as he has for believing in it. It is true, when he leaves the consideration of actual facts, and launches out into speculations concerning the *possible intentions* which Alexander may entertain, he enters upon a region, where he has it all his own way. Whether Alexander "will push Prussia into Holland," as our author seems to apprehend, or leave these countries in the same position upon the globe which they hold at present, it is impossible to say; but we should rather think that the advantages of such an enterprise would hardly repay the very great labour which it would require. In like manner we confess that, "whether Alexander will instigate France to imitate England, and complete and terminate her revolution by the election of a sovereign from the family of Nassau," is a question which we never thought of asking ourselves, and to which, now that we have been asked it by Sir R. Wilson, we own, that we are quite unable to return an answer. Neither can we perceive what there is in the name of *Yermoloff*, (which to our ears sounds not a bit worse than many other Russian names which we have heard,) to endanger our Indian possessions. However, upon all these points it is but justice to such a deep politician as our author to let him speak for himself.

"Whether he will take the line of the Vistula or even Oder for himself; push Prussia into Holland; instigate France to imitate England, and complete and terminate her revolution by the election of a sovereign from the family of Nassau; or whether he will enter into negotiations with Austria for a new arrangement of Europe, which may restore the balance; are speculations, which have excited the hopes and fears of many. Whether he will profit by the positions and present superiority of *Russia*, to accomplish other projects long assigned to her system of policy, must interest all governments, not excepting the *government of the East Indies*; whose attention may also be more excited by the information, that *General Yermoloff*, the governor of the *Caucasus* line, who probably at this very moment has reached the *capital of PERSIA* on an embassy, is an officer of the highest merit and capacity as an administrator as well as a soldier; and that he has gone assisted not only by the *French officers* employed by Napoleon, under Gardanne, in Persia, and whom Alexander, with the exception of three, engaged in the Russian service, but with the Reports and maps sent by that mission to Napoleon, and which being carried into *Russia* at the time of the invasion, were found during the retreat, in two abandoned tumbrils.

"These Reports and plans had convinced *Napoleon*, that the expedition to *India* was practicable; and it is a *positive fact*, that he had resolved on sending an united *Russian* and *French* force on that expedition, in case *Russia* had been compelled to make peace on his terms." P. 152.

Now we dare say our author may be saying nothing more than is really true, in stating that a design of attacking our Indian empire existed, on the part of Napoleon; but how it follows from this, that Alexander should entertain similar designs, does not immediately strike us. Our author goes on to observe, that there are other reasons, besides the very profound one which we have just stated, in proof of Alexander's views of universal dominion; but as these likewise are much too deep for our common place understandings, we cannot pretend to give them in any language except his own.

"There are two additional circumstances most important to influence opinion, if they cannot fix the judgment, as to the further proposed extension of the *Russian* power.

"*Alexander* has already a much larger army than his *defensive* line requires, or his *finances* can justify; and yet he continues to increase his force.

"*Russia*, with a line of coast upon two seas, on which there is not navigation above half the year, and in one of them, the *Baltic*, no competitor, not content with an establishment of above *eighty* sail of the line in the ports of

Archangel,
Cronstadt,
Revel,
Sevastopol,
Cherson;

notwithstanding the pressure of the *French* war, has been incessantly building, and is building with increasing activity, the heaviest line of battle ships.

"*Alexander* knows as well as any *British* admiral, that ships of any force or of any amount are of no value without *seamen* to navigate them; and that *seamen* cannot be formed on inland seas alone. He also knows and feels as well as any economist in *Europe*, that ships are costly vanities, if built only for ostentation. There is no sovereign who would have been less inclined to divert his treasure from state necessities, for the indulgence of this unprofitable pursuit, than *Alexander*.

"There is, therefore, evidence amounting to conviction, that he has always proposed to accomplish the instructions of *Peter the Great*, and extend his empire until he can establish that real maritime power which himself and people have coveted more since they have seen so much commercial wealth, or, as they term it, *colonial* gold, flow into their country. *Putant enim, qui mari potitur, eum rerum potiri.*

"It is not likely that he will be satisfied with a *Dutch* permit; but whether he will seek to establish himself in the ports of *Norway*, in *Zealand*, in the *Archipelago*, in the *Mediterranean*; or whether, like the son of *Jupiter Ammon* on the banks of the *Hyphasis*, he will say, 'Our empire shall have no other bounds than those which God has set to the earth'—time will show." P. 154.

No doubt, whether Alexander should be pleased hereafter to imitate the son of Jupiter Ammon, or Jupiter Ammon *himself*, "time will shew;" but why our author should fancy that this terrible personage should do either, merely because he has not the means at present of manning a large navy, and has no other ports in his dominion except

Archangel,	Sevastopol,
Cronstadt,	Cherson,
Revel,	

is more than we are able to divine. But our author continues.

"Are then Europe, and Asia, and *America* (of which hemisphere nothing has been said, for the hour is not yet ripe, though it teems with matter of the highest moment to the world), to make no effort for the preservation of their independence?"

"Must the fiat of *Alexander* be the law of the universe? Is *Russia*, like *Rome* under the image of *Milo* the wrestler, to be looking round in vain for an antagonist?" P. 156.

"Deeper and deeper still." Because Russia looks round in vain for any nation to quarrel with, *therefore* it is the duty of this country to furnish her with an opportunity; and this we are to do merely because Russia is a large and powerful empire, and may be imaged forth in the similitude of a great bony wrestler! Our author concludes this exquisite strain of deep reasoning by summarily observing,

"Painful as it is to reflect, that a war for the restoration of the *balance of power* should have ended in the overthrow of all balance; in the substitution of *solid dominion*, for a *momentary authority*; in a *national supremacy*, instead of the supremacy of one extraordinary man, subject to all the vicissitudes of fortune and the infirmities of humanity: it is nevertheless true." P. 157.

Our readers, we dare say, will perceive, that the whole strength of the above long series of syllogisms, as well as of the general conclusion with which we have thus presented them, rests altogether upon the force of the last four words: "*it is nevertheless true*;" Sir Robert Wilson has said it. I myself, Sir Robert Wilson!

Far be it from us, to call in question the truth of any opinion vouched for, by an authority like this; there is no longer any doubt upon the subject: the balance of power is gone; our Indian empire is not worth two years purchase; Prussia may be considered as standing where Holland once did; and a prince of the house of Nassau is already upon the throne of the Bourbons! However absurd, however improbable, however impossible it may seem to people who have no other guide for their opinions than reason and common sense, that all, or any part,

of

of these events will happen; "it is nevertheless true," for as we before said, our author vouches for it.

It is certainly an enviable thing to be a person of weight and authority; to be able to prove any thing we please, merely by asserting it, and demonstrate the most paradoxical position by simply announcing it as *our opinion*! This is truly a royal prerogative; whence our author derived it; whether from his high character for superior wisdom, from his extensive learning, or simply from the extent of country which he has travelled through, we do not take upon us to determine; *the fact*, to use our author's phraseology, *is nevertheless certain*, that he possesses it in a very extraordinary degree. To give an example or two out of a very great number which we had marked.

Many of our readers may perhaps remember some of Bonaparte's proclamations to the Russian peasantry, for the purpose of exciting them to rise against a government which makes them the property of the nobles, and to join his standard; we now find that nothing but Napoleon's high sense of humanity prevented him from availing himself of their disaffection.

"*Still there is no doubt of the fact, that a servile war might have been fomented in Russia, if the discipline of Napoleon's heterogeneous army could have been maintained, so as to have avoided outrages and insults which exasperated and shocked religious prejudices: nor is it less true, that, notwithstanding these alienating causes, Napoleon rejected offers of insurrection, which were made to him when in Moscow.*" P. 36.

Again he tells us "if Napoleon had not returned, (from Elba) therewould have been a revolution; *the fact is indisputable.*" P. 86.

In another place we are told, that had Bonaparte, previously to the battle of Waterloo, abdicated in favour of his son, or established a republic, in either case the coalition against him would have separated. "The royalists," says he, "will exclaim *no*; but it is nevertheless true." P. 87.

But the most remarkable instance of the high prerogative which our author claims a right to exercise over the understanding of his readers, is at page 148, where he openly proclaims that not the purchasers of his present work only, *but all the inhabitants of Europe and Asia* must implicitly believe whatever he asserts without enquiry or demur.

"Can *Russia*, who in the year 1799 had a disposable army of only *fifty thousand men*; in the year 1807, not more than *eighty thousand* to defend both capitals; and in the year 1813, only *three hundred thousand* on her whole territory, after several years preparation; can she, notwithstanding a destructive invasion and wars of such great waste and expenditure, have collected and re-equipped armies

armies sufficient to defend her acquisitions and improve her advantages? *The answer is, She can; and Europe and Asia must acknowledge the truth of that assertion.*" P. 148.

It is however only upon particular occasions, that our author seems to conceive it possible, that any one should doubt the certainty of any thing that he asserts; generally speaking he contents himself with merely stating this or that to be a *fact*; to give any authority for what he says, would be derogatory from his aforesaid prerogative; since any thing is manifestly more probable, than that he, Sir R. Wilson, should affirm any thing that is doubtful, or believe any thing that is absurd; as for example, who would be so sceptical to doubt the truth of the following anecdote, respecting a private conversation supposed to have taken place between Alexander and Bernadotte at Abo, on occasion of the treaty of alliance between Sweden, Russia, and England, previous to Bonaparte's march to Moscow.

"The treaty being signed, Alexander, who, as before said, never forgets the unintentional wrong which he did to his nephew, developed the true object of the arrangement, by saying to Bernadotte, 'If Napoleon fails in his attack against my empire, and the French throne becomes vacant by the result of his defeat, I shall think no one so eligible as yourself for that station.' Important words, which serve as a key to explain many of the future mysteries, and which have not yet lost their value, although Bernadotte does not enjoy equal consideration in the eyes of Russia, since he did not acquire the expected suffrages of the French people, and afford the desired opportunity for the re-establishment of the antient dynasty." P. 38.

Another fact which we are compelled to believe, simply because it would otherwise be impossible to save the credit of our author's reputation for wisdom is, that Alexander refused to have any hand in the invasion of France, unless Switzerland would *sanction* the proceeding; which we apprehend to be just as likely as the other *fact* which our author states, that she had the power of withholding it.

"The invasion of France was proposed.

"Austria agreed, if Murat joined the coalition and thus removed uneasiness for Vienna from the side of Italy. Alexander assented, if Switzerland *sanctioned* the operation by granting the passage of the Rhine through her territory.

"Confidential officers were sent to reconnoitre, and according to their report the suitable preparations were made.

"Some thousand infantry having passed in silence, and the dead of night, were received with open arms; notwithstanding the Diet had, only a few days before, determined to defend the neutrality of their country against all parties.

"Compulsive

“ Compulsive alliances must always be subject to the vicissitudes of war. The cold support of Austria when Napoleon was entangled in the difficulties of his Russian campaign, the defection of General Yorke, the desertion of the Saxons, even the conduct of Bavaria, were all probable events from the adequate causes, or not without precedent in history; but that a free people (the descendants of William Tell), *enjoying* their independent neutrality, *allowed* to preserve it, and in a *position to maintain it*, should abandon, yield, or negotiate away a right so important for their country, and *so solemnly declared to be inviolable*, was only to be conceived by those who hold, that public virtue is but an Utopian theory.” P. 58.

Now, supposing for a moment with our author, that Switzerland was *bonâ fide* a free and independent Republic at the period he alludes to, what there is so portentous in her joining an alliance to overthrow the power of a tyrant, under whose dominion she, in common with the rest of Europe had, for so many years been groaning, does not, we own, immediately strike our dull apprehension; but Sir R. Wilson is not obliged to furnish us with intellects; all that he contracts for, is to reveal *facts*.

It is however no more than justice to our author to say, that the modesty with which he proposes his *opinions* is just as exemplary as the discretion which he evinces in questions of *fact*. For instance, who can help regretting, after reading the following sentence, that he did not, during the Russian campaign, command *both armies*, by which means we should probably have been released, not merely from the dangers that are past, but also from those that are to come; because by making the Russian army annihilate the French, and the French army the Russian, he might at once have put an end to both empires.

“ Never was there any campaign in modern history, where each adversary had such frequent opportunities to obtain *certain victory*, and assure *total destruction* to the attacked, without any risk, and scarcely any loss to the aggressor.” P. 25.

But to accumulate instances of the modesty with which our author ventures to pronounce definitively upon points not only above *his* comprehension, but necessarily altogether beyond the reach of human wisdom, would exceed the limits of a review; nor would it perhaps repay our readers by any adequate advantage. We fancy that we have already said enough to enable them to form a tolerably correct judgment of the degree of profit that is to be extracted from the political lucubrations of the important person whose performance we have been considering. Those who wish to know what Sir Robert Wilson thinks upon all questions relating to the past, present, and future state of all the various kingdoms in the civilized world, will be able to gratify

gratify their taste most amply by reading the work before us; but if our readers should happen to think Sir Robert Wilson's opinions of no more consequence than we do, in that case, we think eight shillings is rather more money than they will feel disposed to pay for a few sheets of waste paper. It was our intention to have made some observations respecting the ridiculous style, and very offensive tone in which the work is written, but we shall not weary our readers and ourselves with farther comment; it may perhaps seem strange, that a work which has gone through three editions, should be so empty a performance as we have described this to be; "but it is nevertheless true."

ART. VII. *A Sermon on the Doctrine of the Trinity, as set forth in the Athanasian Creed. By James Saumarez, M. A. of Christ Church, Oxford; and Curate of Staverton, in the County of Northampton. Rivingtons. 1817.*

THE attempts which have been lately made to disseminate infidelity among the lower ranks, by indecent and blasphemous parodies of the Liturgy, have imposed on the Clergy the necessity of laying again the foundations of our holy Faith; and of fortifying the minds of those, who were most exposed to such attacks by plain and recommendatory expositions of those formularies, which had been thus vilified and degraded. Many of our readers may perhaps have seen a parody of the Athanasian Creed, which has been circulated through the country with the evident intent of making the most awful mystery of Christianity an object of impious ridicule, at the same time that it inculcated hatred and contempt of the existing laws and authorities of the state.

Mean and contemptible in its execution, as it was vile in its design, this publication was still calculated to operate on the prejudices and passions of some weak or ignorant persons, to whom the Athanasian Creed has been a stumbling block, because they knew not the design of some of its clauses, or were offended at the supposed uncharitableness of others.

To counteract so mischievous an impression, to confirm the belief of the wavering, and to revive a proper feeling of reverence for this ancient and excellent summary of Christian faith, is the object of the Sermon before us. Mr. Saumarez, in a modest and well written advertisement tells us, that it was preached on no public occasion, nor before a larger congregation than is usually assembled in the parish Church of a country village;

village; and he therefore deems it necessary to apologize for offering it to the notice of the public.

We cannot agree with him; we see nothing either in the design or execution of the Sermon which requires such an apology; on the contrary, we consider it to be well adapted to the peculiar emergency of the times; and we hope that it will circulate extensively, and that many will thus share in the benefit, which his own parishioners may have derived from so useful and practical a defence of the common faith.

Mr. Saumarez has very properly abstained from noticing in his Sermon the low publication to which we have alluded; the dignity of the pulpit would have been compromised by such a condescension. But with great judgment he has contented himself in the disarming it of its sting, by proving that the doctrine of the Athanasian Creed is the doctrine of Scripture, and consequently not a fit subject for the scornful. He has also attempted to soften the prejudices of those persons, who have scruples upon repeating this Creed, on account of the damnatory clauses which it contains. In explaining the meaning of those clauses he has principally followed Bishop Burnet, and the present Bishop of Lincoln; who regard them not as a sentence judicially pronounced on unbelievers by those who repeat them, but as an acknowledgment, that all who will not believe the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, are by the word of God excluded from its covenanted salvation.

Another object of this discourse is, to recall all those heedless persons to a proper sense of the importance of faith in the doctrine of the Trinity, who have hitherto foolishly disregarded it as not influential upon Christian morals, or have attributed to them a saving efficacy, independent of belief in this great distinguishing article of our faith. This Mr. Saumarez endeavours, by setting forth the strong ground of scriptural authority on which it rests; and shewing that a disbelief of it involves a denial of all the principles, from whence the good works of a Christian must flow, to render them an acceptable offering to God, through his incarnate Son.

The following passages will afford our readers a fair specimen of the manner in which Mr. Saumarez has performed his useful work. In illustration of his text, "Great is the mystery of godliness," 1 Tim. iii. 16. he makes the following animated appeal to those who would foolishly reject mysteries from their Creed.

"That some mysteries exist in religion, should excite our admiration, but not any incredulous wonder in our minds. The whole system of religion is itself mysterious. 'Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness.' It is not yet given us to know why
God

'God was manifest in the flesh.' We know indeed that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' but why the fallen race of Adam should be saved by this means, and by this means alone, is to us unintelligible, further than it is revealed in the general terms of Scripture. It is a mystery, that God, in the person of the Son, should be 'justified in the Spirit,' and 'seen of Angels;' that in less than sixty days after he had heard the cry of the rejecting multitude, 'away with him, away with him,' and had suffered the ignominious death of the Cross, he should be not only 'preached unto the Gentiles,' but 'believed on in the world,' and the number of his Disciples receive, on the very first day that the doctrine of his resurrection from the dead was preached, an addition of three thousand souls. All this is a mystery to us: but no Christian hesitates to give it his unfeigned belief, because it is revealed to us by Him, whose 'word is Truth.'

"God, the author of our religion, is Himself a mystery; for what mortal man can comprehend his infinite perfections, his glorious attributes?—his almighty power, his omniscience, his omnipresence, his eternity? Who can understand the variety of his dealings with mankind, in which many things occur inexplicable to us, but all which are parts of that vast and wonderful scheme by which he acts for the government and well-being of man. Events are brought about, by means of his secret-working hand, directly contrary to our expectations, in order that we might not be led in the pride of our hearts to ascribe them to inferior causes, but be taught to reverence him as the sole director of the affairs of the world, and who claims it as his prerogative, out of seeming evil, to bring forth good. That eternal state which we shall inherit hereafter, whether of happiness or misery, is wonderful and mysterious to us. For who can think, without being lost in the thought, that after he has lived in it ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of years, he is not nearer the end than he was at first? It is a mystery; and one which we shall not understand, till we enter into the state itself, and know it by experience." P. 8.

At the conclusion of the Sermon, after it has been satisfactorily proved that in professing the doctrine of the Trinity we hold to the true Faith, the practical influence which such a profession ought to have upon our conduct, is thus stated.

"The Doctrine of the Trinity is an important Doctrine, not only because it teacheth us 'the true God and eternal life *;' but also on account of the influence which it ought to have upon our conduct. For it is in vain that we know the Truth, unless we allow the Truth to make us free from the slavery of sin and death, and 'deliver us from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.' 'The mystery of the faith' must be held 'in a pure conscience †,' 'as the manna, that glorious symbol of

"* 1 John v. 20."

"† 1 Tim. iii. 9."

the faith, preached to us by the Gospel, was consigned to the tabernacle, and preserved in a vessel of gold *.' As a long life is the best key to the knowledge of God, (and who would not desire that knowledge) : so is the knowledge of God the best persuasive to a holy life. For do we know God the Father to be our Creator? Let us pay him the reverence and obedience of sons, that he may not complain of us as he did of rebellious Israel, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me †.' Do we believe that God the Son is our Redeemer? Let the same mind of humility, of patience, of meekness, of holiness be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, 'who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation.' How careful ought we to be of those precious immortal souls which he died to save! 'Ye are not your own,' saith the Apostle, 'for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.' Do we believe that this same Redeemer shall hereafter descend from Heaven to be Judge of quick and dead?—Let it be our daily Prayer, that our lives may be such as that when He shall appear we may also appear with Him in Glory, and that He would then 'make us to be numbered with His Saints in glory everlasting.' Do we believe in God the Holy Ghost? As we depend on God the Son for our redemption, let us look to the Holy Spirit for our comfort and sanctification. Let us not 'quench' him by our coldness and indifference in God's service, for then will He inspire into us a holy and a fervent zeal to worship God in spirit and in truth—in reverence and godly fear. Let us not 'resist' his godly motions by running into sin, for then will He lead us to what is good—'into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.' Let us not grieve Him, for by Him, if we fall not away, 'we are sealed unto the day of redemption ‡.' Do we believe in this holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, Three Persons and One God? Let us abide stedfast in this faith, till we are called to join those in Heaven who 'rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come §.' "

ART. VIII. *Unauthorized Zeal the Cause of Evil; as applicable to the Case of Itinerant Preachers, being intended as a Sequel to "The Admonition of our Lord to his Disciples," by the Rev. J. D. Coleridge, Curate of Whimble, Devon. Rivingtons. 1817.*

WE presented our readers in a former number, [No. xxx. Art. 9th.] with some account of the Sermon by the same author,

" * Jones's Catholic Doctrine of a Trinity."

" † Isaiah i. 2."

" ‡ Ephesians iv. 30."

" § Rev. iv. 8."

to which the one now before us is intended to form a sequel; and we bestowed upon it such commendation, as we think it fairly merited. The comprehensiveness, vigour, and simplicity of that Sermon, with the peculiar appropriateness of its subject to the circumstances of the present times, made us regard it as likely to be a very useful production; and we have reason to think that we did not err in that opinion. The present is also calculated to do much good, and it follows very naturally upon the former. Having in that maintained the pure doctrine of our Church, on the four great points of modern controversy, and demonstrated the disagreement of Scripture with those opinions respecting them, which the self-appointed preachers of the day inculcate, Mr. C. now proceeds from his vantage ground to question the authority of such men to preach at all. We are glad to see this subject in the hands of one who can treat it so plainly and so temperately; for we are very sure that it is a point by no means well understood by the lower orders in general, and one upon which an argument may be built of great weight with many of them, to induce their return to their spiritual loyalty to the Church.

The *conclusion* of this question involves a great deal of learning, and requires a copious induction of historical detail, but these would have been ill-suited to the design, and incompatible with the limits of the present discourse. Mr. C.'s object was not to engage himself in controversy, but to give a summary of the argument and the authorities, concise for the recollection, and plain for the understanding of an ordinary congregation, of that part of it especially which is most exposed to the peril in question. His manner of doing this is simple and judicious. First displaying the "divine commission" on which the ministers of the established Church act, he remarks, that,

"Preaching or publicly instructing the people, has in all ages by the authority and direction of Divine Revelation, been esteemed an office peculiar to the sacred function, and this not only since the promulgation of Christianity, but before the blessed Author of it appeared amongst us." P. 11.

This proposition he then supports by reference to God's mode of proceeding in the solemn appointment of Aaron and Moses to their respective offices; and his denunciations against unauthorized assumers of the prophetic character; the reverence enjoined to the Jews by our Saviour towards those who sat in Moses' seat, in their official character; his own conduct in entering on his ministry; the ordination by him of his followers before they took upon them to publish his doctrine; his imparting the same power of ordination to his Apostles after him; their

their exercise of that power, and transmission of it with its regular usage to the present day; concluding the deduction with the words of Isaac Barrow, "that to question it would be to question the faith of all history, and to disavow those monuments and that tradition, upon the testimony whereof even the truth and certainty of our religion and all its sacred oracles do rely."

When this proposition, so supported, comes to be applied to the case of the teachers in question, it is clear, Mr. C. observes, that they can pretend to no such *external* call; this makes it necessary to examine the strength of the refuge to which they retreat, the plea of an internal call. Distinguishing then very properly that regard for the souls of mankind, which violating neither doctrine nor discipline, exhibits itself in private advice, consolation, or instruction, from that zeal which leads to the assumption of the character of public teacher, and which is manifestly subversive of both, Mr. C. shews the inconsistency of these pretended dictates of the Spirit with those rules which the same Spirit has laid down for our guidance in the unerring pages of Holy Writ, and he submits to our serious consideration, which it is the safer to follow. But admitting for a moment the reality of the impulse, and passing over the difficulty of reconciling or accounting for the inconsistency mentioned above, he contends from the transaction related in the xiiith chapter of the Acts, that even so the teachers in question do not stand justified for the irregular mode of obeying the impulse. Paul and Barnabas were indisputably called by the Holy Ghost to the performance of a particular work; yet we find that this by no means superseded the necessity of an ordination from the Apostles.

The Sermon then, after a few remarks on the temper and circumstances of the times, concludes with an animated and affectionate expostulation both to the teachers and their deluded hearers, of which we lament that our limits allow us only to give the concluding sentences, by way of specimen of the author's style.

"St. Paul denounces the schism in the Corinthian Church as a carnal sin; and on enquiry into the nature of that schism, we shall find it to have consisted in a separation from the communion, and a setting up of teachers independent of the government, and destructive of the unity of the Christian Church. Beware then of any longer countenancing, or abetting what must be wrong in its own nature, and dangerous in its consequences; and remember that what might *at first* be pardonable as an error, after you have been admonished of it, may cease to be so, and may afterwards owe its continuance more to a spiritual pride, or to a temper that will not be informed. If however uninfluenced by all these con-

siderations

derations no less alarming than forcible, if regardless of those high and sacred feelings, which in these times more especially should gather every member of the Church around her venerable altars, and bind them more closely than ever in their defence, ye are still resolved to persist in the wrong way (for wrong it most assuredly is) we shall notwithstanding, in compliance with our duty, forbear not to offer up in your behalf our unceasing prayers to Almighty God, in the words of our excellent Liturgy, that he would be pleased to bring you, and all such as have erred, and been deceived into the way of truth, and grant that you may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. And this for the sake, and through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour."

ART. IX. *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow-market in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-makers; intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.* 12mo. 55 pp. Murray. 1817.

THIS whimsical publication will, we are afraid, be little read and less understood; by those, however, who do understand it, its merit will be duly appreciated, and its merit is by no means slight. It is evidently rather one of the *saggi* of an amateur than the finished work of a professional "maker;" struck off in the exuberance of gentlemanlike leisure, not spun from the fine staple of a brain working against time;—but poets are not the worse for being well-housed and well-fed, and we will not quarrel with the present days for having substituted better things for the garrets and short commons of antiquity—"salut est cum dicit Horatius &c."

The model upon which this little fragment is formed, is not the most easy to imitate, and perhaps not one very generally known. *Palci* does not come into the every-day course of an Englishman's Italian reading—Tasso, (who cannot be studied too much)—a few of Metastasio's sugary operas—and a wanton tale or two of Boccaccio, complete the stock of most of our *dilettanti* linguists. But there are treasures for those who can and will search deeper in these golden mines of literature, which will amply repay their labour; and few more so than the original and unique poem of the Florentine Romances. It would be difficult to assign the "*Morgante*" to any peculiar class, for it is more completely *sui generis* than any work with which we are acquainted; the *Orlando Innamorato* has not so much poetry—the *Furioso* not so much humour. The professed heroï-comedy

of *La Secchia rapita* has been frequently copied, and *Le Lutrín* and the *Rape of the Lock* have perhaps exceeded it, the one in wit, the other in elegance ; but the arch and playful gravity with which Pulci has treated the subject, the solemn curvetting of his *Astarotte*, the zeal of his missionary knights, and the piety of his regenerated Saracens, seem hitherto to have defied all imitation. We have indeed heard that the designed clumsiness of Mr. Merryman requires greater suppleness of limb than the most agile feats of his motley rival ; and we are well aware that nothing is so difficult as to write with ease ; not to laugh out, while we are making others laugh, and laughing in the sleeve ourselves, is without doubt the acmé of genuine humour.

The professed authors of these two cantos, the Messrs. Whistlecrafts', inform us, in a few preliminary stanzas, that

“ Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
Are out of print, and most of them have sold,”

and that, therefore, they are determined to write the deeds of a still greater hero, King Arthur ; accordingly King Arthur is seen in the first canto holding “ his royal Christmas at Carlisle ;” his feast is described with spirit, and the portraits of his attendant knights, Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Gawain, are sketched with a pencil not slightly dipped in the colours of romance.

XIII.

“ In form and figure far above the rest,
Sir LAUNCELOT was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever welcome guest ;
Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain :
I never saw his picture nor his print,
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XIV.

“ For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appear'd
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and rear'd
To rustic labours or to loose amours ;
He mov'd amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

XV.

“ Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then return'd again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain ;

E e

And

And something haggard in his eyes and look
 (More than his years or hardships could explain)
 Made him appear, in person and in mind,
 Less perfect than what nature had design'd." P. 14.

We have not room for the two other stalwart knights, but their pictures are drawn with equal vigour and fidelity.

In the second Canto the feast is interrupted by the apparition of a crooked and misshapen damsel, who informs the company that some ladies, on their journey to the court, have been carried off by a banditti of "aboriginal giants," a sort of *fera natura*, who, as the Chronicles of Eboracum tell us, infested the country about these times as much as "priests and other vermin." The knights equip themselves for the pursuit, Sir Tristram discovers an approach to the giants' fastness, and here we must let the poet tell his own story.

XXVIII.

" 'Twas twilight, ere the wint'ry dawn had kist
 With cold salute the mountain's chilly brow;
 The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
 Inundated the vales and depths below,
 When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
 Of bold and hardy men, prepar'd to go,
 Ascending through the vapours dim and hoar,
 A secret track, which he descried before."

XXXIII.

" This mountain was like others I have seen;
 There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
 Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
 From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
 Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between:
 A Copper-plate would make my meaning known
 Better than words, and therefore, with permission,
 I'll give a Print of it the next Edition."

XXXVIII.

" The Giants saw them on the topmost crown
 Of the last rock, and threaten'd and defied—
 Down with the mangy dwarfs there!—Dash them down!
 Down with the dirty pismires!—Thus they cried.
 Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
 In their own Giant jargon thus replied,
 Mullinger!—Cacamole!—and Mangonell!
 You cursed cannibals—I know you well—

XXXIX.

" ' I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
 And your left-handed squinting brother's too—
 By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at most,
 I'll give the crows a meal of him and you—

The wolves shall have you—either raw or roast—
I'll make an end of all your cursed crew.
These words he partly said, and partly sang,
As usual with the Giants, in their slang." P. 41.

The fort is gained, and as for the ladies,

LIII.

"The Ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpower'd,
Only two fat Duennas were devour'd." P. 51.

In stanza LV. we confess we want a note; perhaps there is some private allusion, which it is not intended that the public eye should discover, or what is equally probable, it may be a designed imitation of Pulci's manner, who often shakes his sides when he has left his reader to look about him for a meaning.

And here the tale of King Arthur ends, for the present only, as we sincerely hope; our curiosity is sufficiently roused, and our appetite enough whetted for a great deal more. We like the solemn familiarity and grave good-humour with which the poet treats us; it is the sport and recreation of a highly cultivated taste. If (as we have reason to suppose) this little poem is from the same hand which has already afforded an exquisite specimen of the power with which it can transfuse the wit of Aristophanes into an English version, we should be sorry to throw any obstacle in the way of so truly classical an employment; but the two works are perfectly compatible with each other, and we trust that the public will not long be deprived either of the continuation of King Arthur or the completion of the Frogs.

ART. X. *A General View of the Christian Dispensation, in a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of London, May 16th, 1817. By Joseph Holden Pott, M.A. Archdeacon of London and Vicar of St. Martin's in the Fields. Published at the Request of the Clergy present. 34 pp. 2s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1817.*

A CHARGE to the Clergy is in many respects, a composition of a very peculiar nature; and of course ought to be judged accordingly. In discourses intended for the use of promiscuous

hearers, both the objects aimed at, and the means of attaining them, are of a general description; and consequently they may be examined by pretty nearly the same tests as would be applied to any other species of grave composition. But a Charge is not intended for the instruction of any promiscuous body of men, but for that of a distinct class. Its object is altogether particular, and it is with reference to this object, that we should consider it. In addressing himself to the clergy within the limits of his visitation, an archdeacon is not called upon to demonstrate the abstract obligation of the duties which he points out to their attention; he is a person invested with authority; he speaks *ex cathedrâ*; and consequently much of the weight attaching to his exhortations, will depend upon the authority which his personal character, for knowledge, piety, and discretion, may carry along with it.

Considered in this point of view, the excellent Charge before us, possesses a more than common claim to our attention. There are, we imagine, few persons at all conversant with the names of those to whom the members of our Church look up with deference, but are familiar with the name of the truly estimable person to whom we owe the composition at present under our consideration. Archdeacon Pott, may perhaps be surpassed by other members of our establishment in particular qualities; in depth of reasoning, in eloquence, in general erudition, there are upon our bench, and among our dignitaries, men who would do honour to any Church in any age; but among these we know not that any could be named, whose opinion we should prefer to that of the Archdeacon of London, upon any point connected with the history of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, as received by, and handed down to us, by those who founded it in the first instance, or afterwards drew their pens in its defence. It was under the impression of this persuasion, that we took up the Charge before us; and it is under a conviction that the same persuasion will influence others besides ourselves, that we recommend it to the serious attention of all those, whether within or without the pale of our establishment, by whom those exaggerated notions of Christianity now so prevalent, have been mistakenly embraced;—notions, scarcely less injurious to the practical improvement of those by whom they are entertained, than to the reputation of that holy and rational form of worship, which it is the glory of our Church to have at all times upheld.

“ No greater prejudice to truths insinuates itself among men, than that which is created by the zeal for such additions to the Christian Creed, or such exaggerations of its duties, as have frequently

quently been raised. We know well what the first additions and exaggerations were, which were made in dark and superstitious ages, and how dearly they have cost the Christian world. We know too, how ardently the zeal of many has been exercised in latter times, for things disputable and disputed: things which stand apart from the fixed foundations of the Christian Creed, and the known rules of Christian practice. The subject matter to which any misconceived opinions are attached, may be no less than the truth itself; and how often has the subtle Infidel sought his advantage in entangled questions, and professed to triumph over truth, when he has obtained perhaps an easy victory over some misstatement of its testimonies." P. 6.

In order to prevent the diffusion of opinions thus engrafted upon Christianity, by indiscreet or ill-informed men, and which too often occupy a much greater share of their zeal than its most essential doctrines, our author enters into no controversy, but contents himself with simply enumerating those great and leading truths which constitute the religion of Christ; and with pointing out some of those principles by which the evidence of his revelation must necessarily be tried.

"You will not then, I conceive, my Rev. Brethren, think yourselves much burdened, if you were required to defend the following particulars: that the known perfections of the Deity constitute the great standard, and form the perpetual ground of certainty in all subjects moral and religious: that God has a witness for himself in every breast; since without the power of right discrimination, man would cease to be responsible amidst the several alternatives of good and evil: that the state of man at all times hath been a state of trial, ordered with a view to his improvement by the right employment of his faculties, upon which proficiency his present welfare, and his final happiness, have their dependence: that it has pleased God to call men to a public treaty, for their own good, by the revelations of his will; proposing reasonable grounds of faith and duty to reasonable creatures: that the course so ordered and required, is accordingly progressive, in which progress, what is proper to each stage and circumstance of human life, will be found to have its season, and its place." P. 8.

In proof that these are the "principles of the doctrine of Christ," he refers his hearers to the method which our Lord pursued in the course of his teaching, and which he directed his Apostles to imitate.

"Our Blessed Lord, then, declared that the chief purpose of his coming was to save that which was lost in the common ruin of a fallen nature: to call those to the knowledge of his word, who were indeed disposed to seek the truth, and ready to embrace it. He came to invite those also, who had wandered into ways of error,
or

or had plunged themselves most deeply in the mischiefs and pollutions of transgression and misdeed.

“ Our Lord declared no less distinctly, that the sentences of wrath and condemnation would, in all cases, be the fruit of wilful folly and perverseness : of that folly which prefers the darkness to the light, and of that perverseness which persists in evil courses, when the ways of truth and the rules of righteousness are openly displayed.

“ It is impossible for language to be more clear or more certain, than that of the Divine Redeemer upon these important points. I can safely trust your memories for the truth of this remark.

“ We may observe next that it was a Covenant which Christ came to ratify and to establish. It was the great Covenant of Redemption: the word of peace and reconciliation between God and man. The Redeemer, therefore, offers pardon and acceptance under covenanted seals, with the privilege of access to the Father, through the Son, and by the Holy Ghost. He removes those obstacles which no man could surmount in his own strength. He furnishes all needful succours. He points to the source of these supplies in that union with the sons of men, and that participation of their common nature, to which he vouchsafed to stoop. In him was life; in him, as in its fountain; and from him is it communicated and derived. This is that spiritual union which our Lord expressed in terms so frequent, and however high the subject, in language so distinct. Accordingly we find the Confession of Christ, the everlasting Word coming in the flesh, to be the new Head of mankind, in whom all should be made alive, expressly set forth as the ground of faith, and the denial of it declared to be the entire subversion of the Christian hope.

“ From this bond of union, we turn naturally to the course and method which our Lord pursued, in order to train those to glory who were invited to partake the benefits and to share the blessings which he came to dispense.

“ Our Lord then proclaimed the terms upon which the privileges of this Covenant were bestowed. He did this in two comprehensive words: “ Repent, and believe the Gospel.” To do works meet for repentance, was implied in that first stipulation; and the debt of service was involved at all times in the pledge of faith.

“ On these grounds the Covenant of Salvation stands established.” P. 10.

“ The lessons of our Lord's lips, and the pattern of his life; the known rule of his heavenly Father's will, declared in his commandments; his discourses urged by precept, and illustrated by strong and clear examples; his zeal to vindicate at all times the sacred obligations of truth, mercy, justice, charity, and holiness of heart; his care to rescue them from false interpretations; these things shew sufficiently what the rule of life is, to which the Christian candidate stands bound in the day of his probation.” P. 17.

In opposition then to those who look for the same effects of
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the Holy Spirit in our days, as in the time of the Apostles, when the propagation of Christianity required the agency of miraculous interposition, and could not, as now, be trusted to the natural principles of education and instruction, our author proceeds to notice, that we are neither warranted by history, by experience, nor by reason, in supposing that the Almighty resorts in our days, to any methods of enlightening mankind in a knowledge of his Son, but such as are perfectly in accord with the principles on which his natural government is conducted. This is a truth which it is most important to demonstrate; our only evidence for knowing that the author of Christianity, is one and the same being as he to whom we owe our existence, (and to whom alone our allegiance is due,) consists in the correspondence which we observe between the principles which he has implanted in our nature and those which he has revealed to us by his Son; did we find them in opposition to each other, it would not indeed follow that the facts related in the Gospel were untrue, but it would certainly be impossible to identify the Author of our religion with the Author of nature. In illustration of this important consideration, our author justly remarks, that,

“ In the case of heathen converts, many in the first age were converted and baptized with speed, in great numbers, and with extraordinary effusions of the Spirit, suited to those days, when they who carried out the tidings of salvation were passing rapidly from place to place. They put their seal therefore to such as pressed into the fold; and in due time they settled a fixed Ministry among them: and then we find that the standing means and ordinary course were every where established, together with the gradual methods of instruction and proficiency. These rules of prudence and propriety, from the earliest years of life to the latest moments of its course, adapt themselves to the growth of man; they take up the child from the font of baptism; they form his first accents to the rudiments of saving knowledge, and the word of prayer; and yet they look for no more from the child, than consists with childish years, however seasoned with that Grace which accompanies in every stage of access or proficiency the grant of pardon, and the privileges of adoption.” P. 23.

Our author then points out the very different circumstances in which those are placed to whom the Gospel is now preached, compared with that of those to whom it was originally revealed.

“ Can we think that the language which so well expressed the first translation of the first converts to another household, from that in which they had their nurture, is better suited to the Christian Penitent in these days? That adoption in the first age of the
Gospel

Gospel constituted a complete estrangement from all former kindred and connections; it invested men with the name and privilege of another family; all which considerations, together with the phrase expressing them, had long been familiar to the Jewish people and their proselytes. Can we think that such terms, which are still applied with much significance to the first reception at the font of baptism, are as proper at this day to signify the conversion from the ways of sin and error in the case of those who have long been members of the Christian household; who return from evil courses as faulty children, not as strangers?" P. 28.

But we have said enough and extracted enough for the purpose of conveying to our readers, a tolerable idea of the nature and merits of the Charge before us; we cannot however resist a temptation to make one extract more; it forms our author's conclusion and shall form ours.

"The great truths of our redemption in Christ Jesus, who took our nature with a voluntary condescension, that in him it might recover its integrity, and that from him, as a new head, every gracious influence might descend; the atonement made by him who gave himself, even to death, as a sacrifice for sin, that God might be just, and yet upon that ground of sufficient satisfaction, might justify those who had no other plea before him, but stood convinced of sin; the great privilege of access to the Father, through the Son, and by the Holy Ghost; the promise of acquittal and acceptance for Christ's only sake; the known terms of the Christian Covenant; the grace and blessings which accompany the settled ordinances of the Christian Church; the needful influence, and the quickening and effectual succour of the Holy Spirit, to enable men who before were maimed and enfeebled, to arise and to go forward with every prospect and assurance of a glad reception on the borders of an happier scene; the rejection of all pleas of merit, together with the proud sufficiency of human reason, whatever may be the comparative degrees of understanding, or of moral worth among men; these things, my Reverend Brethren, result so plainly and so readily from the several points which have been touched, that I have no fear that I shall be thought to have taken narrow views of our common creed and bounden duty. Happy were it could we be contented with embarking in more curious disquisitions, and returning yet again to restless and interminable questions.

"To consider what our Blessed Saviour required of those to whom he made the tender of salvation, and what he declares will be required at the great day of account, in which eminent particulars there is the most exact conformity in what was spoken by our Lord; to regard what we may expect with certainty in the way of furtherance and succour, if we will be true to our own interests in the day of trial; or, on the other hand to weigh well what our departures have been from the path of duty; what our failures, our
misdeeds,

misdeeds, our neglects, and to turn to a forgiving Father with a timely and a true repentance; these I conceive to be the proper objects of the Christian Candidate. They will not lead him to confound what was applicable to the first æra of conversion, with what belongs to the settled state of Christianity; nor to look in ordinary cases for some new work of grace, subject to new tests, and distinct from that which is first pledged with every promise of encrease for the dutiful, and of renewal for the humble penitent; nor will they incline him to think, that the benefits of the Gospel are not designed for all that are brought within its pale, who do not cancel their own privilege, or forego their own hope." P. 31.

We shall not weaken the impression of this luminous abstract of the Christian's faith and of the Christian's hope, by any remarks of ours; but leave it to produce upon the minds of our readers that respect for the talents and piety of its author, which any praises of ours, would very imperfectly create.

ART. XI. *Illustrations of English Philology.* By Charles Richardson, Esq. 4to. 1l. 5s. pp. 292. Gale and Fenner. 1815.

ART. XII. *Philosophic Etymology, or Rational Grammar.* By James Gilchrist. 8vo. 8s. pp. 269. Hunter. 1816.

THOUGH much has been said of the power of etymology to dispel the mists of metaphysical imposture, we have, as yet, had no proof of its efficacy. Horne Tooke indulged in magnificent promises of the wonders to be wrought by the employment of this new instrument in the investigation of truth, and his followers have held the same language. Yet, as far as we can collect from his writings, Horne Tooke himself did not clearly apprehend in what manner this instrument should be employed. He talks indeed of removing the rubbish, which his precursors had heaped together, and of laying the foundation for future philosophers; but we may rest assured, that, had he found himself able to raise the superstructure, he would not have wanted motives to prompt him to the attempt. But, whatever the penetrating mind of Horne Tooke might have effected, if the power lies in the instrument itself, others of inferior ability may employ it with success, if not with the skill of a master. As Bacon observes, (we quote from memory,) it requires the strength of a man to draw the long bow; but a child may manage the cross bow. At present, however, nothing has been
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done, and it must either be allowed that nothing can be done, we mean in the investigation of truth, by the assistance of etymology, or it must be admitted, to the honour of Horne Tooke, that it is like the bow of Ulysses, which none but himself could draw. Horne Tooke promised, that if a long twilight was allowed him, he would apply his principles to the different systems of metaphysical imposture. A long twilight was allowed him, yet he has left behind him, as far as we have heard, no traces of his promised attempt. Whether he made the attempt or not, as far as our knowledge extends, is uncertain. If he did, without wishing to detract from his well-earned fame, we may conclude, that his success did not answer his expectations. But, if we question the efficacy of etymology in dispelling the mists of metaphysical imposture, we are also confident that the employment of such an instrument is needless.

But though we think the benefits of etymology in the investigation of truth have been ridiculously exaggerated, we are far from denying its utility in promoting accuracy, both of thought and of expression. The knowledge of the primitive meaning of a word is a clue to enable us to ascertain its exact import in the different applications of it, and will prevent our assigning, as has frequently been done, contradictory meanings to the same word. We do not fear that this new instrument of philosophy can effect any portentous change in our philosophical speculations. We are not so keen sighted as to discern the danger of illustrating the phenomena of mind by terms drawn from images of sense. We do not see the necessity of continually varying these images, that the impression they make may be the slighter, or of using such terms as have outlived their etymology, and on that account approach to the nature of algebraic signs. We agree with Horne Tooke, that we have, and can have, no way of expressing the acts and operations of the mind, but by the same words by which we express some supposed corresponding act or operation of the body, and that no error can arise from this necessity. When, for instance, we express a moderate desire for any thing, by saying, that we incline to it, will any one thence imagine, that there is a similarity between a bending of the body and an inclination of the mind? We take it for granted, that Mr. Stewart is acquainted with Berkeley's Analyst; and we will take the liberty of reminding him, that the language of Algebra has sometimes been a cover for sheer nonsense, as Berkeley has proved. We cannot help thinking, with deference be it spoken, that the learned Professor, in some of his more subtle disquisitions, has sometimes become the dupe of his own legerdemain; and as the cit turned gentleman had talked prose all his life, without being aware of it, so the learned Professor has now and then

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written something very precipitately, when he has least suspected it. That we may not be accused of bringing charges without proof, we shall, in a proper place, give our readers such samples as Mr. Richardson has selected, of the learned Professor's aberrations from sound philosophy. We are not of the number of those who would altogether banish metaphors from the regions of philosophy. We can perceive their utility in familiarizing what is difficult, and in illustrating what is obscure. He, indeed, who should try to make them run on all fours, and hold good in every particular, would soon perceive the absurdity of his attempt. But they serve well enough to illustrate, what they are meant to illustrate, and we consider those terms approaching to the nature of algebraic signs, which are such favourites with Professor Stewart, as useful to those only who would escape confutation by becoming unintelligible. Indeed Mr. Stewart sometimes expresses such a dread of the influence of sensible images over the mind, that he reminds us of Martinus Scriblerus, whose mind was so immersed in matter, that, in thinking of a lord-mayor, he could not, for the life of him, divest his worship of the insignia of his office. We have been led to these observations by the perusal of the books, which we shall proceed to review, beginning with that which is first in merit, the *Illustrations of English Philology*, by Mr. Richardson.

The first Letter contains a plan of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, an analysis of the grammatical principles of the *Diversions of Purley*, together with a critical examination of the former. These are subjects so familiar to the learned reader, that he may almost anticipate any observations we may have to offer. However opinions may differ as to Horne Tooke, as a metaphysician, he is almost universally allowed, by all who are competent to form a judgment on the subject, to have been the first grammarian, not of his age and country merely, but of any age, and of any country. He has thrown more light upon the theory of language, than all his learned and laborious precursors together. They too, who have given attention to the subject, have perceived the palpable faults of Johnson's Dictionary. A work begun from the impulse of necessity, and conducted under the patronage of booksellers, was not likely to possess the accuracy of investigation, and diligence of research, of which literary leisure and easy circumstances could alone have afforded the opportunity. The fame of Johnson, as an eloquent moralist, and a powerful reasoner, will endure as long as the language in which he has written. But his reputation as a lexicographer has long been on the decline; and as many of our readers may not have given attention to the subject, we shall make some extracts from
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the critical examination of his Dictionary, that he may judge how little the plan and execution of it agree.

“ ‘ To ARRIVE, v. n. (*arriver*, Fr. to come on shore.)

“ ‘ 1. To come to *any place* by water.’

“ In the first place, he has not performed his promise, ‘ to shew, when a word is borrowed from the French, whence the French is apparently derived.’

“ In the second place, ‘ To come on shore,’ and ‘ To come to *any place* by water,’ are not one and the same thing, as many an unfortunate being has wretchedly experienced.

“ In the third place, take his example: and you will find that it is of one, who did not ‘ come to *any place* by water;’ but who actually did come to water by land.

“ ‘ At length arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of days, and worn with toil,
She laid her down.....’ DRYDEN.

‘ This poor wearied being was no other than Io, *nitens juvenca*, whom Juno

..... Profugam per totum terruit orbem.
Ultimus immenso restabas, Nile, labori.
Quem simul ac tetigit, positisque in margine ripæ
Procubuit genibus.” P. 11.

“ By the Plan we perceive that the metaphorical *sense* was always carefully to be distinguished from the primitive; and of course we may infer, each was to be supported by distinct and proper examples. Not so in the Dictionary—There he tells us, that ‘ A Mite is a small insect found in *cheese or corn*.’ and for example we find, ‘ *Virginity* breeds mites.’ Blanket, he also informs us, means ‘ A woollen cover, soft and loosely woven, spread commonly upon a bed, over the linen sheet, for the procurement of warmth.’ And this is his first example:

“ Nor Heaven peep through the *blanket* of the dark
To cry, Hold, hold!” P. 13.

“ ‘ The rigour of interpretative lexicography, (says Johnson) requires that the explanation, and the word explained should be reciprocal.’ Obey this rule, in your use of his Dictionary, and your success is ensured. I will give you an instance:—That stumbling-block to all keen metaphysicians, the word CAUSE.

“ ‘ A Cause is that which produces or effects any thing.’

“ To effect is—‘ To produce as a Cause.’

“ To produce is—‘ To cause.’

“ Substituting the explanations for the words explained:—

“ ‘ A Cause is, that which causes or causes as a cause—any thing.’ ” P. 15.

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Those of our readers, who may wish for further instances of Johnson's prowess as a lexicographer, we must refer to the critical examination, where they will find abundant gratification for their laughter, or their spleen.

The fruits of Mr. Todd's employment will be found, as he asserts, "in an abundant supply of words, which have been hitherto omitted; in a rectification of many, which etymology, in particular requires, and in exemplifying several which are without illustration." By the adoption of appellatives, derived from proper names, he has much enlarged the bulk of his work. But, we shall acquaint the reader with his explanations, of which we shall lay before him the samples, which our author has selected.

"ANTINOMIAN, *n. s.* One of the sect called *Antinomianism*.

"ANTINOMIANISM, *n. s.* The tenets of those who are called *Antinomians*. See ANTINOMIAN.

"ARIAN, *n. s.* One of the sect of Arius, who denies that Christ is the eternal God *.

"ARIANISM, *n. s.* The heresy or sect of Arius.

"ARMINIAN, *n. s.* He who supports the tenets of Arminius.

"ARMINIANISM, *n. s.* The tenets of Arminius." P. 236.

The reader will not feel much gratitude for explanations, which leave the subject just where they found it.

Our author in his third Letter, in vindicating Horne Tooke, treats this philosopher with little ceremony, but if the law of retaliation be in force, with quite as much as he deserves. Stewart might have known from experience †, that the followers of Locke are not wont to "strike soft in battle," and his hostility against their master has been too undisguised for him to hope for quarter. Experience, however, has not cured him of his temerity, and he has at length received severe castigation from the pen of Mr. Richardson. When we find Professor Stewart expressing his opinion of those, whose metaphysical notions are at variance with his own, though we discover much of the language of candour, we are inclined to think that candour itself is sometimes forgotten by him. Our author has clearly shewn, that the objections which he has brought against Horne Tooke's speculations, generally proceed from a misstatement of his opinions; though he, at the same time, does him the justice to suppose, that his misstatements proceed from misconception. We shall give an instance of his misstatement:

"In the first place, then, Mr. Stewart declares, 'That it is a leading inference, drawn by Mr. Tooke himself, that the common

* "Are Socinians and Deists—Arians?"

† See Ludlam's Essays.

"That, though it may take much time and labour to construct labyrinths and Babel systems, yet the energy of original thinking can easily and speedily create the chaos of learned absurdity into light and simplicity, order and utility."

To give our readers some knowledge of the style and manner in which the work is written, the following extract taken at random, will probably content them.

"Neither wit nor reasoning from an humble, self-taught thinker, may have any influence on the disciples of tradition, precedent and authority; but they must reverence the opinions—they must tremble before the awful majesty of the creator of philosophy. Bacon was aware of college canting and raving about ancient learning; but Bacon was bold to say, in the face of the classical multitude, that 'The stream of time has floated down to us the light and empty, and sunk the weighty and solid parts of ancient learning.' We have plenty of the exquisite, light, delicate, pretty, soft, smooth, cobwebs, and silken, fine-spun nothings of the literary insects that swarmed in the evening of Grecian and Roman intellect; when freedom, independence, originality, manly thinking, feeling and acting had departed, leaving behind a poor, dull, servile, imitative, theatric set of artificial creatures, strutting about the stage of life in pompous insignificance; adjusting the ritual of classical idolatry and the ceremonial of classical fashion; or lolling out their tongues about learning and taste in absolute fatuity.

"We have *labyrinthian* and *Babylonish* masses, and multitudes of works made in Greece and Rome after the period of the *Restoration*;—histories, (for literature is wonderfully narrative in her old age) biographies, systems of rhetoric, grammar and logic; critical dissertations on mole hillocks, butterflies, mites and animalculæ; poesies of all sorts and sizes—some of them as large as the White Doe of Rylstone; others as minutely elegant as the composition of Dugald Stewart, or the *prettinesses* of his admirer and worthy disciple the Editor of the *Examiner*; common-place books without number, and cyclopædias of as numerous compartments and mighty magnitude as the labyrinths of Egypt and tower of Babel. But amidst all this waste of intellectual riches, paper and ink, where are the few rare authors that wrote before the *true taste* and the *true manner* were established? Where are those deep, dangerous-thinking men the *Democrituses*, the *Bacons*, and the *Hobbesses*? They were mortal and perished, because they were never consecrated and deified. Only such sound orthodox philosophers as Plato, Aristotle and their disciple Cicero, were worthy of being put on the catholic calendar and of occupying the temple of fame. Thanks to the art of printing, that our literature has not shared the same fate; else all the lights and intellectual jewels of Bacon had been extinguished and buried under the rubbish—the chaff—the straw—the very ordure and clumsy hoofs of the *servum pecus*.

"The appropriateness to my present purpose of the following quotation,

quotation, from the philosopher of philosophers is so evident as to require no comment: 'We plainly perceive, (says Bacon) that the sciences will not be considerably advanced, till men shall be made thoroughly acquainted with the proper characters and merits of those ancient and modern philosophers they so much admire. The present design is, therefore, to deal roundly, and fix a mark on such pretended philosophers as we take to have been more fabulous than the poets; debauchers of men's minds and falsifiers of the works of nature; and to make as free with that degenerate, servile tribe, their followers, flatterers, and the hirelings who corrupt mankind for gain. And we shall take the liberty to cite each of them by name; lest, as their authority is so great, we should be apprehended only to act a part; and under colour, side with some or other of them; since they cherish such violent disputes and animosities among themselves.

" 'Let Aristotle first appear; whom we charge 1. with abominable sophistry; 2. useless subtility; and 3. a vile sporting with words. Nay, when men by any accident, as by a favourable gale, arrived at any truth and there cast anchor; this man had the assurance to fetter the mind with the heaviest irons; and composing a certain art of madness, enslaved mankind with words. [This is what Cant and Dugald Stewart would fain accomplish.]' P. 209.

Those who may have the curiosity to acquaint themselves with his system, we must refer to the book itself. It seems to us to be chiefly supported by sturdy assumptions, in which, if the reader does not acquiesce, there is at once an end of the matter. All authors, except the few who chance to be his favourites, he treats with the most affected airs of superiority and contempt. We believe the only writer, with whom he is perfectly satisfied, is himself; and, we think, if we had it in our power, it would be almost cruel to disturb him in this self-satisfaction, as he is not a writer likely to incur the least danger of being intoxicated by the plaudits of others. Mr. Gilchrist must have the goodness to excuse our not taking notice of his system. He fancies that his work from its boldness and originality will excite many angry passions in his reviewers. But we beg leave to question whether we are quite so irritable as authors are reputed to be. At least in the perusal of Mr. Gilchrist's work, we have sometimes felt inclined to laugh, sometimes, perhaps, to our shame be it acknowledged, to slumber; but we can say with truth, that in the perusal of his performance, as far as we have perused it, we have not felt one spark of animosity. Mr. Gilchrist should remember that to excite anger, something more than the mere intention is necessary. Perhaps custom may have made us reviewers callous. Perhaps—but we will leave it to Mr. Gilchrist to solve the problem of our indifference in whatever way may be most soothing to his

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feelings. If we ever are provoked, it is where we meet with an author, too frivolous for sober criticism, and too dull for raillery. Mr. Gilchrist is not a writer of this stamp; and though we must beg leave to wave the examination of his theory, we do not despair of finding something in him that may amuse our readers. We proceed to give some notion of Mr. Gilchrist's taste. That we may not be accused of misrepresentation, we will give it, pretty nearly, in his own words.

"Twenty times," says he, "have I attempted to read the writings of Addison, but I could never succeed in getting through a single volume. I did get twice through Virgil, by the gracious aid of an etymological motive; but I believe twenty etymological motives would not drag me through the volumes of Addison; and I declare, upon my honour and conscience as an author, that I would rather fairly eat them up, and digest them down, (all saving and excepting the boards) than give them my precious days and nights."

Indeed Mr. Gilchrist has no need to give his attention to the perusal of models of style, or to burden his memory with a multiplicity of rules, since he has found out one infallible direction to good composition. His rule is this, let the composer constantly endeavour to express his meaning in as few words as possible. Would to heaven Mr. Gilchrist had bethought himself of this golden rule, before he had written the book before us, his two hundred and sixty-nine pages might then have shrunk into half a dozen. Since, however, Mr. Gilchrist is convinced of the usefulness of all subordinate rules of composition, why not say at once, whatever you write, let it be written in the best manner possible. This would be less exceptionable even than the rule he has given. For to that rule, may be applied the objection of Horace, "*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.*" But to the rule we have suggested, there can be no possible objection, unless perhaps some person determined to cavil, should say that it bears too near a resemblance to the rule which is given to children for catching sparrows, by first placing salt upon their tails. It is manifest that Mr. Gilchrist thinks himself an original, and, perhaps, in some respects, his claims to originality may be indisputable. But, with regard to affairs of taste, we think we can give him proof, and that historical proof, that there is nothing new under the sun. The prototype of James Gilchrist was a certain Abbé Longuerne. Here followeth his opinion of the great Father of Poetry, old Homer. Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, vol. ii. p. 28.

"There are two books upon Homer, which I esteem more than Homer himself. The first is the *Antiquitates Homericae* of Feithius, wherein he hath extracted from Homer all that relates to manners and customs. The second is *Homeri Gnomologia* by Duporé.

Duport. With these two books we have all that is useful in Homer, without the fatigue of going through his *Canterbury Tales*."

With this quotation we shall bid Mr. Gilchrist farewell; hoping that should etymology ever again induce him to wade through Virgil, he will recollect that there is such a book as the *Clavis Virgiliana*.

ART. XIII. *The Naiad: a Tale. With other Poems.* pp. 63.
Taylor and Hessey. 1816.

THIS is really a pleasing little poem; the story of it is tastefully chosen, and told with lightness; the descriptions which it contains are given in a wild and fanciful manner, and in a versification which, though unequal, is upon the whole agreeably tuned. We could indeed wish that these merits were not so often thrown into the shade, by prettynesses, and simplenesses, and sillinesses, and all those other childish affectations, which the imitators of Mr. Wordsworth are so apt to suppose inseparable from the other qualities of his poetry; and, but that the present is, we imagine, our poet's first appearance before our tribunal, we should perhaps feel disposed to be less lenient than we intend to be. We should be sorry to discourage an author of promise, even though his merits may possibly be only of a subordinate quality; more especially when, as in the present instance, his faults are not inherent in his genius, but merely the accidental fruits of having injudiciously chosen his model. We do not mean to say, generally, that Mr. Wordsworth is an improper model of poetry; though unquestionably he will be found a very dangerous one; we only mean, that when a writer is induced to model his compositions upon those of another, he should select one whose genius is cast in a mould similar to his own. To emulate a writer, simply because we admire him, is a very unsafe proceeding. Nothing can be more natural than to feel admiration for the beautiful qualities of Mr. Wordsworth's mind, and nothing more easy than to imitate the occasional childishness and affectation of his manner; but a person must not suppose himself like Alexander, merely because he can walk with his neck awry. Our author's genius is as distinct from Mr. Wordsworth's as is well conceivable; lightness and playfulness of fancy are the qualities which he should principally cultivate, as they seem to be those which are most within his reach; and these qualities, we should imagine, may be studied almost any where, rather than in the "*Lyrical Ballads*." But this is not the place for a critical dissertation.

The poem professes to be founded upon an old Scotch ballad, which the author procured from a young girl of Galloway, who delighted in treasuring up the legendary songs of her country. As our author says so, we conclude this to be the fact; but the subject of the tale is so exactly similar to that of Goëth's "Fisherman," that we can hardly keep ourselves from suspecting the "young girl of Galloway" and the "German Baron of Weimar" to be, what one cannot easily understand how two such dissimilar characters should be, one and the same person. However this be, we have no right to accuse our author of plagiarism, for he himself points out the coincidence.

"One of the ballads of Goëthe, called 'the Fisherman,' is very similar in its incidents to it: Madame de Stael, in her eloquent work on Germany, thus describes it. 'A poor man, on a summer evening, seats himself on the bank of a river, and as he throws in his line, contemplates the clear and liquid tide which gently flows and bathes his naked feet. The nymph of the stream invites him to plunge himself into it; she describes to him the delightful freshness of the water during the heat of summer, the pleasure which the sun takes in cooling itself at night in the sea, the calmness of the moon when its rays repose and sleep on the bosom of the stream: at length the fisherman attracted, seduced, drawn on, advances near the nymph, and for ever disappears.' " P. viii.

Except that the "Fisherman" is changed into a young and handsome braon, riding along the banks of the stream, attended by a page, on his way to meet his beautiful bride, who is supposed to be waiting his arrival with all the preparations of music and dancing, the above extract will at once put our readers in possession of the sum and substance of the poem which we are now desirous of making them acquainted with.

The following lines, descriptive of the scenery through which the road of Lord Hubert and his page lay, are pleasing, in spite of the conceits and affectations with which they are sprinkled. We shall just note the particular expressions we allude to by italics, in order to let our readers perceive the nature of the faults we before animadverted upon.

" 'Twas autumn-tide,—the eve was sweet,
 As mortal eye hath e'er beholden;
 The grass look'd warm with sunny heat,—
 Perchance some fairy's glowing feet
 Had lightly touch'd,—and left it golden:
 A flower or two were shining yet;
The star of the daisy had not yet set,—
 It shone from the turf to greet the air,
 Which *tenderly* came breathing there:
 And in a brook, which lov'd to fret

O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,
 The lily of the silvery hue
 All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.
 Away the sparkling water play'd,
 Through bending grass, and blessed flower;
 Light, and delight seem'd all its dower:
 Away in merriment it stray'd,—
 Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,
 Pale, lovely splendour to the shade.
Ye would have given your hearts to win
 A glimpse of that fair willow'd brook:
 The water lay glistening in each leafy nook,
 And the shadows fell green and thin.
 As the wind pass'd by—the willow trees,
 Which lov'd for aye on the wave to look,
 Kiss'd the pale stream,—but disturb'd and shook,
They wept tears of light at the rude, rude breeze.
 At night, when all the planets were sprinkling
 Their little rays of light on high,
 The busy brook with stars was twinkling,—
 And it seem'd a streak of the living sky;
 'Twas heavenly to walk in the autumn's wind's sigh,
 And list to that brook's lonely tinkling." P. 2.

The next specimen with which we intend to present our readers, will form a continuation of that which we have already given; but it is, in point of style, much less exceptionable.

" For a moment with pleasure his bridle hand shook,
 And the steed in its joy mock'd the wave on the brook,
 It play'd—and danced up for a moment—no more—
 Then gently glided on as before.
 Now forth they rode all silently,
 Beneath the broad and milky sky,
 They kept their course by the water's edge,
 And listen'd at times to the creaking sedge;
 Or started from some rich fanciful dream,
 At the sullen plunge of the fish in the stream;
 Then would they watch the circle bright,—
 The circle, silver'd by the moonlight,—
 Go widening, and shining, and trembling on,
 Till a wave leap'd up, and the ring was gone.
 Or the otter would cross before their eyes,
 And hide in the bank where the deep nook lies;
 Or the owl would call out through the silent air,
 With a mournful, and shrill, and tremulous cry;
 Or the hare from its form would start up and pass by;
 And the watch-dog bay them here and there.
 The leaves might be rustled—the waves be curl'd—
 But no human foot appear'd out in the world." P. 8.

The lines, in which our author describes the rising of the Naiad from the stream, possess great merit; the picture which he presents to our imagination is fancifully conceived, and very poetically painted. The first eight or nine lines are feeble, but the remainder of our extract will, we are sure, afford pleasure.

“ Lord Hubert look'd forth;—say, what hath caught
The lustre of his large dark eye?

Is it the form he hath lov'd and sought?
Or is it some vision his fancy hath wrought?

He cannot pass it by.

It rises from the bank of the brook,
And it comes along with an angel look;
Its vest is like snow, and its hand is as fair,
Its brow seems a mingling of sunbeam and air,
And its eyes so meek, which the glad tear laves,
Are like stars beheld soften'd in summer waves;
The lily hath left a light on its feet,
And the smile on its lip is passingly sweet;
It moves serene, but it treads not the earth;—
Is it a lady of mortal birth?

Down o'er her shoulders her yellow hair flows,
And her neck through its tresses divinely glows;
Calm in her hand a mirror she brings,
And she sleeks her loose locks, and gazes, and sings.

“ THE NAIAD'S SONG.

“ My bower is in the hollow wave,
The water lily is my bed;
The brightest pearls the rivers lave
Are wreath'd around my breast and head.

“ The fish swims idly near my couch,
And twinkling fins oft brush my brow;
And spirits mutely to me crouch,
While waters softly o'er them flow.

“ Then come thee to these arms of mine,
And come thee to this bosom fair;
And thou mid silver waves shalt twine
The tresses of my silky hair.

“ I have a ring of the river weed,
'Twas fasten'd with a spirit's kiss;
I'll wed thee in this moonlight mead,—
Ah! look not on my love amiss.” P. 11.

As our author has succeeded so well in the lines descriptive of the “Sprite's” introduction to our hero, possibly our readers will not be displeased to read our author's conception of the song with

with which she tempted Lord Hubert to forget his earthly bride and follow his new acquaintance under the wave.

“ ‘ Oh ! come, and we will hurry now
To a noble crystal pile ;
Where the waters all o’er thee like music shall flow.
And the lilies shall cluster around thy brow.
We’ll arise, my love ! when morning dew
Is on the rose-leaf, soft and new ;
We’ll sit upon the tawny grass,
And catch the west winds as they pass ;
And list the wild birds while they sing,
And kiss to the water’s murmuring.
Thou shalt gather a flower, and I will wear it ;
I’ll find the wild bee’s nest, and thou shalt share it ;
Thou shalt catch the bird, and come smiling to me,
And I’ll clasp its wing, and kiss it for thee.’ ” P. 20.

Lord Hubert would not appear to have been insensible to the charms of this poetical invitation ; our poet continues,

“ She stepped into the silver wave,—
And sank, like the morning mist, from the eye ;
Lord Hubert paus’d with a misgiving sigh,
And look’d on the water as on his grave.
But a soften’d voice came sweet from the stream,
Such sound doth a young lover hear in his dream ;
It was lovely, and mellow’d, and tenderly hollow :—
‘ Step on the wave, where sleeps the moon beam,
Thou wilt sink secure through its delicate gleam,
Follow, Lord Hubert !—follow !’
He started—pass’d on with a graceful mirth,
And vanish’d at once from the placid earth.

“ The waters prattled sweetly, wildly,
Still the moonlight kissed them mildly ;
All sounds were mute, save the screech of the owl,
And the otter’s plunge, and the watch-dog’s howl ;
But from that cold moon’s setting, never
Was seen Lord Hubert—he vanish’d for ever :
And ne’er from the breaking of that young day
Was seen the light form that had passed away.” P. 22.

We cannot afford room for further extracts ; indeed, considering the shortness of the poem, and the modesty of its pretensions, we think we have paid it no little compliment in extracting from it so largely. What remains to be told, may be said in a few words. The reader is taken to the castle of the father of Angelina (for such is the name of Lord Hubert’s intended bride) where of course both she and the guests wait in vain for
the

the bridegroom. He makes his appearance, however; but it is not until all the guests have separated for the night; and then his appearance is under somewhat unwelcome circumstances. His watery bride, we must suppose, had rather disappointed his expectations; for the very same night he returns to his earthly allegiance, and leaves his "noble chrystal pile," in order to come and claim his original mistress. But however much the latter may have lamented her lover's fickleness, she would not seem to think that the matter was at all mended by the proof he gives her of his posthumous fidelity.

" 'Thy arms around me press'd
Like bands of ice upon my breast,
Are fresh now from the chilling water,
To me they come like silent slaughter.' " P. 31.

We are sorry to end our extracts with such four notably absurd lines; but our author has no reason to complain; for we have overlooked many that would as little redound to his credit.

ART. XIV. *A Picturesque Tour through France, Switzerland, on the Banks of the Rhine, and through Part of the Netherlands, in the Year 1816.* 8vo. 379 pp. 12s. Mawman. 1817.

WHEN we are in the humour for a little light reading, we can derive a certain degree of satisfaction from the journal of an honest cockney, even though the road through which he travels is as well known to us as that from London to Hounslow, and the objects which he describes as familiar as Brentford old Church, or the palace at Kew. Let a man write with fidelity and simplicity, and he cannot write much amiss; he will afford, through the medium of his own observation, a means of recalling those of his reader. To a man who has travelled much in his own country, Paterson's Road Book is, occasionally, no unentertaining companion, as the names of the towns, villages, seats, and inns, when placed in their proper succession, awaken a train also of associations which cannot be recalled without satisfaction. It is affectation only which wearies and disgusts the reader, not only by obtruding silly and impertinent observations of its own, but by disturbing a more pleasing train of reflections in others.

The ground over which our author has travelled, is now sufficiently beaten, being little more than a cockney's continental circuit.

circuit. From Calais to Paris, from thence to Lyons, Avignon, Nismes, and Marseilles, through Switzerland, and down the Rhine, through Aix la Chapelle, and Brussels, homeward, was the extent of the author's peregrination. Still the volume is neither without merit nor interest. To those who have not travelled, it gives a faithful account of what is to be seen; to those who intend to travel, it affords an excellent plan for their operations, to those who have travelled, it will awaken many pleasing recollections. The route is, perhaps, the best which could have been taken.

We shall pass over that part of the journal in which the author describes his route from Calais to Paris, as every Englishman is so well acquainted with it, that it ceases to be an object even of ordinary curiosity. We shall overtake our author at Moulins, in his road to Lyons.

" Moulins, which is situated in a delightful plain on the right bank of the *Allier*, is a better town than *Nevers*. Its population amounts to thirteen thousand two hundred persons. It is famed for the goodness of its climate. Here the Earl of Beverly has resided for thirteen years: having been a *détenu* he became an inhabitant by compulsion, and afterwards by choice. The cutlery which is manufactured here is the best in France; but the best is not equal to that of this country. This town once possessed a magnificent castle, which is now in ruins. There is a fine bridge which deserves the attention of the traveller. In the Lyceum, which formerly constituted the convent of the Visitation, we beheld the magnificent monument which was erected over the remains of the gallant Henry Duke of Montmorency, who was beheaded at *Toulouse* on the 30th of October, 1632, in the reign of Louis XIII. Great interest was made to save his life, but, in addition to the crime of rebellion, he had offended the prime minister, Cardinal Richelieu, whose vengeance was implacable. The execution of Montmorency took place at the foot of a marble statue of Henry IV. and the following verses were made upon his death:

" Ante patris statuam, nati implacabilis irâ
Accubui, indignâ morte manūque cadens.
Illorum ingemuit neuter mea fata videndo,
Ora patris, nati pectora, marmor erant.

" Our next stage was to *Bessay*, through a country rich in landscape, though generally flat, with occasional intervals of expanded prospect near the river *Allier*, which we had had for some miles on our right, but which was generally concealed from our view. At the distance of two miles from *Varennes* the road approaches to the immediate vicinity of the *Allier*. The scenery is extensive on both sides of the river, with hills stretching to the west till lost in the distance.

" The

bridegroom. He makes his
until all the guests have seen
appearance is under some
watery bride, we must see
expectations; for the very
ance, and leaves his "claim
and claim his original name
may have lamented her
to think that the matter
her of his posthumous fiction

"Thy arms around me
Like bands of ice upon
Are fresh now from the
To me they come like

are sorry to end our extract
but our author has no more
looked many that would as

XIV. *A Picturesque
d, on the Banks of the
therlands, in the Year
wman. 1817.*

EN we are in the humor
a certain degree of s
cockney, even though
well known to us as the
jects which he describ
h, or the palace at Ke
mplicity, and he cannot
h the medium of his c
se of his reader. To
n country, Paterson's
iving companion, as
and inns, when place
also of association
tion It is affectat
der, not only by ob
f its own, but by
s in others.
ground over which
y beaten, being lit

element. From Calcutta, Poonah, Bombay, Madras, and Malabar, through the
Himalayas to Agra, Chanderi, and Delhi,
the extent of the nation's progress is
neither without merit nor interest. To be
travelled, it gives a faithful account of all
those who intend to travel, a list of their
operations, to show who have reached the
present condition. The whole is printed
and has been sold.

We shall point out that part of the picture of domestic life in the home of Calicut is drawn from the life of the author himself. We shall mention nothing but the truth.

[illegible]

10. 11. 1941

[illegible]

1. *...*

(The page is blank)

"Our boat came out
sage, though it was not
prospect and the boat
our right, but when we
the distance of two miles
the name of the boat
on both sides of the river
in the distance.

set at *Thellus* in York-
is the distance like *Thellus*
by ravine, at the bottom
of it.

salve prospect over the
 bounded on every other
 point which towers pre-
 e of sixty miles which
 night. From the point
 on the highest points of
 forming an accumulation
 it.

respecting the numerous
 almost universally feared
 the fear of revolution.

As we crossed the departments of the we may expatiate to infinity. To the east, melting in the distance, and, still more remote, on this hill commands a extent. No prospect in rison with this.

straggling houses; but
at its spot the grape ripens
and descend immediately
is again gratified by the

by lemons, though very

Here too is a rich and
contrast with the rugged

ale on the banks of the
reefs are spacious, and the
nd public baths, and ex-
urs of a commercial town.
liful prospect; and there
s Here we could at last
lence.

“ The cultivation of the vine became more frequent after quitting *Vareunes*; and there was no diminution in the beauty of the scenery. What added to the charm of the home views was the natural manner in which wild chesnut trees were scattered around. We seldom witnessed the growth of potatoes, and never of turnips. The soil was of the richest kind, of a reddish hue, between clay and sand, and many yards in depth. We constantly saw men ploughing with four oxen, two abreast; and the women and girls were assiduously knitting whilst tending flocks of sheep. From *Nevers* the people, who had more of the English industry as well as more of the same gravity of manners, were better clothed and seemed to be in rather more easy circumstances, but still poor, and bending under the weight of an oppressive taxation. The dress of the women, with hats formed in the shape of a boat, and petticoats shortened behind, was fantastical; but they were pretty, and no dress can spoil beauty. The chateaus which attracted our observation exhibited visible traces of decay, and we seldom witnessed any attempts to counteract its effects by substantial reparation. The walnut-tree is much cultivated all the way from *Paris*; and the poplar seems to be the object of similar attention, though it is the least picturesque of all trees, and its want of beauty does not seem to be compensated by any extraordinary usefulness, except its quick growth and the beauty of its wood.

“ Soon after our departure from *Vareunes* we beheld from an eminence a little vale spread before us of great beauty, well clothed with wood and with projections of rock from the tops of the neighbouring hills. On our right we perceived *Puy de Dome* in the middle of a chain of mountains which we had indistinctly descried at a distance of more than sixty miles. *Mount d'Or* presented his snowy summit at the termination of the horizon.

“ After travelling six miles we passed over a hill from whose summit we beheld upon the right the mountains of *Auvergne*, those of *Forez* in front, and a vast plain spreading on the left as far as the *Loire*. The soil around the hill is considered as the richest of the *Bourbonnois*, proofs of which are seen in the luxuriant growth of the walnut-trees.

“ *Saint-Gerand-le-Puy* is exquisitely situated upon a swell. On leaving this place you behold some fine trees on the top of a hill close to the road, with an opening in the centre which would afford a fit subject for the pencil of a Claude. Upon descending into the plain a great neglect of cultivation is exhibited in the extensive mosses or weeds that are spread over the surface of this luxuriant soil. Does not this want of cultivation, where all the circumstances are so favourable for its success, prove the insecurity of property and the oppressive weight of taxation?

“ At *La Palisse* we ascended a high hill, from which we surveyed the town with its chateau and the country we had left. We now soon exchanged our scenes of soft landscape and exuberant beauty for those of mountainous ruggedness and sterility. We were struck with

with the resemblance of this scenery to that at *Pickering* in *Yorkshire*, and there was a round topped hill in the distance like *Black Hamilton*. We soon descended into a deep ravine, at the bottom of which in a wood is a good bridge of three arches.

“ At *Droiturier* there is a most extensive prospect over the plains of the *Allier* and the *Nievre*, and bounded on every other side by a grand crescent of mountains, amongst which towers pre-eminent the *Puy de Dome* at the distance of forty miles, which since we left *Moulins* had been constantly in sight. From this point we had a near view of huge rocks piled upon the highest points of the mountains in different directions, and forming an accumulation of wild solitudes of great variety and extent.

“ In the inquiries which we made respecting the numerous castles which we passed upon the road, we almost universally found that their proprietors had fallen victims to the fury of revolutionary vengeance.

“ Just before reaching *St. Martin d'Estraux* we crossed a mountain which forms a boundary between the departments of the *Allier* and the *Loire*. From this point the eye may expatiate to an immense extent over the plains of *Burgundy*. To the east and to the north mountains are descried melting in the distance; to the west those we had left behind us, and, still more remote, *Mont Blanc* in *Switzerland*. A chateau upon this hill commands a prospect of prodigious magnificence and extent. No prospect in *England* would form a fit subject of comparison with this.

“ *La Pacaudière* is composed of a few straggling houses; but there is a church and a chateau. At this spot the grape ripens not more than once in ten years. Here you descend immediately into the vale of the *Loire*, where the eye is again gratified by the fine verdure of the vine.

“ *St. Germain l'Espinasse* has but few houses, though many fine mansions are conspicuous on all sides. Here too is a rich and expanded vale which formed an agreeable contrast with the rugged scenery we had just left.

“ *Roanne* is situated in an immense vale on the banks of the *Loire*, where it becomes navigable. Its streets are spacious and its houses well built. It has a playhouse and public baths, and exhibits the affluence, activity, and resources of a commercial town. The neighbourhood presents the same cheerful prospect; and there are no dilapidated nor ruined chateaus. Here we could at last contemplate one part of *France* that had escaped the ravages of the revolution.

“ After passing the *Loire* over a beautiful wooden bridge you proceed for two miles through a rich vale sprinkled with numerous fine mansions and houses. There are heights covered with wood on the left. As we entered the mountains we had a rapid stream, called the *Rhin*, almost at our feet; there were perpendicular rocks with trees shooting up their sides; here and there bold projections of red stone; sometimes the stream showed itself in a glare of light,

at

at others it was wholly obscured in a dense shade. Pretty valleys were occasionally seen compressed between two mountains; and here and there the neighbouring heights dotted with houses burst upon the view. From an eminence near the top of a mountain we enjoyed a delightful view of the river winding below.

“ For the distance of more than thirty miles from *Roanne* we had a continued succession of mountain scenery. The road which we traversed was carried along the side, over the top, or at the bottom of mountains. We were much impressed by the accumulation of such immense masses as we beheld crowded together on every side; nor were we a little surprised by the sight of corn growing at intervals upon their highest summits. The mountains of *Tarare* possess, however, many good towns, some of which we passed through, and others we saw at short distances; their inhabitants seemed to be in a state of comfortable neatness, arising from the cotton manufactories. Here we remarked a more than usual freshness of complexion. This we believe always attends extensive districts where humidity and verdure prevail.” P. 138.

Lyons, Avignon, and Nismes occupy much of our author's attention. In the description of the first of these noble cities, he is not at all happy. He does not approximate it to the mind of the reader, he raises no image, he embodies no peculiar features. Nor can we compliment him much more upon his success at Avignon, his description of *Vaucluse* is sadly tame. At Nismes his spirit revives, and we shall, with pleasure, present our readers with his interesting account of a city, which does not usually come within the compass of an ordinary tour.

“ It was night when we reached *Nimes*; but on the following morning we rose with the sun and walked into the square, when how great was our surprise at beholding on its western side the magnificent spectacle of a Roman Amphitheatre! We had hitherto seen no ancient remains at all comparable with this. The grand circle is still entire, and its imposing magnitude made an impression on the mind that will never be effaced. We stood in amazement at beholding its external circle, its pilasters, its columns, its porticos, its corridors, with nearly all its ornaments in a state of perfect preservation. Modern architecture can present nothing to rival it in extent of dimensions and durability of workmanship. It still stands as it was seen by the admiring eyes of those who lived seventeen centuries ago. Many are the generations which have crumbled into dust since it was originally constructed: but it still possesses an interest in the mind of the spectator which has been augmented rather than diminished by the revolutions of ages. Though the shows of gladiators and the combats of wild beasts are no longer seen in its spacious circle, time has embodied with it the interest of so many associations, that the contemplative spectator probably derives a much more exquisite gratification from the sight of its
ancient

ancient walls than was ever felt by the thousands and tens of thousands who actually beheld the sumptuous parade of varied shows which the prodigality of imperial Rome supplied.

“ There is a considerable space round the amphitheatre except on the eastern side, where it is deformed and almost impeded by the obstruction of mean and obscure houses. The arena was cleared by the orders of Bonaparte of the rubbish and buildings by which it was encumbered, and if his intentions with respect to the theatre at *Orange* had been executed, France would have possessed two of the most perfect monuments of this species of Roman architecture which are any where to be seen.

“ We ranged in a sort of silent rapture over the different parts of this noble structure, and as we paced its arena, and reflected on the many barbarous sights which it once exhibited, we could not but be astonished that the same people should have united the opposite extremes of ferocity and refinement.

“ The admirable symmetry of this structure may be estimated from the following circumstance, that when we stood on the highest row of seats the depth of the arena appeared so great as to have a terrifying effect ; but when we stood in the arena itself, the ascent was so gentle and well graduated that the spectator at the top seemed in a position as completely fitted for the spectacle as he who was placed at the bottom.

“ A slight notion of the massy solidity of the structure may be formed when we mention that we beheld stones each of sixteen feet in length and nearly a yard in thickness laid over each other, and giving to the fabric the appearance of gigantic strength. The stones were not cemented by mortar, but bound together by cramps of brass. The structure is the exact model of the Coliseum at Rome. After having been long used for the combats of gladiators and wild beasts, it was converted into a fortress in the time of Clovis, and was surrounded by a foss ; soldiers tents were erected against it, and the inclosure was filled with huts. Charles Martel attempted to destroy it by fire, and traces of the flames may still be seen. When Francis I. visited *Nîmes*, he ordered the dilapidated buildings around the amphitheatre to be removed. The arena, however, remained covered with mean huts till they were cleared away, as has been mentioned, by the Emperor Napoleon.

“ The *Maison-carrée*, which will next engage our attention, is one of the most interesting curiosities at *Nîmes*. We do not possess a more perfect monument of Roman grandeur combined with exquisite taste. This remarkable edifice has six columns in front, and eleven on its sides, reckoning the angular ones twice. Eight pillars are fixed in the wall on either side with only a slight projection from the surface ; the other three, as well as those in front, are insulated with an open space between. Hence is formed a portico which is open on three sides and has a very agreeable effect. Each end is in exact harmony, and the whole mass of the structure is admirably contrived, as well as the distribution of the ornaments.

“ The

“ The columns are of the Corinthian order, of which the height is twenty-seven feet three inches and one quarter, and the diameter two feet nine inches. The capitals are decorated with olive leaves, in which great beauty is displayed, as well as in the ornaments of the entablature. The profiles are perfect, and the cornice of the pediment forms a very rich frame. The frieze is adorned throughout its whole length with foliage, which bears testimony to the skill and taste of some superior artist. The length of this edifice is seventy-two feet, and the breadth thirty-six. The height is in proportion. The portico is ascended by twelve steps, and the only entrance is by a gate under the portico, the richness of which coincides with that which excites our admiration in the whole of the building.

“ About the twelfth century this edifice was employed as the town-house, when it became the property of an individual, and afterwards degenerated into a stable; but in 1670 it was transferred to the Augustine monks, who converted it into a sanctuary. These holy fathers evinced their taste for antiquity in the exertions which they made to restore the pristine beauty of this interesting edifice. It was the wish of Colbert to have had it transported to Paris, but the artist whom he sent for the purpose found it impossible to execute his commission without the total dilapidation of the structure. This fine specimen of ancient architecture occupies the centre of the principal part of *Nîmes*, and it appears, from the reign of Augustus, to whom it was dedicated by his adopted sons Caius and Lucius, to be at this day in almost precisely the same state in which it was left by the Romans.

“ The temple at this place, which according to prevailing opinion, was consecrated to Diana is far from indicating its original destination. The arcades are filled up, and we enter through one of them into a large basilica surrounded with a gallery. Here are sixteen columns adorned with a fretted cornice, above which is the vaulted roof. This interior has twelve square niches, in which statues were formerly placed.

“ The walls of this temple are formed of enormous stones united by cramps. The capitals of the pillars are composite, highly enriched and all differently designed; and to whichever of the pagan divinities this temple might have been originally devoted, it must be confessed that it was a structure well adapted to blend devotional feeling with the taste for elegance. During the middle ages this heathen temple became a Christian church. In 991 it was bestowed upon the Benedictine nuns, by whom it was occupied till 1552. In 1576 it became the possession of a farmer who piled up wood in it for sale, to which fire was set by a jealous neighbour, when the front was destroyed and many of the stones burst in pieces. When Marshal Belgrade blockaded the city in 1577, the inhabitants pulled down one-fourth part of it, in order to prevent his fortifying himself within its walls. In 1662 some of its stones were taken to repair the fortifications of the town, but the ruins about this sacred edifice were cleared away in 1750, since which time it has been carefully preserved.

“ La Tour Magne, standing finely on an eminence at the north side of the city, is a remarkable edifice, the destination of which is unknown; but conjecture has been busy with defining the purpose for which it was designed. It has been supposed to be a pharos, a gothic temple, a public treasury, and a sumptuous tomb. Its elevation is two hundred and seventeen feet, but the surrounding rubbish has greatly diminished its height. The whole edifice was surrounded by a circle of open columns which were probably adorned with a cupola.

“ Charles Martel was desirous of destroying this singular edifice in 737, in order to prevent it from being converted into a fortress for the protection of the Saracens; but it afterwards became a place of military defence, and terminated in being employed as a watch tower.

“ An ancient gate which attracted our notice, called the gate of Cæsar, has an inscription which informs us that the gate and the walls of the colony of *Nîmes* were the gift of the Emperor Augustus during his eleventh consulate, in the year of Rome 733.

“ The fountain to which we directed our attention, after inspecting these monuments of antiquity, is a noble structure, which cost nearly two millions of livres, and is a great embellishment to the public walk in which it is situated.

“ The inhabitants of this ancient city suffered a great diminution of their numbers during the revolution, but the survivors may well congratulate themselves that those splendid remains of Roman magnificence happily escaped in that volcanic eruption of popular fury.

“ Whilst we were contemplating the many ancient works which render this city the centre of so much interest, it seemed for a moment as if the long chasm of ages which intervenes between us and the Romans had disappeared, and we were placed in the midst of that extraordinary people, whose language, manners, and religion, were so different from our own; or as if their existence had been prolonged to mingle these impressive testimonies of their genius and power with the inferior works of a less exalted race.

“ *Nîmes* may boast of having been the birth-place of the father of one of the best of the Roman emperors, Antoninus Pius, and of one of the best French preachers of the protestant church, Saurin.

“ The rigour of the present French government was evinced in a very striking manner at this place, and very repulsive to the independent feelings of an English traveller. Our guide on being asked where the French General La Garde was shot, proceeded to a particular spot in a narrow street, when without stopping he said in a low voice, ‘It was here.’ When we stopped he betrayed strong symptoms of alarm, and kept looking up at a public building as if to divert any casual observation.

“ There seems however to be in this city two parties. At the theatre we witnessed, whilst the favourite air of *Henri Quatre* was played

played, a violent determination by the military, which composed one half of the audience, to make every individual stand, and to remain without his hat on his head. The theatre itself is a modern structure, larger than at *Lyons*, and equal to the largest in *Paris*.

"The effects of a sultry climate were very visible at this place. We beheld labouring men sleeping at mid-day in the streets. This repose was the more necessary as their occupations are begun long before it is light. The night indeed hardly appears to be the destined period of repose, for we constantly saw the lower classes in motion whenever we looked into the streets.

"Some little time since an individual purchased a garden in this city for the purpose of building a cottage on the scite. When the foundation was preparing he discovered a beautiful tessellated pavement, which he has appropriated as the elegant first floor of his rural mansion.

"In the time of the Romans there can be no doubt but *Nîmes* was a place of great importance and busy resort. It is thought, from the ruins still remaining of the ancient city, to have then been eleven times larger than the old town is at present." P. 207.

At *Marseilles* our author appears to have derived much pleasure, rather from the magnificence of its buildings than from the bustle of its commerce. In the width and grandeur of its streets, *Marseilles* is certainly superior to *Liverpool*; but in the capacity of its docks, the spirit of its inhabitants, and the extent of its trade far, very far inferior.

Upon our author's entrance into Switzerland, he becomes much more poetical, and therefore not above half as agreeable, let us take his account of *Berne*.

"The river *Aare* surrounds *Berne* except at the access to it from the north. The town itself is fixed on a bold ridge, from which there is a gentle declivity to the river on the south. The hills on the opposite side fall in verdant slopes down to the water's edge; and the banks of the river, which are under the houses, are both steep and green. The houses appear to be substantially constructed, and preserve a pleasing uniformity. Arcades which are erected in the front of the houses, and reach as high as the first story, pervade the streets from one end to the other. There are also delightful promenades, which are sufficiently elevated to command views of the river and the adjacent scenery.

"The promenade which exhibits the most pleasing scenery is that which is formed on the terrace of the cathedral. This is raised above the *Aare* by a wall of one hundred and eight feet in height. From this terrace the river is seen flowing over a dam under your feet, with numerous houses on its banks. The opposite side is shaded with lofty trees, above which is a platform, and still higher are seen fields and groves ranged on swells of luxuriant green and glittering in the rays of the setting sun. Two hills,

each with a round top and covered with deep foliage, shut in the view to the right and left, whilst the mountains of the *Grisons* (which but ill harmonize with the fertile forms of this soft and genial scenery) are descried with their chilling fronts in the distant south-west.

“ Three trees are conspicuously seen upon a hill in the shape of a half moon on the northern side of the town. Having reached this eminence we beheld the *Aare* in its sinuous course encircling the southern extremity of the town, the whole of which is distinctly seen with its numerous spires, its neat stone houses occupying both sides of a shelving ridge, and its cathedral prominently towering above the summits of the other edifices.

“ The vicinity of *Berne* is distinguished by its excellent roads, and that leading to *Thun* does not yield in beauty to any of the rest. The road is bordered by lines of fruit trees, while orchards, cottages, and good houses adorn the sides. The river *Aare* on the right is seen taking a devious course through the verdant vale, and the declivities of the hills on both sides are mantled with pastures and woods. The forms of the inhabitants indicate strength, and health with its associate cheerfulness is beaming in their looks. This is a region of luxuriance and delight, where the beauty of nature is increased by the industry of art giving rise both to prosperity and contentment.” P. 323.

Swells of luxuriant green, are, in our mind, little better than swells of luxurious nonsense, and *genial scenery* is nothing more than genial absurdity. After a genial scenery, we shall expect to hear of a verdant climate. But we would forgive him for his poetry if it were not exhibited at the expence of his accuracy. Who would not think, from his description, that the Arcades of *Berne* were a sort of erection in the front of the houses, whereas, the houses are, in fact, built over them, as in the *Piazas* of *Covent Garden*. In the first part of his volume our author reins in his imagination, and is a very pleasant companion, but in the latter part he gives a loose to his fancy, and most woefully sacrifices propriety to the picturesque, and sense to sensibility. Such a specimen of rhetoric as the following, cannot, in any decency, be passed over without remark. Speaking of the remains of an ancient triumphal arch, he remarks:

“ The *insensate* materials still exist: but *oblivious* time has thrown an *impervious* shade over the memory of him to whom they were originally raised.”

Had the author been wise enough to have struck out these three absurd and unmeaning epithets, the sentence would have not run amiss; as it stands, like the arch it describes, it is at once *insensate* and *impervious*.

As we began, so we would part with our author in good humour. Should he write again, let us advise him, before his manuscript goes to press, to strike out, in every sentence, two adjectives out of three, and let him depend upon it that his ideas will be more clear, his descriptions far more vivid, and his language far more forcible. The same piece of advice we should also extend to every other painter in picturesque, from Dr. Syntax downwards.

ART. XV. *Melincourt.* 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. Hookham. 1817.

WE do not quarrel with any ordinary novel for want of probability—of spirit—of character—of grammar—of sense—or of any other qualifications which we in general expect to find in a literary production, any more than we should quarrel with a dozen of “superior old crusted wine, price only thirty-two shillings,” for want of that flavour, smell, colour, or any of those other properties usually to be discovered in that liquor which comes direct from Oporto. A novel is fabricated not only for immediate consumption, but for the consumption of those who are just as well pleased with brandied black-strap, as with unadulterated port. But when into this innocuous compound of brandy and sloe-juice is infused a poison of a more deleterious and subtle nature, whether it be for the purpose of rendering the composition more palatable, or of gratifying the private malice of the compounder, it then becomes a case for the interference of the police, and the mixture is to be denounced, not only as a miserable, but a mischievous fabrication.

Melincourt is written by the author of *Headlong Hall*, a novel which appeared about two years ago, of the same cast and character with the present tale; which, though we read and disapproved, we did not think of sufficient consequence to expose. Not that we think *Melincourt* of any more importance in itself, nor are we afraid of any serious mischief arising from such miserable trash; the powers of the author are not equal to his intentions.

The author is evidently a scholar; but one of that order who mistakes sound for sense, and taking the leading idea in a passage for the whole, quote it boldly, without troubling themselves with the meaning or construction of any particular word, much less with the bearing of the passage as relating to the context. As far then as this *Hurllothrumbo* sort of citation is to be accounted

counted scholarship, the author of Melincourt is a scholar. The story (if such it may be called) is contained in a few words. Miss Melincourt, a lady of ten thousand a year, is resolved to choose for her husband a man of "disinterested, energetic, and chivalrous generosity," and so she chooses Mr. Forester, the author's *beau idéal*, or philosopher, reformer, and infidel; in the relation of whose vagaries, and the commendation of whose absurdities, the principal part of three volumes is consumed. Among other notions of this aforesaid gentleman, is one which he has borrowed from Lord Monboddo, of introducing an Ourang Outang into human society. But we will introduce this Ourang Outang to our readers in the author's own words, premising that the passages printed in Italics are taken from Lord Monboddo, word for word.

"MR. FORESTER.

"Sir Oran Haut-ton was caught very young in the woods of Angola.

"SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

"Caught!

"MR. FORESTER.

"Very young. He is a specimen of the natural and original man—the wild man of the woods; called, in the language of the more civilized and sophisticated natives of Angola, *Pongo*, and in that of the Indians of South America, *Oran Outang*.

"SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

"The devil he is!

"MR. FORESTER.

"Positively. Some presumptuous naturalists have refused his species the honours of humanity; but the most enlightened and illustrious philosophers agree in considering him in his true light as the natural and original man. One French philosopher, indeed, has been guilty of an inaccuracy, in considering him as a degenerated man: degenerated he cannot be; as his prodigious physical strength, his uninterrupted health, and his amiable simplicity of manners demonstrate. He is, as I have said, a specimen of the natural and original man—a genuine fac simile of the philosophical Adam.

"He was caught by an intelligent negro very young, in the woods of Angola; and his gentleness and sweet temper winning the hearts of the negro and negress, they brought him up in their cottage as the playfellow of their little boys and girls, where, with the exception of speech, he acquired the practice of such of the simpler arts of life as the degree of civilization in that part of Africa admits. In this way he lived till he was about seventeen years of age—

"SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

"By his own reckoning?

“ MR. FORESTER.

“ By analogical computation. At this period, my old friend Captain Hawtaught of the Tornado frigate, being driven by stress of weather to the coast of Angola, was so much struck with the contemplative cast of Sir Oran's countenance, that he offered the negro an irresistible bribe to surrender him to his possession. The negro brought him on board, and took an opportunity to leave him slyly, but with infinite reluctance and sympathetic grief. When the ship weighed anchor, and Sir Oran found himself separated from the friends of his youth, and surrounded with strange faces, he wept bitterly, and fell into such deep grief that his life was despaired of. The surgeon of the ship did what he could for him; and a much better doctor, Time, completed his cure. By degrees a very warm friendship for my friend Captain Hawtaught extinguished his recollection of his negro friends. Three years they cruized together in the Tornado, when a dangerous wound compelled the old Captain to renounce his darling element, and lay himself up in ordinary for the rest of his days. He retired on his half-pay and the produce of his prize-money to a little village in the west of England, where he employed himself very assiduously in planting cabbages and watching the changes of the wind. Mr. Oran, as he was then called, was his inseparable companion, and became a very expert practical gardener. The old Captain used to observe, he could always say he had an honest man in his house, which was more than could be said of many honourable houses where there was much vapouring about honour.

“ Mr. Oran had long before shown a taste for music, and, with some little instruction from a marine officer in the Tornado, had become a proficient on the flute and French horn. He could never be brought to understand the notes; but from hearing any simple tune played or sung two or three times, he never failed to perform it with great exactness and brilliancy of execution. I shall merely observe, *en passant*, that music appears, from this and several similar circumstances, to be more natural to man than speech. The old Captain was fond of his bottle of wine after dinner, and his glass of grog at night. Mr. Oran was easily brought to sympathize in this taste; and they have many times sat up together half the night over a flowing bowl, the old Captain singing Rule Britannia, True Courage, or Tom Tough, and Sir Oran accompanying him on the French horn.

“ During a summer tour in Devonshire, I called on my old friend Captain Hawtaught, and was introduced to Mr. Oran. You, who have not forgotten my old speculations on the origin and progress of man, may judge of my delight at this happy *rencontre*. I exerted all the eloquence I was master of to persuade Captain Hawtaught to resign him to me, that I might give him a philosophical education. Finding this point unattainable, I took a house in the neighbourhood, and the intercourse which ensued was equally beneficial and agreeable to all three.

“ SIR

" SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

And what part did you take in their nocturnal concerts, with Tom Tough and the French horn?

" MR. FORESTER.

" I was seldom present at them, and often remonstrated, but ineffectually, with the Captain, on his corrupting the amiable simplicity of the natural man by this pernicious celebration of vinous and spiritous orgies; but the only answer I could ever get from him was a hearty damn against all water-drinkers, accompanied with a reflection that he was sure every enemy to wine and grog must have clapped down the hatches of his conscience on some secret villany, which he feared good liquor would pipe aboy: and he usually concluded by striking up *Nothing like Grog, Saturday Night, or Swing the Flowing Bowl*, his friend Oran's horn ringing in sympathetic symphony.

" The old Captain used to say, that grog was the elixir of life; but it did not prove so to him; for one night he tossed off his last bumper, sung his last stave, and heard the last flourish of his Oran's horn. I thought poor Oran would have broken his heart; and had he not been familiarized to me, and conceived a very lively friendship for me before the death of his old friend, I fear the consequences would have been fatal.

" Considering that change of scene would divert his melancholy, I took him with me to London. The theatres delighted him, particularly the opera, which not only accorded admirably with his taste for music; but where, as he looked round on the ornaments of the fashionable world, he seemed to be particularly comfortable, and to feel himself completely at home.

" There is to a stranger something ludicrous in a first view of his countenance, which led me to introduce him only into the best society, where politeness would act as a preventative to the propensity to laugh; for he has so nice a sense of honour (which I shall observe, by the way, is peculiar to man,) that if he were to be treated with any kind of contumely, he would infallibly die of a broken heart, as has been seen in some of his species. With a view of ensuring him the respect of society, which always attends on rank and fortune, I have purchased him a baronetcy, and made over to him an estate. I have also purchased of the Duke of Rottenburgh one half of the elective franchise vested in the body of Mr. Christopher Corporate, the free, fat, and dependent burgess of the ancient and honourable borough of Onevote, who returns two members to Parliament, one of whom will shortly be Sir Oran. (*Sir Telegraph gave a long whistle.*) But before taking this important step, I am desirous that he should *finish his education*. (*Sir Telegraph whistled again.*) I mean to say, that I wish, if possible, to put a few words into his mouth, which I have hitherto found impracticable, though I do not entirely despair of ultimate success. But this circumstance, for reasons which I will give you by and by, does not at all militate against the proofs of his being a man.

" SIR

" SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

" If he be but half a man, he will be the fitter representative of half an elector; for as that 'large body corporate of one,' the free, fat, and dependent burghess of Onevote, returns two members to the honourable house, Sir Oran can only be considered as the representative of half of him. But, seriously, is not your principal object an irresistible exposure of the universality and omnipotence of corruption by purchasing for an oran outang one of those seats, the sale of which is unblushingly acknowledged to be as notorious as the sun at noon-day? or do you really think him one of us?

" MR. FORESTER.

" I really think him a variety of the human species; and this is a point which I have it much at heart to establish in the acknowledgment of the civilized world.

" SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

" Buffon, whom I dip into now and then in the winter, ranks him, with Linnæus, in the class of *Simice*.

" MR. FORESTER.

" Linnæus has given him the curious denominations of *Troglo-dyles*, *Homo nocturnus*, and *Homo silvestris*: but he evidently thought him a man: he describes him as having a hissing speech, thinking, reasoning, believing that the earth was made for him, and that he will one day be its sovereign.

" SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

" God save King Oran! By the by, you put me very much in mind of Valentine and Orson. This wild man of yours will turn out some day to be the son of a king, lost in the woods, and suckled by a lioness:—'No waiter, but a knight templar:—no Oran, but a true prince.

" MR. FORESTER.

" As to Buffon, it is astonishing how that great naturalist could have placed him among the *singes*, when the very words of his description give him all the characteristics of human nature. It is still more curious to think that modern travellers should have made beasts, under the names of Pongos, Mandrilles, and Oran Outangs, of the very same beings whom the ancients worshipped as divinities under the names of Fauns and Satyrs, Silenus and Pan.

" SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

" Your Oran rises rapidly in the scale of being:—from a Baronet and M. P. to a king of the world, and now to a god of the woods.

" MR. FORESTER.

" When I was in London last winter, I became acquainted with a learned mythologist, who has long laboured to rebuild the fallen temple of Jupiter. I introduced him to Sir Oran, for whom he immediately conceived a high veneration, and would never call him by any name but Pan. His usual salutation to him was in the following words:

" EΛΘε

“ Ελθι, μῦκαρ, σκιρτητα, φιλευθεῖ, ἀντροδιαίτε,
 Ἀρμονίην κοσμοῖο κρεῶν φιλοπαιγμονὶ μόλη, *μολπή,*
 Κοσμοκράτωρ, βαλχυντα !

“ Which he thus translated :

“ King of the world ! enthusiast free,
 Who dwell’st in caves of liberty !
 And on thy wild pipe’s notes of glee
 Respondest Nature’s harmony !
 Leading beneath the spreading tree
 The Bacchanalian revelry !

“ This,” said he, “ is part of the Orphic invocation of Pan. It alludes to the happy existence of the dancing Pans, Fauns, Orans, *et id genus omne*, whose dwellings are the caves of rocks and the hollows of trees, such as undoubtedly was, or would have been, the natural mode of life of our friend Pan among the woods of Angola. It alludes, too, to their musical powers, which in our friend Pan it gives me indescribable pleasure to find so happily exemplified. The epithet *Bacchic*, our friend Pan’s attachment to the bottle demonstrates to be very appropriate ; and the epithet Κοσμοκράτωρ, king of the world, points out a striking similarity between the Orphic Pan and the Troglodyte of Linnæus, *who believes that the earth was made for him and that he will again be its sovereign.*” He laid great stress on the word AGAIN, and observed, if he were to develope all the ideas to which this word gave rise in his mind, he should find ample matter for a volume. Then repeating several times, Παν κοσμοκράτωρ, and *iterum fore telluris imperantem*, he concluded by saying, he had known many profound philosophical and mythological systems founded on much slighter analogies.

“ SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

“ Your learned mythologist appears to be *non compos*.

“ MR. FORESTER.

“ By no means. He has a system of his own, which only appears in the present day more absurd than other systems, because it has fewer followers. The manner in which the spirit of system twists every thing to its own views is truly wonderful. I believe that in every nation of the earth the system which has most followers will be found the most absurd in the eye of an enlightened philosophy.

“ SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

“ But if your Oran be a man, how is it that his long intercourse with other varieties of the human species has not taught him to speak ?

“ MR. FORESTER.

“ Speech is a highly artificial faculty. Civilized man is a highly artificial animal. The change from the wild to the civilized state, affects not only his moral but his physical nature, and this not rapidly

rapidly and instantly, but in a long process of generations. The same change is obvious in domestic animals, and in cultivated plants. You know not where to look for the origin of the common dog or the common fowl. The wild and tame hog, and the wild and tame cat, are marked by more essential differences than the cran and the civilized man. The origin of corn is as much a mystery to us, as the source of the Nile was to the ancients. Innumerable flowers have been so changed from their original simplicity, that the art of horticulture may almost lay claim to the magic of a new creation. Is it then wonderful, that the civilized man should have acquired some physical faculties which the natural man has not? It is demonstrable that speech is one. I do not, however, despair of seeing him make some progress in this art. Comparative anatomy shows that he has all the organs of articulation. Indeed, he has in every essential particular, the human form and the human anatomy. Now I will only observe, that if an animal who walks upright—is of the human form, both outside and inside—uses a weapon for defence and attack—associates with his kind—makes huts to defend himself from the weather, better I believe than those of the New Hollanders—is tame and gentle—and instead of killing men and women, as he could easily do, takes them prisoners, and makes servants of them—who has what I think essential to the human kind, a sense of honour; which is shown by breaking his heart, if laughed at, or made a show, or treated with any kind of contumely—who, when he is brought into the company of civilized men, behaves (as you have seen) with dignity and composure, altogether unlike a monkey; from whom he differs likewise in this material respect, that he is capable of great attachment to particular persons, of which the monkey is altogether incapable; and also in this respect, that a monkey never can be so tamed, that we may depend on his not doing mischief when left alone, by breaking glasses or china within his reach; whereas the oran outang is altogether harmless;—who has so much of the docility of a man, that he learns not only to do the common offices of life, but also to play on the flute and French horn; which shows that he must have an idea of melody, and concord of sounds which no brute animal has;—and lastly, if joined to all these qualities, he has the organ of pronunciation, and consequently the capacity of speech, though not the actual use of it; if, I say, such an animal be not a man, I should desire to know in what the essence of a man consists, and what it is that distinguishes a natural man from the man of art. That he understands many words, though he does not yet speak, I think you may have observed, when you asked him to take wine, and applied to him for fish and partridge.

“ SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

“ The gestures, however slight, that accompany the expression of the ordinary forms of intercourse, may possibly explain that.

“ MR. FORESTER.

“ You will find that he understands many things addressed to him

him, on occasions of very unfrequent occurrence. *With regard to his moral character, he is undoubtedly a man, and a much better man than many that are to be found in civilized countries, as when you are better acquainted with him, I feel very confident you will readily acknowledge.*

“ SIR TELEGRAPH PAXARETT.

“ I shall be very happy, when his election comes on for Onevote, to drive him down in my barouche to the ancient and honourable borough.” Vol. I. P. 67.

The author of Melincourt seems to be enamoured of all the absurdities of Lord Monboddoo, and to have embodied them in his work with great success; taking special care, at the same time, to omit all that is powerful and solid in the volumes of that able but most eccentric philosopher. Our readers will see the cloven foot of infidelity partially discovered in the passage before us; and in many others indeed it appears without disguise.

The author of Melincourt seems to have some especial prejudice against the parsons, and accordingly commits no small outrages, both upon probability and taste, to vilify and abuse them. Mr. Portpipe, Mr. Grovelgrub, are the best names which he can find for his reverend friends, with characters adapted to their appellations. The author appears to have some secret enmity, some personal spite against the cloth. We could almost imagine a reason for his inveteracy. We would state our existence that some former publication, to which he had imprudently affixed his name, had received a most exemplary castigation from one of these reverend gentlemen. His blunders were probably detected, his ignorance chastised, and his blasphemies exposed, by some advocate of the sacred order, against the whole of which he has therefore vowed eternal vengeance. The clergy have much reason to be pleased with the compliment paid them by our author's abuse; we trust that they will always continue to deserve it.

But not only the clergy, but the whole squad of our Quarterly Brethren, have fallen under the lash of this keen and discriminating satirist. The following is the scene in which these gentlemen are introduced.

“ Mr. Derrydown informed them, that they would not see Mr. Paperstamp till dinner, as he was closeted in close conference with Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedeat, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, a very important personage just arrived from abroad on the occasion of a letter from Mr. Mystic of Cimmerian Lodge, denouncing an approaching period of public light, which had filled Messieurs Paperstamp, Feathernest, Vamp, Killthedeat, and Antijack, with the deepest dismay; and they were now holding a consultation on the best means to be adopted for totally and finally extinguishing the light of the human understanding. ‘ I am excluded from

from the council,' proceeded Mr. Derrydown, 'and it is their intention to keep me altogether in the dark on the subject; but I shall wait very patiently for the operation of the second bottle, when the wit will be out of the brain, and the cat will be out of the bag.'

" 'Is that picture a family piece?' said Mr. Fax.

" 'I hardly know,' said Mr. Derrydown, 'whether there is any relationship between Mr. Paperstamp and the persons there represented; but there is at least a very intimate connexion. The old woman in the scarlet cloak is the illustrious Mother Goose—the two children playing at see-saw, are Margery Daw, and Tommy with his Banbury cake—the little boy and girl, the one with a broken pitcher, and the other with a broken head, are little Jack and Jill: the house, at the door of which the whole party is grouped, is the famous house that Jack built; you see the clock through the window, and the mouse running up it, as in that sublime strain of immortal genius, entitled Dickery Dock: and the boy in the corner is little Jack Horner eating his Christmas pie. The latter is one of the most splendid examples on record of the admirable practical doctrine of 'taking care of number one,' and he is therefore in double favour with Mr. Paperstamp, for his excellence as a pattern of moral and political wisdom, and for the beauty of the poetry in which his great achievement of extracting a plum from the Christmas pie is celebrated. Mr. Paperstamp, Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedeat, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, are unanimously agreed that the Christmas pie in question is a type and symbol of the public purse; and as that is a pie in which every one of them has a finger, they look with great envy and admiration on little Jack Horner, who extracted a *plum* from it, and who I believe haunts their dreams with his pie and his plum, saying, 'Go, and do thou likewise!'

" The secret council broke up, and Mr. Paperstamp entering with his four compeers, bade the new comers welcome to Mainchance Villa, and introduced to them Mr. Anyside Antijack. Mr. Paperstamp did not much like Mr. Forester's modes of thinking; indeed he disliked them the more, from their having once been his own; but a man of large landed property was well worth a little civility, as there was no knowing what turn affairs might take, what party might come into place, and who might have the cutting up of the Christmas pie.

" They now adjourned to dinner, during which, as usual, little was said, and much was done. When the wine began to circulate, Mr. Feathernest held forth for some time in praise of himself; and by the assistance of a little snattering in Mr. Mystic's synthetical logic, proved himself to be a model of taste, genius, consistency, and public virtue. This was too good an example to be thrown away; and Mr. Paperstamp followed it up with a very lofty encomium on his own virtues and talents, declaring that he did not believe so great a genius, or so amiable a man, as himself, Peter Paypaul Paperstamp, Esquire, of Mainchance Villa, had appeared in the world since the days of Jack the Giant-killer, whose *coat of darkness* he hoped would become the costume of all the rising generation, whenever adequate provision

provision should be made for the whole people to be taught and trained.

" Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedeat, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, were all very loud in their encomiums of the wine, which Mr. Paperstamp observed had been tasted for him by his friend Mr. Feathernest, who was a great connoisseur in ' Sherris sack.'

" Mr Derrydown was very intent on keeping the bottle in motion, in the hope of bringing the members of the criticopoetical council into that state of blind self-love, when the great vacuum of the head, in which brain was, like Mr. Harris's indefinite article, *supplied by negation*, would be inflated with ænogen gas, or, in other words, with the fumes of wine, the effect of which, according to psychological chemistry, is, after filling up every chink and crevice of the cranial void, to evolve through the labial valve, bringing with it all the secrets both of memory and anticipation, which had been carefully laid up in the said chinks and crevices. This state at length arrived; and Mr. Derrydown, to quicken its operation, contrived to pick a quarrel with Mr. Vamp, who being naturally very testy and waspish, poured out upon him a torrent of invectives, to the infinite amusement of Mr. Derrydown, who, however, affecting to be angry, said to him in a tragical tone,

" ' Thus in dregs of folly sunk,
Art thou, miscreant, mad or drunk?
Cups intemperate always teach
Virulent abusive speech.'

This produced a general cry of Chair! chair! Mr. Paperstamp called Mr. Derrydown to order. The latter apologized with as much gravity as he could assume, and said, to make amends for his warmth, he would give them a toast, and pronounced accordingly: ' Your scheme for extinguishing the light of the human understanding: may it meet the success it merits!'

" MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

" Nothing can be in a more hopeful train. We must set the alarmists at work, as in the days of the Antijacobin war: when, to be sure, we had one or two honest men among our opposers—(*Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Paperstamp smiled and bowed*)--though they were for the most part ill read in history, and ignorant of human nature.

" MR. FEATHERNEST AND MR. PAPERSTAMP.

" How, Sir!

" MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

" For the most part, observe me. Of course. I do not include my quondam antagonists, and now very dear friends, Mr. Paperstamp and Mr. Feathernest, who have altered their minds, as the sublime Burke altered his mind, from the most disinterested motives.

" MR. FORESTER.

" Yet there are some persons, and those not the lowest in the scale of moral philosophy, who have called the sublime Burke a pensioned apostate.

" MR.

" MR. VAMP.

" Moral philosophy ! Every man who talks of moral philosophy is a thief and a rascal, and will never make any scruple of seducing his neighbour's wife, or stealing his neighbour's property.

" MR. FORESTER.

" You can prove that assertion, of course ?

" MR. VAMP.

" Prove it ! The editor of the Legitimate Review required to prove an assertion !

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

" The church is in danger !

" MR. FORESTER.

" I confess I do not see how the church is endangered by a simple request to prove the asserted necessary connexion between the profession of moral philosophy and the practice of robbery.

" MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

" For your satisfaction, Sir, and from my disposition to oblige you, as you are a gentleman of family and fortune, I will prove it. Every moral philosopher discards the creed and commandments : the sixth commandment says, Thou shalt not steal ; therefore, every moral philosopher is a thief.

" MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. KILLTHEDEAD, AND MR. PAPERSTAMP.

" Nothing can be more logical. The church is in danger ! The church is in danger !

" MR. VAMP.

" Keep up that. It is an infallible tocsin for rallying all the old women in the country about us, when every thing else fails.

" MR. VAMP, MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. PAPERSTAMP, MR. KILLTHEDEAD, AND MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

" The church is in danger ! the church is in danger !

" MR. FORESTER.

" I am very well aware that the time has been when the voice of reason could be drowned by clamour, and by rallying round the banners of corruption and delusion a mass of blind and bigoted prejudices, that had no real connexion with the political question which it was the object to cry down : but I see with pleasure that those days are gone. The people read and think ; their eyes are opened ; they know that all their grievances arise from the pressure of taxation far beyond their means, from the fictitious circulation of paper-money, and from the corrupt and venal state of popular representation. These facts lie in a very small compass ; and till you can reason them out of this knowledge, you may vociferate ' The church is in danger ' for ever, without a single unpaid voice to join in the outcry.

" MR. FEATHERNEST.

" My friend Mr. Mystic holds that it is a very bad thing for the people to read : so it certainly is. Oh for the happy ignorance of former ages ! when the people were dolts, and knew themselves to be

be so. An ignorant man judging from instinct, judges much better than a man who reads, and is consequently misinformed. Vol. III. P. 126.

That wicked goddess, in heaven ycleped Dulness, has played, as we suspect, a very naughty trick upon her son. She has conjured up these phantoms, Vamp, Feather-nest, Derry-down, before his eyes, and has made him believe that they are Gifford, Southey, and Wordsworth. Our author pursues his brain-coined shadows to the death, and proceeds to pummel them much to the satisfaction of himself, but more to the fatigue of his readers; little suspecting that the objects of his wrath are but the creatures of his imagination, and that their originals sit like the gods of Epicurus, in their poetical heaven.

———*Privata dolore omni, privata periculis
Nec bene promerites capitur, neque tangitur ira.*

Above his ribaldry, and above his praise.

We shall not tire the patience of our readers with the *reforming* notions of our author, as they will see them much better done in Cobbett, Hunt, or Hone. From the specimens which we have given them of Melincourt, our readers will be in haste to get rid both of the subject and of its author. Who the latter may be, we know not, as he has wisely chosen to conceal his name. Were he a poor man writing for bread, we might pity him; were he a young man, discharging the scum of an enthusiastic brain, we might pardon him. We suspect him to be neither. From a certain dictatorial slang observable throughout, we imagine that he has been accustomed to lay down the law to a circle of dependents; from his citations we know him to be sonorous, rather than a solid scholar; from his ludicrous perversions of Holy Writ, we should suppose he was an adept in blasphemy. He has chosen the form of a novel, to disguise his venom, and to vent his bitterness with the more effect: but never was poison more innocent, nor malice more impotent. It wants but the name of the author to consign it to hopeless and fearless oblivion.

What that man may be, we know not. We will afford, however, some little clue to this mighty mystery. Our readers must often have observed, in the columns of the Morning Post, some such notice as the following—"Yesterday the Earl of A. gave a splendid dinner at his house in Portland Place, to the following personages of distinction, Duke and Duchess of B, Marquis of C, Marchioness of E, Lord F, the Countess of G, the Right Hon. H. I. and Mr. J. Simkins." Now every one knows, that for the insertion of this paragraph half a guinea has been paid by the aforesaid Mr. J. Simkins, thus modestly announcing to the world,

who never before knew that such a man as Mr. J. Simkins existed, his chance admission into so distinguished a circle. In the last volume of Melincourt we find the following note.

“ The reader who is desirous of elucidating the mysteries of the words and phrases marked in italics in this chapter, may consult the German works of Professor Kant, or Professor Born's Latin translation of them, or M. Villar's *Philosophie de Kant, ou Principes fondamentaux de la Philosophie Transcendentale*; or the first article of the second number of the Edinburgh Review, or the article *Kant*, in the Encyclopædia Londinensis, or Sir William Drummond's *Academical Questions*, Book II. chap. ix.” Vol. III. P. 28.

We are all familiar with Coleridge, with Kant, and with the Edinburgh Review, but we will venture to assert, that the literary world is as ignorant of the existence of Sir William Drummond's *Academical Questions*, as the fashionable world are of the being of Mr. J. Simkins. We are much obliged to the gentlemen who have thus modestly given us the information in both cases. We leave it to our readers to draw their own conclusions.

MONTHLY LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

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THE
BRITISH CRITIC,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1817.

ART. I. *The Biblical Cyclopædia, or Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures: intended to facilitate an Acquaintance with the inspired Writings. By William Jones; Author of the History of the Waldenses.* 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s. Longman and Co. 1816.

A COMPENDIOUS Dictionary of the Bible, adapted to the wants of those, who have neither time nor opportunity to avail themselves of the expensive work of Calmet, or the voluminous labours of the commentators, might, we have always conceived, be so executed as to be useful to the public, and profitable to those by whom it was undertaken.

A work of this kind should contain an explanation of difficult terms and Hebrew names; a short statement of those customs, manners, opinions, and practices of the Jews or Gentiles, which are alluded to in the Scriptures; and such information respecting chronology, history, and geography, as may be requisite for the purposes of illustration. It should be so contrived as to help the unlearned Christian in the study of the Bible, but not to supersede that study: and therefore extended dissertations upon the articles of faith would be wholly misplaced in such a publication, and long historical or biographical articles might be omitted, as tending to enlarge the size, and increase the price of the volume, without adding to its real use or value. It would be sufficient, if the various senses in which the same doctrinal terms are used by the sacred writers were clearly pointed out, and arranged under the different texts in which they are so employed: or where close investigation, and careful comparison of different passages is necessary, in order fully to elucidate their meaning; the reader might be assisted by references

to texts illustrative of each other ; and thus enabled, by the due exertion of a plain understanding, to peruse the Scriptures to his own edification and comfort.

A cheap and unpretending volume of this sort we have lately had occasion to recommend* ; and as that work is conducted upon proper principles, and executed with competent ability, we doubt not that the Clergy, who can best judge how much it was wanted, will readily and zealously promote its circulation.

We consider all the real utility of the cumbrous volumes before us to have been completely anticipated by that publication ; and whatever they aim at more than it contains, renders them, in our opinion, less valuable. They evidently affect much more, and their bulk is increased by extended dissertations upon controverted points, not only objectionable because out of place, but because they affix a sense to the language of Scripture which all Christians, except the disciples of a particular school, have uniformly disclaimed. Mr. Jones indeed tells us, that his *Cyclopædia* is designed to “ facilitate the study of the Scriptures ;” but, by thus making it the vehicle of his own peculiar opinions, he has in fact increased the difficulties of that study an hundred fold. For, as it is undoubtedly true, that the Scriptures themselves are “ the infallible test to which we ought to bring all the doctrines of men,” (Preface) how grievous is the task which Mr. Jones has imposed on the plain unlettered Christian, by obliging him thus to try the tedious discussions with which his volumes are filled. And yet, if such persons use the work at all, this process will be the only preservative against being led aside into those devious paths, which the disciples of Calvin love to tread ; where

“ reasoning high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
They find no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

We do not mean to quarrel with Mr. Jones, because he is a decided Calvinist, or because, being such, he thinks it right to inculcate the doctrines which he believes to be true. But in a work professing to “ assist persons of every description in obtaining a more intimate acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures,” we think such doctrines ought not to have been admitted. “ Persons of every description” will certainly neither be edified nor instructed by them ; and to assume that they are undoubtedly

* See Review of Robinson's Theological Dictionary. March, 1817.

scriptural, to circulate them as such in a work designed for general use, and sent out as one which may be consulted with confidence by the unlearned Christian, as a help to the understanding of his Bible, is a *petitio principii*, against which we feel it our duty to exclaim.

Doubtless Mr. Jones has collected a mass of information, but the advantage of that information is, in our opinion, more than counterbalanced by the erroneous notions which he inculcates; notions so hostile to the doctrines, so subversive of the discipline, so injurious to the character of our own Church, that a more unfit guide to the theological student, who wishes to prepare himself for admission into the ministry, cannot easily be found.

We are fully prepared to substantiate these charges, and to shew why this Biblical Cyclopædia is, in our opinion, incapable of facilitating an acquaintance with the *real* sense of the inspired writings. Let those who, with Mr. Jones, have separated from the communion of the Church, please themselves with the idea that his labours will furnish them with a clue to penetrate into all the recesses of scriptural knowledge; but let the member of the Church, who wishes to build himself up in our most holy faith, beware how he ventures within the magic circle by which Mr. Jones has thought fit to circumscribe all biblical instruction. We proceed to our proofs.

We have asserted, that this dictionary inculcates notions hostile to the doctrines of the Church of England. Notwithstanding the reclamations of those who have long laboured to defend an opposite opinion, we shall take leave to say, that this charge will be sufficiently proved by the high tone of Calvinism maintained throughout the work. Let those who find Calvinism in the seventeenth Article enjoy their opinion undisturbed; let them, if they can, reconcile their discovery with the language of our Church in her other Articles, and in her Liturgy; and let them congratulate themselves upon being more fortunate than their predecessors; who, had they been equally quick sighted, might have been spared the trouble of endeavouring to introduce new articles into her Confession, declaratory of that doctrine which they could not find in her authorized formularies. We are otherwise minded; and therefore this Biblical Cyclopædia, as far as it is Calvinistic in its principles, appears to us hostile to the doctrine of the Church of England.

That such are the principles of the work will be evident to the most cursory reader of any article, which at all involves the questions at issue between the Calvinists and their opponents. We might refer to the articles "call," "elect," "justification," "predestination," "sovereign," and many others; but we will confine ourselves to the first, because many positions in it are

curiously illustrative of the "endless mazes," in which the dogmas of the bold Reformer of Geneva have involved his disciples.

After a long quotation from Calvin's Institutes, as translated by Allen, in which the words "call," "called," and "calling," are explained according to his system, we find the following observations.

"Divines have disputed much in modern times concerning the calls and invitations of the Gospel; and difficulties have been started about reconciling them with the scripture doctrines of election and particular redemption. Many, no doubt, have obscured and perverted the doctrine of divine grace by what have been termed ministerial calls, and exhortations, and Gospel offers. Persons, while in a state of unbelief, have been directed what they should do in order to work themselves into a converted state, and become qualified for trusting in Christ.

"Faith has been represented as some laborious exercise of the mind; and sinners have been urged to strive hard to perform the great work of believing, that they may be justified. These things are unquestionably both improper and pernicious; because instead of exhibiting Christ as the immediate, the free, and the all-sufficient relief of the guilty, they convert the Gospel into a law of works, and give the sinner as much to do, in order to obtain an interest in Christ and his salvation, as if he were to obey the whole law." Vol. I. Article Call.

Having thus separated faith, as much as possible, from any exertion of the reasoning faculty, and left us to suppose, that man is the mere passive instrument of a supernatural impulse, Mr. Jones proceeds to the more difficult task of reconciling such tenets with the plain language of Scripture.

"But though the calls of the Gospel may have been misrepresented, and converted into a self-righteous system, nothing is more plain than that there are invitations, calls, and exhortations addressed to unbelievers in the Scriptures. Such are Isa. lv. 1—4. Matth. xi. 28. John vii. 37. Rev. xxii. 16, 17. Christ represents the preaching of the Gospel under the similitude of inviting persons to a marriage-supper, where every thing was prepared and ready for their use, Matth. xxii. 2—15. Luke xiv. 16—25. Paul speaks of himself and fellow Apostles as Christ's ambassadors, commissioned by him to beseech, to pray, and to intreat men to be reconciled to God, 2 Cor. v. 18—21. And this corresponds with the words in the parable, 'Compel them to come in,' Luke xiv. 23. No doubt this compulsion is only to be effected by persuasion, the forcible persuasion of truth; and there is in the Gospel testimony and promise, every thing that is calculated to promote that object." Vol. I. Ibid.

Thus

Thus then, though we have been just assured, that to represent faith as "a laborious exercise of the mind," or to suppose that sinners must "strive to perform the great work of believing," is improper and pernicious, we are here taught that belief is to be wrought in them only "by persuasion, the forcible persuasion of truth!"

Mr. Jones must excuse us if we conceive, that the forcible persuasion of truth can only operate upon the mind through the medium of the reasoning faculties; and that, before a man can be compelled by the irresistible evidence of the Gospel testimony and promise proposed to his mind, to accept that as truth, to which his sinful propensities have disinclined him, he must carefully weigh that evidence, and convince himself of its relevancy, and its sufficiency. Reason, in a word, must be called into action; and when reason has to strive against prejudice and passion, faith will not be established without that laborious exercise of the mind, which Mr. Jones seems to think it improper and pernicious to require. But let us hear him further.

"If indeed the Gospel resembled some cold mathematical problem which persons might examine, and re-examine, and then lay aside as a thing in which they had no immediate interest or concern, it would be as supposed; but if we reflect upon its important and interesting nature to every one who hears it, and how deeply their present peace and final happiness are involved in the reception which they give it, we must at once perceive how much the state of the question becomes thereby altered; for it is not only '*a faithful saying*,' but a saying that is '*worthy of all acceptation*,' that is, supremely excellent and desirable, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Vol. I. Ibid.

Thus then, because the Gospel is more interesting than a mathematical problem, no laborious exercise of the mind is required to believe its declarations! The process by which we are brought to assent to a proposition in mathematics, and that by which we are induced to believe a fact established upon testimony, may be somewhat different; and facts may be more interesting than mathematical problems, as those to which the Gospel bears testimony are undoubtedly more interesting than any others: but still, whether we are to weigh the validity of evidence, or pursue a train of abstract reasoning, the mind must be exercised, and mental labour must be endured. And if it be true, that God addresses men as rational creatures, we have yet to learn what there is either "improper or pernicious" in saying, that men must make diligent use of their reason, to enable them to profit by his addresses.

The case is not altered because man is *interested* in believing:

ing; for this interest will not be felt until belief is produced, and belief must be founded upon the convincing nature of the testimony. Assent once heartily given to the truth of the Gospel, will indeed work very differently upon the heart from the conviction produced by that reasoning, which establishes the truth of a mathematical proposition. A man may be convinced, for instance, that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another; but though his knowledge will be increased, his feelings will not be much affected by the discovery: but when he has been once brought to confess that the Gospel is true, his hopes and fears will be excited by its contents, and his moral conduct proportionably influenced. Still the process by which the truth is discovered in both cases must be similar, though not exactly the same; it must require an exercise of the reasoning faculty, not equally laborious indeed, but still incompatible with that passive state of intellect, for which, if we understand Mr. Jones aright, he appears to contend.

We confess we are not much edified by this mode of instruction, which first represents faith as requiring no mental exertion, then allows it to be the fruit of persuasive arguments addressed to men's minds, and then endeavours to reconcile these conflicting positions by an appeal to the interesting nature of the testimony in its favour. We hope Mr. Jones does not mean, that the Supreme Being addresses himself solely to the passions of men, and that faith is acceptable in proportion as it is independent of reason!!

But the system which he has adopted involves him in still greater difficulties.

"After all," says he, "the question returns upon us 'how shall we reconcile these calls and invitations to all men, every where, to repent, and believe the Gospel, with the secret purpose of God to bestow salvation only on the elect, and with the doctrine of man's inability to believe and return to God, without divine grace?' In reply to this it might be sufficient to remark, that if both these doctrines be true; if the word of God does contain invitations, calls, and entreaties to sinners, while dead in trespasses and sins, to repent and believe the Gospel, and if, on the other hand, it asserts that no man can come unto Christ, or believe in him, except the Father draw him, neither of which propositions can be denied, then certainly, the difficulty which we may have in reconciling them, should not influence us to deny the truth of either of them. We ought rather to confess our ignorance, and leave it to God to reconcile these apparent difficulties, and to justify his own ways to them." Vol. I.—*Ibid.*

But however Mr. Jones may satisfy himself, or those who think with him, by leaving the question thus undetermined: Anti-calvinists

calvinists cannot be persuaded so to relinquish one strong ground of their objection to the system. If, indeed, the doctrines above stated are both true in the Calvinistic sense, we must confess ourselves unable to reconcile these apparent difficulties; but fortunately we are reduced to no such dilemma. The first doctrine is undoubtedly true, for it is so evidently delivered in plain and clear language that it cannot be misunderstood: with respect to the second, we may observe, that, though the Scriptures positively declare that no man can come unto Christ except the Father draw him, we are sure that this declaration cannot mean what Calvinists understand by it; because, if it did, it would imply a contradiction, and represent God as employing himself in calling those who have no power to come; as inviting persons to repent, and intreating them to be reconciled unto him, though he has purposely left them incapable of repentance, and excluded them from the possibility of reconciliation. We confess that we shrink from a doctrine, which, by necessary consequence, imputes such things to him who is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works; and that learned and good men should ever have adopted a forced interpretation of scriptural language, involving such consequences, appears to us one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable facts in the history of the human mind.

How much more consolatory and consistent is that system, which, explaining what is obscure by what is clear, argues thus: since God calls and invites all men, every where, to repent, all must be able to obey that call; and, since it is true that man cannot turn and believe without divine grace, it must also be true that the grant of power to accept it ever accompanies the invitation. This is certain, because God is true; the opposite cannot be admitted, because if it were, we tremble as we write, it would impeach the righteousness of God. Such, at least, is our view of the subject, and heartily do we wish that Calvinists could be brought to see it in the same light, for we are sure that, rather than abide by such consequences, their piety as well as their reason would urge them instantly to renounce their favourite doctrine.

How the foreknowledge of God is to be reconciled with the freedom of human will, we profess not to know; but at least it implies no contradiction; especially when we remember, that the past and the future are alike present with him; it harmonizes with all the divine attributes as far as we can understand them, and it explains, at once, the responsibility of man. Perfect knowledge must be an attribute of divinity, and unless the will of man be free he cannot be accountable for his conduct. His freedom to chuse evil has never been disputed, this freedom belongs

belongs to him even in his natural state; and that, under the terms of the Christian covenant, he is also free to chuse good, is to be inferred from this; that good is freely offered him, and that his refusal to accept or abide by the offer, involves him in the guilt and punishment of sin.

But let us hear a Calvinistic writer state the difficulties of his own system; they cannot be more forcibly described.

“On this difficult question, what must we answer? Must we say that God could not foresee the event? This cannot be admitted without doing injustice to his perfections as well as to Scripture, which foresaw and foretold the rejection of the Messiah by the Jews, and the rejection of the Jews for murdering the Messiah. Must we say that God expostulates with none but the elect? But this is rather cutting the knot than untying it. Must we then say that God is insincere in addressing them? This is dreadful; for if God can speak falsely, dangerous is the state of those who trust him. Neither of these inferences can be admitted; indeed it would answer no end; for to admit either of these, is to plunge ourselves in a thousand difficulties for the sake of removing one.”

To what conclusion then does this lead him? Does it induce him to doubt the interpretation which makes Scripture the vehicle of such doctrines, and to coincide with that host of pious and learned believers who have rejected them? No; the *αὐτός ἐφ' αὐτῶν* of his Master outweighs them all, and thus he dismisses the subject.

“Let us then rest, where we ought to rest. Let us believe the Scripture propositions to be true, and applying ourselves to practice, let us leave the manner of reconciling them to God.” (Posthumous Works of Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, as cited by Jones, Vol. I. *ibid.*)

Happy are they whose minds are free from the thralldom of this system; a system which made even the bold mind of its great advocate recoil upon itself when he contemplated it: and let them make it one subject of their daily thanksgivings, that they have not so learned the Gospel of Christ, nor have been required to assent to propositions so manifestly contradictory, so shocking to their reason, their feelings and their faith.

Such then are some of the difficulties, by the enunciation of which, Mr. Jones proposes to facilitate the study of the Scriptures. But this is not the only instance in which the tenets of the Cyclopædia stand in direct opposition to the doctrines of our Church. She holds that there are two sacraments which are generally necessary to salvation, namely Baptism, and the Lord's Supper; and that each of these consists of an outward and
visible

visible sign, and an inward and spiritual grace; which are so far at least inseparable, that the worthy receiver of the outward sign, is always a partaker of the inward grace of which it is the appointed emblem.

Now we have read over, with as much care and patience as we could summon, the two articles in the Cyclopædia, designated Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and our conviction is, that neither the one nor the other allows to the sacred ordinance which it professes to describe, that efficiency as a channel of divine grace, which our Church considers essential to a sacrament.

"Baptism," says Mr. Jones, "from the Greek word βαπτίζω, of βάπτω, *I dip*, or *plunge**, is that ordinance or institution which Christ has appointed to be observed in his Church, as the means whereby his disciples are required to profess their faith in him, and to be initiated into his *visible* kingdom." Vol. I.—Baptism.

Then follows an account of the design of Baptism, extracted from Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia: and another of the origin of the institution, taken from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. The author then proceeds to a review of the controversy relative to Baptism by *sprinkling*, and the admission of *infants* to that sacrament; deciding in both cases against the Church: and after this, he gives his ideas of the *import* of baptism, under four heads, summing up the whole thus:

"In short, the few and imperfect hints, which have now been given on this copious subject, may serve to lead the biblical student into something of the meaning of this divine ordinance, as delivered to us in the apostolic writings; and teach him that it is wisely and graciously appointed, as a mean of strengthening the faith, confirming the hope, exciting the love, and promoting the comfort and holiness of believers, for whom alone it was designed, and who alone can reap any benefit from it." Vol. I.—Baptism.

In all this we see nothing like the doctrine of a sacrament, properly so called. Baptism is described as representing, by figurative and significant emblems, those doctrines which are

* It may suit the purposes of his argument in favour of baptism by immersion, to give this as the only meaning of the Greek word βαπτίζω: we beg, however, to ask Mr. Jones how he would render Mark viii. 4. and Luke xi. 38.? and to remind him, on the authority of Schleusner, that though the Greek verb *properly* signifies immergo ac intingo, in aquam mergo, it is *never used in that sense in the New Testament*. Rev.

otherwise taught by the sacred writers, and by our Saviour himself in the Scriptures. But we hear of no change wrought in the recipient by its efficacy; of no covenanted privileges, of which it is to him the seal; of no new powers, or principles of life, conveyed to him through its medium. And when we compared this article with that of Regeneration, we were further persuaded that Mr. Jones intended to ascribe it to no such operations. Throughout the whole of that article, the word baptism is never used; and in it we are expressly told, that regeneration "is all effected by the word of truth, or the Gospel of salvation, gaining an entrance into the mind, through divine teaching, so as to possess the understanding, subdue the will, and reign in the affections:" and for this we are referred to Dr. Witherspoon's *Treatise on Regeneration*. Vol. II.—Article Regeneration.

Thus then the unlearned Christian, who consults this work to gain information respecting the Scripture doctrine of Baptism, will learn, upon the authority of Dr. Rees, the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Mr. Jones himself, and Dr. Witherspoon, that the practice of the Church in baptizing infants, and in substituting sprinkling for immersion, is unjustifiable; that to regard baptism as a sacrament, conveying spiritual grace, is a mistake; and that regeneration and baptism have no kind of relation to, or connection with each other!!!

Thus also, the long article on the Lord's Supper places this last in every point of view but that in which it is properly a sacrament; namely, as it is a divinely appointed channel of spiritual grace. We are told that,

"It is an ordinance instituted by Christ, to be stately observed in his churches until he come again: and in which, by the significant actions of eating bread and drinking wine, they are called to commemorate his dying love, when he gave his body to be broken and his blood shed in order to effect their salvation." Vol. II.—Lord's Supper.

We have then a detail of the various things of which the Lord's Supper may be considered as a memorial: we are informed also that it was instituted "to exhibit our Lord's death as a true sacrifice for sin;" as "a sign and mean of our feasting upon this his sacrifice," as "a divinely appointed mean, by which our sense is made to assist our faith;" as "a representation of the union of the true Church of Christ, and its communion in his sacrifice." We are told, that "it serves to assure the disciples of Christ of their special interest in his death;" and that it is not completed in the mere observance of the outward ceremony, unless we "spiritually feast with God upon the sacrifice
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of his Son," and "continue stedfast in the work of faith and labour of love."

Such, then, is Mr. Jones's view of the Lord's Supper. If it does not accord with that doctrine of our Church, which expressly teaches that "sacraments are certain sure witnesses and effectual signs of grace and God's will to us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us," &c. (Article 25.) and if it is still less to be reconciled with her declaration, that "to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the Lord's Supper, the bread which we break is partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ:" (Article 28.) then this Biblical Cyclopædia can be no safe guide to the member of the Church of England.

But this is not the only charge we have to bring against it, as a work for general readers: it inculcates also, notions hostile to the *discipline*, and injurious to the *character* of our venerable Church. And here we trust we shall carry with us, not only those of our brethren, with whom in doctrine we are wholly agreed; but also those, who, though they hold to the speculative peculiarities of the Calvinistic scheme, still hold them under a persuasion that they are integral parts of the doctrine of that Church, to whose discipline they avow themselves to be zealously attached, and whose character they profess that they will affectionately uphold.

Under the article *angel of the Church*, we have an outrageous attack upon the episcopal order. The very idea that the term *angel of the Church*, as it occurs, Rev. ii. and iii., means the bishop, is scorned; and we are favoured with a repetition of the old quibble about the term bishop, under which the Presbyterian writers have so long endeavoured to shelter their cause. "The first Churches," says our author, "had, in general, a *plurality* of pastors or bishops, (see Acts xiv. 23.; c. xv. 6—22; c. xx. 17—28. Phil. i. 1. 1 Thess. v. 12.) and none of them were considered to be complete without it. (Eph. iv. 11. Titus i. 5.)"

This has been often answered, and it has been clearly shewn that, while we are arguing for an office of superior dignity and authority, in which was vested the right of ordination, our adversaries are cavilling about terms, and endeavouring to persuade the world, that, because the terms presbyter and bishop were originally used indiscriminately, there was no distinction of official rank or power, no ecclesiastical superior, from whom alone the clergy could derive their spiritual commission, and under whose superintendence that commission was to be exercised.

"Besides,

"Besides," says Mr. Jones, "nothing is more certain, than that it was through admitting principles* of this *unwarrantable* kind, that the practice arose of elevating one Bishop over several Presbyters in the same Church; thus introducing different orders of the Clergy, and terminating in one Pope, or universal Bishop! in express opposition to Christ's commands, who has pointedly condemned all such arrogant assumptions." Vol. I.—Art. Angel of the Church.

If he will condescend to recollect, when the practice of elevating one Bishop over several Presbyters in the same Church arose; and who were those, who thus introduced different orders among the Clergy; perhaps, when he considers all the force of that historical and scriptural testimony which assigns these things to the Apostles themselves as their authors; he will hesitate before he again asserts that "nothing is more certain than that this was done in express opposition to Christ's commands." And when he has told us how the usurpations of the Papacy invalidate the rights of Episcopacy; or how that whole order can be fairly charged with the crime of originating or supporting papal tyranny, when it has from the first furnished the most able and powerful opponents, against whom the see of Rome has had to contend: we may think it worth while to shew him, that the argument from the abuse to the disuse of any lawful practice or institution, is generally exploded by the advocates of fair and logical reasoning.

Under the article *Bishop*, we have a repetition of the arguments for the indifferent use of terms, given us at full length from Campbell's Lectures. But, *quorsum hæc tam putida?* The advocates of Episcopacy will admit all this; they contend not for words, but things; not for the name, but the office: and here they stand on ground which neither Dr. Campbell, nor any other defender of the Presbyterian party will ever remove.

Mr. Jones has prudently declined the task; and, as if the cause was gained, when it was proved that the terms *ἐπισκοπος*

* We are not quite aware to what principles Mr. Jones alludes: he cites indeed an opinion held, as he says, by some, that the title of *Angel* applies to the senior pastor; and then he tells us, that it is not quite clear how seniority, whether applied to age or station, gives a title to pre-eminence. If this be the unwarrantable principle which he would attach, we have no wish to defend it: we rest the rights of Bishops not on their seniority, but on their consecration to a distinct and separate office, which invests them with peculiar powers, and gives them authority over all the Presbyters, young and old, in the Church over which they preside.

and *ὑπερεταγος* are indifferently applied in Scripture to the same office, he leaves the main question untouched, and comes to his O. E. D. with as much self-complacency, as if he had really achieved a victory. We do not accuse him of not knowing the real state of the controversy, for he has shewn no proof of his deficiency in research throughout his volumes; nor do we wish to tax him with disingenuity: we will say then, that his was a discreet forbearance, which we must be allowed to add, shews that we have something more to advance in favour of the cause of Episcopacy than "unwarrantable principles," or "arrogant assumptions."

While the discipline of our Church is thus set at nought, her character, as a sound member of the body of Christ is positively denied, and she is declared to be undoubtedly a limb of Antichrist. Our readers will smile when they hear the reason, upon which so grave a charge is founded; her establishment as a national Church being literally the only cause produced for this denunciation. The Prophet Isaiah, we recollect, speaks of the prosperity of the Church on earth as consummated when Kings become her nursing fathers, and Queens her nursing mothers. Isa. xlix. 23. But according to Mr. Jones she then becomes *Antichrist*; for all national Churches "must be Antichristian." And the Church of England is selected from all others, as affording an evident proof, that such a character is inseparable from an establishment. But let us hear Mr. Jones himself; after having stated at some length the grounds on which Papal Rome has been considered to be the seat of Antichrist, he thus proceeds;

"An important question however still remains for inquiry. 'Is Antichrist confined to the Church of Rome?' The answer is readily returned in the affirmative by Protestants in general; and happy had it been for the world were that the case. But although we are fully warranted to consider that Church as the '*Mother of Harlots*,' the truth is, that by whatever arguments we succeed in fixing that odious charge upon her, we shall, by parity of reasoning, be obliged to allow all other national Churches to be her *unchaste daughters*; and for this plain reason, among others; because in their very constitution and tendency, they are hostile to the nature of the kingdom of Christ. However hard this assertion may bear upon the pretensions of the advocates of episcopacy and of presbyterianism, it will, nevertheless, be found abundantly justified by an appeal to the Scriptures. All national establishments of Christianity, must, in their very nature be Antichristian; because they are opposed to the spirit of the doctrine of Christ, and to the nature of his kingdom, which he himself has declared to be *not of this world*.'" Vol. I.—Art. Antichrist.

We really shall not take upon ourselves to answer this charge; let it support itself as it can. We have no very great fear, that those who know and feel the value of our doctrines and our formularies; those who allow the first to be strictly scriptural, the latter to be framed upon the purest models, and breathing the genuine spirit of devotion; will regard them as Antichristian, merely because they are adopted and used under the sanction of civil authority. Nor will any impartial and sensible man allow that the text Matt. xviii. 15. cannot be fulfilled in its spirit in a national Church, although Mr. Jones asserts that in such a Church it is "utterly impracticable to follow up this rule of duty;" and that this alone is sufficient to evince, that such a Church "cannot be the kingdom of Christ." (Vol. I. Art. Antichrist.) Neither shall we be disposed to admit, that the decay of primitive discipline, which all concur in lamenting, cannot be repaired under the influence of a national establishment; or that the secular power, with which such an establishment is armed, can prove a necessary and effectual bar to the exertion of its spiritual authority. The difficulty of enforcing Church discipline is to be sought for somewhere else; and it will be a worthy employment for Mr. Jones's zeal and ability, if he inquire how far that restless and incessant opposition to the apostolic form of Church government, which grew up with the reformation, as tares among the wheat, and has introduced a republican and independent spirit into the councils of Christians, has fostered and strengthened the very insubordination which creates the difficulty. In the mean time we will introduce to our readers the following remarks of a true son of the Church of England; and we beg earnestly, as conveying that clear and accurate notion of the rights and privileges of the Christian Church, and the duties of its members, which they will seek in vain within the circle of Mr. Jones's Biblical Instruction.

"The civil power may bestow upon the Christian society many important benefits. It may afford it protection, it may secure its property, and provide for its comfortable subsistence. It may restrain the malice of its enemies, and shield it from persecution. It may evince its respect and regard, by adorning its priesthood with secular dignity, and intrusting it with authority and power. In short, by placing religion in a situation of security and respect, it may very materially assist the Church, in promoting the blessed designs of its founder. And can the Church be indifferent to such a connection as this? Can any one in reason hinder it from closing with offers of alliance and amity, which promise such advantages?"

"It is sometimes, however, argued from our Saviour's declaration to Pilate, John xviii. 36, that the Church has no power to
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accept the world's favour: in other words, that it is unlawful to form any establishment of religion. 'There is nothing however, in the nature either of Christianity, or of civil power, to place them in opposition to each other,' or to prevent their union. There is no temporal blessing which Christian may not enjoy, provided he observe the rules of his religion. But it is objected, that the Clergy ought not to assume dignities and civil advantages: the objection, however, never can stand its ground, till it be demonstrated, that there is something peculiar in the nature of the priesthood, which obliges it to renounce the favour of princes and the munificence of states.

"There 'is a generation,' who are fond of recommending the poverty and the lowly circumstances of our Lord, and his apostles, to the imitation of the Clergy; and are constantly reminding them of the zeal and disinterestedness of the first ministers of the Gospel. All good men must, undoubtedly, reverence such examples as these; but it must be observed, that from the days of the Apostles, the Gospel never was destitute of human aid. Those times so frequently pressed upon the recollection of churchmen, were remarkable for the liberality of the Laity: men sold their possessions, and laid the price of them at the Apostles' feet for their disposal. When the Clergy then are reminded of the virtues of the Apostles, is it not their duty to press upon such friends, the virtues of those who were the Apostles' hearers? Such munificence as that of selling estates and possessions, and placing the price of them in the hands of the Christian minister, might render superfluous any other support. In fact, Christianity was then more effectually supported, when the laity had so 'great grace upon them all, as to claim none of their possessions as their own, but to have all things common,' Acts iv. 33, than now it is by that small part of the Church's patrimony, which they have it in their power to secure, or by raising a few individuals into distinguished rank.

"The Bishop sits in Parliament: is there any law of the Gospel to forbid it? It pleases the prince of the land to ask his counsel and advice upon various important questions: is there any law to enjoin his silence? Is it not rather incumbent upon him to assist him, when he is called upon, to the best of his abilities? And if he should haply gain his good opinion and confidence, does he not obtain a most valuable opportunity of commending to his favour the best interests of the Gospel of Christ?

"But the Prince adorns him, moreover, with a title, and invests him with the honour and dignity of a Peer: is nobility to be renounced by the laws of Christ? Is it prohibited to the priesthood? If a nobleman may become a Christian, Acts viii. 22. surely a Christian may be raised to nobility.

"Again, Bishops have jurisdiction in testamentary causes &c. &c. which appear to have no direct connection with the clerical function: but if the Prince shall determine that spiritual men (who, by their office, are continually about the sick bed of testators) are

are the most fit to assist him in the decision of causes, arising out of their wills; who shall forbid their prompt assistance of their Sovereign? But, in all these instances of the Church exercising secular authority, it is carefully to be noted, that the Church has no claim to it in her own right, but accepts it purely as a grant from the civil power, or as a duty imposed upon her by it: a grant which in no way interferes with her spiritual authority, but which, it must be observed, carries with it the effect of making the reviler or oppugner of episcopal authority in this land, not only schismatical with respect to the Church, but an exceptionable subject likewise of the state." Sikes's parochial Communion, Ch. 1. part 2. p. 63.

Having, as we conceive, sufficiently established the charges which we thought it necessary to bring against this Cyclopædia, we willingly take our leave of Mr. Jones. We are ready to bear testimony to his diligence in accumulating and arranging his materials, though we cannot so far compliment him at the expence of our duty as to recommend his work to the members of the Church of England as a safe or impartial guide to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

ART. II. *Sibylline Leaves.* By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Fenner. 1817.

ART. III. *Biographia Literaria; or, Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions.* By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Fenner. 1817.

WHEN a writer sets down to record the history of his own life and opinions, it certainly affords a presumption that he conceives himself to be an object of greater curiosity with the public, than it is quite modest in any man to suppose; but for a writer, the whole of whose works would probably not form a fair sized octavo volume, to compose an account of how he was educated, in what manner he formed his taste, what he has been in the habit of thinking upon this or that subject, and so forth, sounds even somewhat ridiculous. It is, however, but just to say, with respect to the excellent author of the "Biographical Sketches," before us, that it would be unfair to estimate the interest which his readers may be supposed to take in his history and opinions, by the number or importance of the writings which he has published; for some reason or other his name is familiar to numbers who are altogether unacquainted with his compositions; and connected as it has been with the names of his two celebrated friends, Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth, it has certainly been mentioned both in conversation and in print, more frequently than

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it is perhaps quite easy to account for. In Mr. Coleridge's poetical compositions we own that we see but little on which it would be prudent to bestow unqualified commendation. They exhibit few traces of deep or fine feeling, and still fewer of correct and polished taste; wildness of imagination is the predominant quality of his genius, but it is so apt to degenerate into extravagance, that if we except his "Ancient Mariner," the verses called "Love," and perhaps a few, and but a few others, which might be mentioned, we think the character of his poetry is far from being pleasing. To follow his flights requires very commonly a painful effort of attention, and when we have gained the heights to which he carries us, instead of any objects opening upon our view to repay us for our labour, we commonly find ourselves enveloped in mistiness and clouds. But still his writings bear the impression of a mind of considerable powers; in whatever he composes, the workings of thought are almost always perceptible; and his failures are rather the result of an understanding that has been misguided than of any deficiency in respect to the requisite quantity of talent.

Mr. Coleridge tells us that the question "What is poetry?" is so nearly the same thing as to ask "What is a poet?" that in order to define the former he will give a description of the latter.

"The poet," says he, "described in *ideal* perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone, and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, controul (*laxis effertur habenis*) reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities; of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry." Vol. II. p. 12.

With such very intelligible ideas of the office of a poet, our readers need not be surprized if our author's conception of poetry is not always such as people, who think and feel in a common way, will easily enter into; but however his prac-

tice is not quite what his theory would lead us to anticipate ; his verses are, indeed, often not intelligible, but they are not always so ; in poetry as in prose, he is ever aiming at something that is transcendental, and in both cases his error (and an in-expiable error it is) is deliberate, and of fore-thought ; but still he is not always in the clouds ; he sometimes walks upon the earth like other men ; and when he does, both his prose and his poetry evince an amiable, cultivated, and original mind.

We have said thus much respecting the character of our author's poetical genius, principally because it is with his poetry chiefly, that the public are acquainted ; but partly because it appears to be his wish, that the two publications prefixed to this article, should be considered as belonging to each other ; nevertheless, as all the poems (with two inconsiderable exceptions) included in the former, have been long before the public in an authentic shape, we do not think it necessary to enter into any detailed criticism of their separate merits. In fact, it is not our wish to review Mr. Coleridge's literary Life itself ; our intention is to confine our attention to these " Sketches" of it, which Mr. Coleridge has presented us with ; and this with a view to give our readers some idea of the book itself, considered simply as a literary performance, rather than as a record of facts connected with the life of its author.

In naming the volumes, to which we propose confining our remarks, " Biographical Sketches of his literary Life and Opinions," Mr. Coleridge has signified very accurately the real nature of his publication ; for it is with circumstances that have a relation to his literary life only, that he makes his reader acquainted ; with respect to his birth, parentage, and personal history, he says almost nothing ; these he tells us may afford materials for a separate work which he seems to contemplate ; in the present he tells us little more of himself, than that he was educated at Christ's Hospital, was a member of Jesus College, Cambridge, was, at the beginning of the French revolution, editor of a paper called the *Watchman* ; and subsequently, at the time of the peace of Amiens, conducted the *Morning Post*. These circumstances are only mentioned incidentally ; the volumes are exclusively filled with abstracts of the literary opinions which he entertains ; some of them upon subjects interesting enough, but a very large proportion upon subjects, which we fear our author will find some difficulty, in persuading his readers to feel quite so much respect for, as he seems to think them entitled to. The three prominent topics, upon which it would appear that our author has chiefly reflected, are, in the first place, philosophy ; by which our readers must not suppose us to mean the writings of Locke or Newton, or Bacon or Aristotle, but of Jacob Belamen, Gemisthius Pletho,

Pletho, de Thoyras, Plotinus, and above all, the inscrutable Kant. The subject which seems to hold the second place in our author's esteem, is poetry; and to which, (in subordination to a critical review of Mr. Wordsworth's productions,) a very considerable portion of the two volumes is devoted. The third object of his attention, are anonymous critics in general, but more particularly the *Edinburgh Review*. This last topic, indeed, forms a sort of *running accompaniment* to the second; for they seem so intimately connected in his thoughts, that he is seldom able to speak of poetry, or poets, or poetical criticism, but what we perceive (to use a very favourite expression of our author) an *under-current* to all his observations of hatred and contempt against our fellow-labourers (though we trust not in the same vineyard) of the north.

With respect to the general character of the work, it is certainly an able, and, notwithstanding our author's endless and bottomless discussions on metaphysical matters, upon the whole, an entertaining performance. Our author's incidental remarks upon criticism, politics, religion, and such other subjects as fall within the reach of an ordinary man's comprehension, are often just and striking, and invariably display a tone of mind that is both scholar-like and amiable. As to his style, we hardly know what to say of it; it is certainly expressive, but it does not seem to be constructed upon any settled principles of composition, farther than are implied in an apparent preference of our early writers, not only over those upon whose style the taste of the present day seems to be chiefly modelled, but over Addison and Dryden, and the writers of what we cannot but think the Augustan age of our prose literature.

Now, if our author is resolved to see no medium between the involved constructions and cumbrous phraseology of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, and the cheap finery of the *stylum pene cantiam* of our fashionable historians and philosophers, we undoubtedly approve of the taste by which his preference has been guided. The faults of Clarendon and Hooker proceeded merely from a want of skill in composition, whereas the faults of those writers whom Mr. Coleridge seems so studious of not imitating, proceed from affectation and pretension. To say that our author has succeeded in reminding us of the models whom he appears desirous of emulating, is not saying much in his praise. It is just as easy to put into one sentence what ought properly to form three, as to put into three, what ought properly to form only one; nor is it a matter of much greater difficulty to sprinkle our manner of speaking with learned phrases and obsolete forms of expression. For example, when our author tells us that he "had undertaken the new business of an author, yea, of an author

trading on his own account." Vol. I. p. 169. This, in fact, is only a peculiar species of coxcombry, and is better than the coxcombry of one of our modern *beau* writers, only as the gravity of a broad-brimmed hat, may be preferred to the levity of the *chapeau-bras*. It would, however, be unjust to our author, were we to describe the merits of his style, as consisting in a mere clumsy imitation of our early prose writers; on the contrary, he writes in general with an air of truth and simplicity, which is plainly natural to him; and his language, though sometimes pedantic, and often by no means free from that philosophical jargon which is almost the characteristic affectation of the present race of writers, is nevertheless, that of a scholar; to which we may add, that although a little innocent vanity is every now and then making its appearance, yet in general it merely gives an air of naïveté and quaintness to his expressions, and never assumes the form of arrogance and self-conceit. But we have said enough respecting the style of the volumes before us; it is time to let our readers know something of their contents.

Of course, a work, which professes to give an account of opinions, that are linked to each other by no other connection, than that which arises from their having belonged to the same individual, cannot be supposed to be arranged upon any method founded on the nature of things; and consequently to give a systematic criticism of them, would be altogether impracticable. We shall, therefore, not trouble ourselves by attempting to give our author's thoughts any better arrangement than he has himself thought necessary; but content ourselves with following his steps, merely stopping now and then to intersperse our abstracts and citations with such incidental remarks, as may happen at the moment to suggest themselves.

Our author's first chapter contains rather an interesting account of the discipline which his poetical taste received, while at Christ's Hospital, under the direction of the Rev. J. Bowyer, at that time the head master. In this age of systematic education, perhaps a plan of instruction which has the sanction of Mr. Coleridge's approbation, and of the benefits of which he considers his own taste a practical exemplification, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

"At school I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master. He * early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid.

* The Rev. James Bowyer, many years Head Master of the Grammar-School, Christ Hospital."

He habituated me to compare Lucretius, (in such extracts as I then read) Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so called, silver and brazen ages; but with even those of the Augustan era: and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness, both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek Tragic Poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons, and they were the lessons too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him, that Poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember, that availing himself of the synonyms to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, *why* it would not have answered the same purpose; and *wherein* consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

"In our own English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre, muse, muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hipocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now, exclaiming * *Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? your Nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh 'aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!*" Nay certain introductions, similies, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similies, there was, I remember, that of the Manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects; in which however it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt, whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition? Alexander and Clytus!—Flattery? Alexander and Clytus!—Anger? Drunkenness? Pride? Friendship? Ingratitude? Late repentance? Still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation, that had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried, and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict in *secula seculorum*." Vol. I. p. 7.

We cannot say that we see any thing to object against, in any of the particulars related in this account of Mr. Bowyer's plan; yet we are very doubtful how far we should be desirous of seeing it generally practised; as it appears to us it may have answered very well with respect to particular boys, and perhaps under the

superintendence of a particular schoolmaster; but we own, that in general, we would rather entrust the education of a boy's *taste* to nature and his own turn of mind, working upon the models that must in the regular course of instruction be placed before him, than subject it to the censorship of any ordinary schoolmaster: many reasons might be given for this; but it is sufficient to say, that the proper business of the master, (of a large school, more especially,) is to put into the hands of his scholars, the means and instruments of taste and learning; but taste and learning themselves are the growth of age and after-reflection.

The subject of his early education leads our author to notice the effect made upon his mind, when at the age of seventeen, by a perusal of Bowles's Sonnets: we shall not stop to examine the grounds of the very warm admiration, which Mr. Coleridge seems still to entertain, for what gave him so much pleasure, and inspired him with so much emulation when young; only we may be permitted to remark, that he seems to attach much more importance to the history of his poetical taste, than his readers will probably be made to feel. At whatever age Mr. Coleridge may have become first sensible of the inferiority of Pope's system of poetical diction to that of Milton, and of one or two of our early Poets, we confess we see nothing so remarkable in the discovery, as to require a detailed account of the grounds and process of it; we shall therefore not follow him through all the discussions into which this part of his subject leads him, but passing over the remainder of this first chapter, and all the second, (in which he attempts to disprove the imputation of peculiar irritability, under which men of poetical genius are supposed to labour,) we shall proceed to chapter the third. The subject of this is very high matter, being no less than that of a discussion concerning the usefulness, rights, and prerogatives of us, "synodical individuals," who call ourselves reviewers; nor does our author think it necessary to treat us hypothetically, and with reference to the principles of Plato's republic; but he denounces us by name, as nuisances to the republic of letters. Now we are not sure whether it quite comports with our dignity, to sanction any thing like an argument as to the competency of our tribunal; nevertheless, as we cannot but allow that our author has no particular reason to congratulate himself upon having been born in this age of critical illumination, we shall overlook the indiscreetness with which he speaks of reviews generally, in consideration of his particular case, and permit him to utter, what we should be very sorry our readers should believe. Our author tells us,

"It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous class of readers, to suppose a Review set on foot, the object of which was

to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; a Review conducted in the same spirit, and which should take the same freedom with personal character, as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the 'genus irritabile' would be found to include many other *species* besides that of bards; but that the irritability of *trade* would soon reduce the resentments of *poets* into mere shadow-fights (*σκιομαχίας*) in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare, or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the muses, should be compelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when too he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays the infirmity of human virtue; is the character and property of the individual, who labours for our intellectual pleasures, less entitled to a share of our fellow feeling, than that of the wine-merchant or milliner." Vol. I. p. 33.

There is in the work before us, a good deal of reasoning like this, which we apprehend to be not very original, however plausible it may appear; and to say that it is even plausible, is perhaps saying quite as much as it deserves. For even taking our author's own illustration; if individuals retail adulterated wines or any other commodity of inferior quality, the public surely are benefited by being made acquainted with the fact, nor is it reasonable to accuse those of injustice, from whom the information is obtained. But the truth is, the illustration is by no means in point, except it be with reference merely to the comparatively harmless quality of an author's dullness; a writer, however, without being dull, may display bad taste or mischievous principles; he may distort facts from ignorance, or pervert them from prejudice; in short, his writings may in innumerable ways do a much more lasting injury to his readers, than merely sending them to sleep. To expose faults like these, has no doubt a tendency to diminish the sale of the work, in which they are contained; but an author has no better right to complain in such a case of the injury done to his private interests, by anonymous criticism, than a statesman to complain of being turned out of office, in consequence of his measures being proved to be prejudicial to the public. Authors are just as much public characters as secretaries of state are; if they voluntarily come forward upon the stage of public life, under pretence of being able

able to enlighten, or in any other way to benefit the community at large, of course they must expect that their pretensions will be canvassed; that their opinions and principles will become a subject of discussion; misrepresentation and misconception, unreasonable censure and blind admiration—these are matters of course—the penalty paid in all cases for publicity; but it would be about as wise to complain of the daily papers, on account of the abuse, which they mutually pour forth against the opponents of their respective parties, as to complain of anonymous critics, for the bitterness, with which they sometimes review the works of those, who profess principles and opinions, of which the former disapprove; and about as much for the interests of the community, to repress or discountenance them.

If the writers in either case, not content with combating principles and opinions, and public acts, trespass upon the sanctity of private life, and endeavour to prepossess the minds of their readers, by slander and calumny and personal invective; this no doubt is highly disgraceful to the individual, who so misuses his privilege of discussion; but his virulence is of little importance to the public, and nine times in ten, of not much more to him, who is the object of it. If one party condemn in excess, another will generally be found to praise in an equal excess; and after the first fermentation of contending opinions has a little subsided, the real truth gradually separates itself from the errors, with which it had been mixed, and becomes perhaps better and more certainly distinguishable, than by almost any other process, to which it could have been subjected. As in our courts of justice, one advocate is paid, to say all that can be said in favour of one side of the question; another, to urge in like manner all that can be said against it, the decision in the meanwhile resting with the jury; so it is with us critics; one review is set up by men strongly biassed in favour of one system of principles; another starts in opposition to it by men as warmly favourable to the opposite; both of them, indeed, affect to speak with the authority, that belongs to the judicial office; but they are listened to as judges, only by those of their own party; the public knows well, that they are mere advocates, hired by their prejudices to plead the cause of a particular sect; and by listening to both sides, is much more likely to be put in possession of all the arguments in favour of each, than if it implicitly trusted to the impartiality, with which any single review could state them. So far then, with respect to our author's sentiments concerning the merits of reviews generally; but the fact is, that his indictment, though worded somewhat sweepingly, is really intended to be preferred against one particular journal, which both in taste, morals, politics, religion, and even in manners, happens to have embraced a set of opinions
directly

directly counter to those which Mr. Coleridge approves of. Now, in bringing forward what our author has to urge, in reprobation of the abusive spirit, in which the above-mentioned critics have reviewed his writings and the writings of his friends, we shall not enter into the critical merits of the case. Our opinions upon most of the subjects, upon which our author and his anonymous, though well known reviewer have split, are already before the public. That much childishness is mixed up with Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and some extravagance in the poetry, and some want of moderation in the prose, of Mr. Southey, are, we apprehend, truths not to be denied; and if there are some, professing to be judges in these points, who are able to see in the writings of neither, any qualities besides, we really know not how the matter is to be mended by mere discussion. On this subject our author tells us a story, which will illustrate the real nature of the case before us, as well as the grounds of a great many other differences of opinion upon questions of taste.

“ When I was at Rome, among many other visits to the tomb of Julius II, I went thither once with a Prussian artist, a man of genius and great vivacity of feeling. As we were gazing on Michael Angelo's MOSES, our conversation turned on the horns and beard of that stupendous statue; of the necessity of each to support the other; of the super-human effect of the former, and the necessity of the existence of both to give a harmony and *integrity* both to the image and the feeling excited by it. Conceive them removed, and the statue would become *un-natural*, without being *super-natural*. We called to mind the horns of the rising sun, and I repeated the noble passage from Taylor's Holy Dying. That horns were the emblem of power and sovereignty among the Eastern nations, and are still retained as such in Abyssinia; the Achelous of the ancient Greeks; and the probable ideas and feelings, that originally suggested the mixture of the human and the brute form in the figure, by which they realized the idea of their mysterious Pan, as representing intelligence blended with a darker power, deeper, mightier, and more universal than the conscious intellect of man; than intelligence;—all these thoughts and recollections passed in procession before our minds. My companion who possessed more than his share of the hatred, which his countrymen bore to the French, had just observed to me, ‘ *a Frenchman, Sir! is the only animal in the human shape, that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry.*’ When, lo! two French officers of distinction and rank entered the church! Mark you, whispered the Prussian, ‘ *the first thing, which those scoundrels—will notice (for they will begin by instantly noticing the statue in parts, without one moment's pause of admiration impressed by the whole) will be the horns and the beard. And the associations, which they will immediately connect with them will be those of a HE-GQAT and a CUCKOLD.*’ Never did man guess

more luckily. Had he inherited a portion of the great legislator's prophetic powers, whose statue we had been contemplating, he could scarcely have uttered words more coincident with the result : for even as he had said, so it came to pass.

"In the EXCURSION the poet has introduced an old man, born in humble but not abject circumstances, who had enjoyed more than usual advantages of education, both from books and from the more awful discipline of nature. This person he represents, as having been driven by the restlessness of fervid feelings, and from a craving intellect, to an itinerant life ; and as having in consequence passed the larger portion of his time, from earliest manhood, in villages and hamlets from door to door.

' A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load.'

Now whether this be a character appropriate to a lofty didactic poem, is perhaps questionable. It presents a fair subject for controversy ; and the question is to be determined by the congruity or incongruity of such a character with what shall be proved to be the essential constituents of poetry. But surely the critic who, passing by all the opportunities which such a mode of life would present to such a man ; all the advantages of the liberty of nature, of solitude and of solitary thought ; all the varieties of places and seasons, through which his track had lain, with all the varying imagery they bring with them ; and lastly, all the observations of men,

' Their manners, their enjoyment and pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings''

which the memory of these yearly journies must have given and recalled to such a mind—the critic, I say, who from the multitude of possible associations should pass by all these in order to fix his attention exclusively on *the pin-papers*, and *stay-tapes*, which *might* have been among the wares of his pack ; this critic in my opinion cannot be thought to possess a much higher or much healthier state of moral feeling, than the FRENCHMEN above recorded." Vol. II. P. 127.

This is a pleasant apologue and significantly applied ; it is however plain, that if our author had no other grounds of complaint against his critics, than the above passage affords, he certainly would not be justified in using the epithets, made use of in the last sentence ; for a critic cannot with any more propriety be called a " quack " because he happens to be wanting in taste (even assuming the fact), than a poet could be, who should happen to be wanting in imagination. To speak passionately about questions of opinion, or contemptuously of whatever else we have not ourselves a taste for, are not to be sure the most unequivocal marks of a superior understanding ; but men cannot obtain sense by merely wishing for it ; and critics, like others, can only speak

as they feel ; all that authors or the public, can reasonably expect, is, that critics should *really* speak as they think, and not give decisions which they know to be partial, merely for the purpose of gratifying feelings of a personal nature. Now this is the charge which Mr. Coleridge explicitly and formally presses against the reviewer of himself and friends ; and supposing, that the facts, which he asserts, are correctly stated, we think, that the public (supposing them to interest themselves about the matter) will not feel disposed to blame our author, for the strong language in which he sometimes expresses his sense of the unjustifiable persecution of which he, but in a more particular manner Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth, have been for many years the constant objects. We shall not quote the passages, (that are scattered through almost every part of his work,) in which our author gives vent to the feelings, excited in his mind by the conduct of which he complains ; but state the facts by which he conceives the resentment expressed by him to be warranted ; and this we shall do, partly from regard to justice, and partly because reviews and reviewers seem to have been uppermost in our author's mind, when he projected the work before us, as they are scarcely ever lost sight of by him in the progress of it. There are few of our readers, probably, but are aware of the unmeasured contempt and unmitigated ridicule, with which the writings of Mr. Wordsworth have been treated in the journal, of which our author complains ; few persons would, we think, imagine that the writer of the article, in which the offensive criticism was conveyed, could ever have expressed himself in private conversation in the manner in which Mr. Coleridge in the following passage states himself to have heard.

“ Let not Mr. Wordsworth be charged with having expressed himself too indignantly, till the wantonness and the systematic and malignant perseverance of the aggressions have been taken into fair consideration. I myself heard the commander in chief of this unmanly warfare make a boast of his private admiration of Wordsworth's genius. I have heard him declare, that whoever came into his room would probably find the Lyrical Ballads lying open on his table, and that (speaking exclusively of those written by Mr. Wordsworth himself,) he could nearly repeat the whole of them by heart.” Vol. II. p. 179.

In another part of the work Mr. Coleridge informs us that some years ago, upon occasion of the reviewer in question paying a visit to Cumberland, he was at his own request introduced to Mr. Southey, drank tea at his house, and was in all respects hospitably treated ; but so far was he from permitting the recollection of the courtesies which he had received, to soften the
asperity

asperity of his criticism, that his very first employment upon returning to Edinburgh, was to write a lampoon upon his host, in language still more offensive than upon any former occasion; designating him and the friends whom he met at his house, as "whining and hypochondriacal poets," and saying many other things, which a critic perhaps had a right to say, but which it was just as easy to have said in civil as in disrespectful language. The note, in which the charge is made, contains many other particulars, and is somewhat long; but as the contents of it have been thought so weighty, as to induce the reviewer to come forward in his own person and under his own name, in order to rebut it, perhaps it may gratify our readers to have the whole passage before them.

"Some years ago, a gentleman, the chief writer and conductor of a celebrated review, distinguished by its hostility to Mr. Southey, spent a day or two at Keswick. That he was, without diminution on this account, treated with every hospitable attention by Mr. Southey and myself, I trust I need not say. But one thing I may venture to notice; that at no period of my life do I remember to have received so many, and such high coloured compliments in so short a space of time. He was likewise circumstantially informed by what series of accidents it had happened, that Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Southey, and I had become neighbours; and how utterly unfounded was the supposition, that we considered ourselves, as belonging to any common school, but that of good sense confirmed by the long-established models of the best times of Greece, Rome, Italy, and England; and still more groundless the notion, that Mr. Southey (for as to myself I have published so little, and that little, of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all) could have been concerned in the formation of a poetic sect with Mr. Wordsworth, when so many of his works had been published not only previously to any acquaintance between them; but before Mr. Wordsworth himself had written any thing but in a diction ornate, and uniformly sustained; when too the slightest examination will make it evident, that between those and the after writings of Mr. Southey, there exists no other difference than that of a progressive degree of excellence from progressive developement of power, and progressive facility from habit and increase of experience. Yet among the first articles which this man wrote after his return from Keswick, we were characterized as 'the School of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes.' In reply to a letter from the same gentleman, in which he had asked me, whether I was in earnest in preferring the style of Hooker to that of Dr. Johnson; and Jeremy Taylor to Burke; I stated, somewhat at large, the comparative excellences and defects which characterized our best prose writers, from the reformation, to the first half of Charles 2nd; and that of those who had flourished during

during the present reign, and the preceding one. About twelve months afterwards, a review appeared on the same subject, in the concluding paragraph of which the reviewer asserts, that his chief motive for entering into the discussion was to separate a rational and unqualified admiration of our elder writers, from the indiscriminate enthusiasm of a recent school, who praised what they did not understand, and caricatured what they were unable to imitate. And, that no doubt might be left concerning the persons alluded to, the writer annexes the names of Miss BAILLIE, W. SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. For that which follows, I have only hear-say evidence; but yet such as demands my belief; viz. that on being questioned concerning this apparently wanton attack more especially with reference to Miss Baillie, the writer had stated as his motives, that this lady when at Edinburgh had declined a proposal of introducing him to her; that Mr. Southey had written against him; and Mr. Wordsworth had talked contemptuously of him; but that as to Coleridge he had noticed him merely because the names of Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge always went together. But if it were worth while to mix together, as ingredients, half the anecdotes which I either myself know to be true, or which I have received from men incapable of intentional falsehood, concerning the characters, qualifications, and motives of our anonymous critics, whose decisions are oracles for our reading public; I might safely borrow the words of the apocryphal Daniel; ‘Give me leave O SOVEREIGN PUBLIC, and I shall slay this dragon without sword or staff.’ For the compound would be as the ‘Pitch, and fat, and hair, which Daniel took, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof, and put into the dragon’s mouth, and so the dragon burst in sunder; and Daniel said LO; THESE ARE THE GODS YE WORSHIP.’” Vol. I. Note, p. 52.

Now, in the answer which our reviewer has put forth to the above charges, he takes no notice of the warm admiration, which he is said to have expressed for the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth; we have therefore a right to conclude, that the article in which that gentleman’s writings have been reviewed, were intended to convey into the mind of the reader, a different opinion from that which the reviewer himself conscientiously entertained. As to the high-flown compliments with which he gratified Mr. Coleridge’s vanity, we are told, that the reviewer paid them, because he thought he could perceive that they were as agreeable to our author, as they are to most people; by which we are left to infer, that what our honest reviewer says, is no better criterion of his real sentiments, than what he writes; and since he certainly cannot be accused of having flattered our author in the latter way, we suppose it is his opinion, that any injury done to truth by praising a man more than he deserves by word of mouth, and before
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his face, is wiped away, by abusing him in an equal degree beyond what truth will warrant, in writing, and behind his back. With respect to the other charge, which he pleads guilty to, it is to be sure rather of a ridiculous nature; he admits that he was received at Mr. Southey's house, and "believes that coffee was handed to him;" but as he was not given to understand that this was offered to him, under any implied condition of praising on all future occasions, the poetry of his host, and that of his friends, he contends that he had a right to speak of them and their writings on his return to Edinburgh, in the same discourteous and abusive language as before. This is not to be disputed; the circumstance of having been received into his house, and treated with respect and civility, by a person to whom we were personally strangers, would weigh with some minds, to a certain extent at least; it might not, and perhaps ought not, to disarm justice, but it would, at all events, be an additional argument against passing sentence in the language of contempt and insult; it might not call forth any strong expressions of civility, nor make us express a degree of admiration, which we did not feel; but still one should suppose, that it would not produce an opposite effect; it would not excite an unfavourable prejudice, nor induce us to keep down our real feelings, and give utterance to none except such as were harsh and disrespectful. A man is not called upon to flatter another, merely because he has been in his house and received no unfriendly treatment; yet it would surely be still more strange to give this as a reason for abusing him.

It is true, indeed, if Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge, whom he distinguishes as "anti-jacobin poets," are really and truly the sort of persons whom he describes them to be, our astonishment will cease; and we shall be forced to admire the moderation, with which he has expressed himself, when speaking of them and their works.

"Their inordinate vanity runs them into all sorts of extravagances, and their habitual effeminacy gets them out of them at any price. Always pampering their own appetite for excitement and wishing to astonish others, their whole aim is to produce a dramatic effect one way or other, to shock or delight their observers; and they are as perfectly indifferent as to the consequence of what they write, as if the world were merely a stage for them to play their fantastic tricks on. As romantic in their servility as in their independence, and equally importunate candidates for fame or infamy, they require only to be distinguished and are not scrupulous as to the means of distinction. Jacobins or anti-jacobins—outrageous advocates for anarchy and licentiousness, or flaming apostles of persecution—always violent and vulgar in their opinions, they oscillate with a giddy and sickening motion from one absurdity to another, and

and expiate the follies of their youth, by the heartless vices of their declining age. None so ready as they to carry every paradox to its most revolting and nonsensical excess,—none so sure to caricature in their own persons every feature of an audacious and insane philosophy. In their days of innovation, indeed, the philosophers crept at their heels like hounds, while they darted on their distant quarry like hawks; stooping always to the lowest game; eagerly snuffing up the most tainted and rankest scents—”

But we really can proceed no further with this delicately touched, nicely discriminated and altogether striking portrait; we have informed our readers, that the original from which it is drawn, are the author of *Don Roderic*, and his friends Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Coleridge. Upon what feature of their characters or writings, the resemblance is founded, is not stated; but assuredly, if there be any truth whatever in the picture, we need not be surprized, if a reviewer should think it a matter of conscience, to allow no feelings either of admiration or of common courtesy, to interfere with the duty of discountenancing altogether writers of such a portentous, though somewhat non-descript kind of poetry. We shall not offend the pride of Mr. Southey, against whom the above sober piece of criticism was more particularly discharged, by taking up his defence against an adversary, whose weapons consist, in the use of such language as that which we have just quoted; for a critic to apply the epithets of “audacious,” and “insane,” and “nonsensical,” to a writer; to talk of his being “an apostle of persecution,” and a “snuffer up of the rankest scents;” and then ingeniously to add, with an affected air of superior gentility, that he is, moreover, “*vulgar and violent*,” is a stroke of character worth recording. But enough of reviews and reviewers; we have been led to say much more upon the subject than its importance deserved; to go on speaking of Mr. Southey may perhaps be considered as a sort of continuation of the discussion; but as his name has been introduced so often, we cannot resist a temptation to gratify our own feelings by presenting our readers with a character of this terrible “anti-jacobin poet,” drawn indeed by a friend who has known him intimately for years, but who is not on that account the less able to speak of him as he really is. We are not sorry for an opportunity of contributing, by any means in our power, to the weight and reputation of a writer, who has written almost upon every subject, and exercised his talents in almost every species of composition, and in each displayed powers which would have ensured his name an honourable place in the annals of literature, even had he never attempted any other. The clearness, purity, and eloquent simplicity of his style, the richness of his fancy, and facility of his versification, form only one of his titles to our esteem; volumi-

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nous as his works are, we are not aware that he has ever published a line, at which the chastest delicacy, or the most severe morality could justly take offence. Whatever fame Mr. Southey possesses, is of that sort which will continue to increase; he has addressed himself, on no occasion, to the base and malignant feelings of mankind; and if his zeal, and the natural warmth of an ardent imagination, have sometimes carried him beyond the bounds of moderation, his indiscretion has arisen from the overflow of good feelings, and such as are only blameable in their excess.

“ Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled by men, who (I would feign hope for the honor of human nature) hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination, publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is SOUTHEY'S almost unexampled felicity, to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his early manhood, and first controversial writings, Milton claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove: this will his school mates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power, to achieve more, and in more various departments than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he the master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labours, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable

formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility; while on the contrary he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind on those around him or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow: when this too is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, in as much as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only, that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record, that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honorers among the good of all parties; and that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies." Vol. I. p. 67.

From the eloquent and well-deserved panegyric upon Mr. Southey, of which the above forms only an extract, our author proceeds, without any apparent plan in the selection, to discuss a variety of topics; Mr. Burke, the Spanish Revolution, the principles upon which our author conducted the *Morning Post*, during the time in which he was the editor of it, a vindication of himself from the charge of indolence which has so frequently been brought against him; these and similar discussions, alternately engage his attention, until we arrive within about one hundred pages from the end of the first volume: at this place our author takes a sudden plunge into a bottomless discussion respecting the *esemplastic* (from *εις εν πλαττω*) power of man and the phenomena of mind, that "lie on the other side of the natural consciousness;" he continues out of sight of every human eye, groping in darkness for imaginary wealth, until the opening of the second volume, when he again rises upon our view, preparing to enter into a discussion of the merits and defects of Mr. Wordsworth's writings. This is a subject which our author discusses at so much length, that it is altogether out of our power to follow him through the progressive steps of his criticism: as we coincide with our author for the most part, in the substance of the opinions which he expresses upon this controverted subject, we shall merely extract a specimen of his critical judgment.

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and content ourselves with recommending this part of the volume to the attention of our readers, as containing one of the fairest and most able reviews of the peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, that we have met with. Mr. Coleridge's observations upon the diction of Mr. Wordsworth, contain many just and striking thoughts; and the analytical criticisms which occur in various parts of the discussion, upon one or two of the poems contained in the "Lyrical Ballads," impressed us with a very favourable opinion of his good taste and discrimination. As a specimen of his impartiality, and of the reasonable conditions under which he approves of the critical opinions of Mr. Wordsworth, concerning the proper objects and philosophical language of poetry, we shall select what our author says respecting the propriety of putting sentiments of a high and elevated tone into the mouths of persons taken from the lower ranks of life.

"But be this as it may, the feelings with which,

‘ I think of CHATTERTON, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perish'd in his pride :
Of BURNS, that walk'd in glory and in joy
Behind his plough upon the mountain-side' —

are widely different from those with which I should read a *poem*, where the author, having occasion for the character of a poet and a philosopher in the fable of his narration, had chosen to make him a chimney-sweeper; and then, in order to remove all doubts on the subject, had *invented* on account of his birth, parentage and education, with all the strange and fortunate accidents which had occurred in making him at once poet, philosopher, and sweep! Nothing, but biography, can justify this. If it be admissible even in a *Novel*, it must be one in the manner of De Foe's, that were meant to pass for histories, not in the manner of Fielding's: in the life of Moll Flanders, or Colonel Jack, not in a Tom Jones or even a Joseph Andrews. Much less then can it be legitimately introduced in a *poem*, the characters of which, amid the strongest individualization, must still remain representative. The precepts of Horace, on this point, are grounded on the nature both of poetry and of the human mind. They are not more peremptory, than wise and prudent. For in the first place a deviation from them perplexes the reader's feelings, and all the circumstances which are feigned in order to make such accidents less improbable, divide and disquiet his faith, rather than aid and support it. Spite of all attempts, the fiction will appear, and unfortunately not as *fictitious* but as *false*. The reader not only *knows*, that the sentiments and language are the poet's own, and his own too in his *artificial* character, *as poet*; but by the fruitless endeavours to make him think the contrary, he is not even suffered to *forget* it. The effect is similar to that produced by an epic poet, when the fable and the characters are derived from Scripture history, as in the *Messiah* of Klopstock, or in *Cumberland's Calvary*;

vary: and not merely suggested by it as in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. That *illusion*, contradistinguished from *delusion*, that *negative faith*, which simply permits the images presented to work by their own force, without either denial or affirmation of their real existence by the judgment, is rendered impossible by their immediate neighbourhood to words and facts of known and absolute truth. A faith, which transcends even historic belief, must absolutely *put out* this mere poetic Analogon of faith, as the summer sun is said to extinguish our household fires, when it shines full upon them. What would otherwise have been yielded to as pleasing fiction, is repelled as revolting falsehood. The effect produced in this latter case by the solemn belief of the reader, is in a less degree brought about in the instances, to which I have been objecting, by the baffled attempts of the author to *make him believe*.

“ Add to all the foregoing the seeming uselessness both of the project and of the anecdotes from which it is to derive support. Is there one word for instance, attributed to the pedlar in the *Excursion*, characteristic of a *pedlar*? One sentiment, that might not more plausibly, even without the aid of any previous explanation, have proceeded from any wise and beneficent old man, of a rank or profession in which the language of learning and refinement are natural and to be expected? Need the rank have been at all particularized, where nothing follows which the knowledge of that rank is to explain or illustrate? When on the contrary this information renders the man's language, feelings, sentiments, and information a riddle, which must itself be solved by episodes of anecdote? Finally when this, and this alone, could have induced a genuine *poet* to inweave in a poem of the loftiest style, and on subjects the loftiest and of most universal interest, such minute matters of fact, (not unlike those furnished for the obituary of a magazine by the friends of some obscure *ornament of society lately deceased* in some obscure town, as

‘ Among the hills of Athol he was born.
There on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Father *’vel*t; and died in poverty:
While he, whose lowly fortune I retrace,
The youngest of three sons, was yet a babe,
A little one—unconscious of their loss.
But ’ere he had outgrown his infant days
His widowed mother, for a second mate,
Espoused the teacher of the Village School;
Who on her offspring zealously bestowed
Needful instruction.’

‘ From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
But through the inclement and the perilous days

Of long-continuing winter, he repaired
To his step-father's school.'—&c.

“ For all the admirable passages interposed in this narration, might, with trifling alterations, have been far more appropriately, and with far greater verisimilitude, told of a poet in the character of a poet.” Vol. II. p. 147.

The above observations, and indeed the whole tenor of our author's criticisms upon poets and poetry, are for the most part so reasonable, that we own we have frequently found it difficult to understand, how the same author should have written them, and the “ Ode to the Rain,” and one or two other of the poems contained in the “ Sibylline Leaves ;” poems which might perhaps have been *written* by a man of sense, but how a man like Mr. Coleridge should have thought them of so much value as to be worth *publishing*, is above our power to explain.

We should not be sorry, were we here to take leave of our author : for we are apprehensive that what we may add farther, will rather injure than improve the favorable impression which the greater part of what we have hitherto said, is calculated to convey of his talents. But in justice to our readers it is necessary to state, that a very large proportion of the two volumes which we have recommended to their perusal, is filled up with matter, which our author calls Philosophy ; but it is philosophy of so very heteroclite a description, that we really hardly know how to allude to the subject, without using words that would convey an impression of our thinking much more slightly of Mr. Coleridge's understanding, than the good sense displayed in other parts of the work would justify. Had we met with the metaphysical disquisitions, to which we now allude, in an anonymous publication, we should unquestionably have laid them aside, as the production of a very ordinary writer indeed, with respect to talents ; and supposing we had given ourselves the trouble of thinking farther about them, should probably have concluded that some doubts might be entertained respecting the perfect sanity of the mind in which they were engendered. “ The foolishness of fools, is folly ;” but “ the foolishness ” of a man like Mr. Coleridge, must, we take for granted, be impregnated with some portion of sense and reason. Impressed with a conviction of this, we were at the pains of reading faithfully, and as far as we were able, impartially, all our author's ten theses ; his refutation of materialism ; his discussions relative to the priority of “ subject ” and “ object,” “ mind ” and “ nature ;” together with his other incidental criticisms upon Behmen, and Schilling, and Fichti, and Kant, and other inscrutable thinkers. What we think on all these subjects, and what we think of Mr. Coleridge's remarks upon

upon them, we shall not venture to express; but we know so much of the present state of feeling in this country, upon the subjects into which, Mr. Coleridge wishes to embark philosophy, as emboldens us to prophesy, that if he persists in his present resolution of imparting to the world his intended commentary upon the Gospel of St. John, in the form of a dissertation upon the "Productive Logos," he will draw down upon his head such a tempest of ridicule and derision, as he may probably live long enough to repent of.

ART. IV. *Karamania, or a brief Description of the South Coast of Asia Minor, and of the Remains of Antiquity, with Plans, Views, &c. Collected during a Survey of that Coast under the Orders of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the Years 1811 and 1812. By Francis Beaufort, F.R.S. Captain of H. M. S. Frederikssteen. 8vo. 294 pp. 14s. Hunter. 1817.*

A BOOK of hydrography is a fearful sight to a reviewer. He expects nothing from it but bearings and soundings, A.M.'s and P.M.'s, charts stuck with arrows like a target, an endless continuity of reefs and sand-banks, in all the recurring variation, which line and dot, dot and line will admit, and now and then a tantalizing extract from the log-book to tell him, that something very well worth describing has been purposely omitted, because it did not accord with the scientific dryness of maritime survey. For our own parts we had almost as soon pick our monthly task from the mystic columns, *a la Chinoise*, of the Nautical Almanack, as wade through any of the professional works, the composition of which is so much facilitated by its calculations. With these feelings we took up this little work, and our surprise, and pleasure may readily be imagined, when we found ourselves led on from page to page by the incessant attraction of rapid but elegant narrative, and all the charm which a sound and unassuming scholar can feel and give by the revival of classical associations.

It is somewhat strange, that the southern coast of Asia Minor should be so little known to modern geographers; and that of all the countries, into which ancient Greece poured her tide of colonization, the one which witnessed some of the most brilliant achievements in her history, should have been most neglected by the countless swarms of travellers, which of late years have issued from our northern hive. Volume after volume has

entered the lists on the inexhaustible controversy of the Troad ; but the storied plain of Issus, and the cold waters which had almost forestalled that bloody field of its renown, still remained undescribed. The path of Hannibal had been hunted out with unwearied sagacity by many a literary blood-hound, but one was still wanting who should track the steps of Cyrus : and while every obscure spot in Palestine, where a miracle or a martyrdom could be verified or fancied, has been repeatedly consecrated, the birth-place of the great Apostle of the Gentiles has been left without honour and without record.

Of our own standard eastern travellers, Pococke never approached nearer than Mount Cadmus, and Chandler, though a little nearer, stopped at Strattonicea, and never passed the range of Taurus.

“ At a few of the western ports, it is true, some recent travellers had touched in their voyage to Egypt ; Le Brun also landed at Adalia, on his way to the interior ; and as the road from Constantinople to Syria crosses the eastern extremity, some casual notices were to be found of the principal places in that quarter ; but of the remainder of this great range of country, the only accounts extant were those of the antient geographers ; and of the coast, there were no charts whatever by which the mariner could steer. P. vii.

Pursuant to an order from the Lords of the Admiralty, the Frederikssteen sailed from Smyrna in July, 1811, and till the 20th of June in the following year, when the survey was unfortunately interrupted by one of those accidents to which the visitors of semi-barbarians are always exposed, Capt. Beaufort was diligently employed in his pursuit. The line of coast which he surveyed, from *Yedy Booroon* (Mount Cragus) to *Ayas* (the ancient *Ægoe*), falls little short of 700 miles ; and if we have any complaint to make, it is that the time allotted was too brief. Our astonishment, however, is increased when we perceive how much was done even in that time ; and we are compelled to recollect, that the primary object of an hydrographer is not to determine the sites of disputed cities, to excavate ruins, and to transcribe inscriptions, but to note down sunken rocks and breakers, and to discover safe ridings for merchantmen.

At the mouth of the Andraki, Captain Beaufort heard much of a treasure of relics preserved at Myra.

“ There St. Paul preached ; there is the shrine of St. John ; and, above all, there are deposited the ashes of St. Nicholas their patron saint.” P. 27.

Chateaubriand would have visited these at the hazard of a mutiny or a court martial; but Captain Beaufort's time was dedicated to less pious, but more solid purposes; and he left Myra for Mr. Cockerell, who, we rejoice to hear, is about to present the public, not with an account of these unconfined saints, but of the ruins of a considerable city, a very perfect theatre, and some masterly sculptures, which have still escaped the jealousy of the inhabitants. What the extent of this jealousy is our readers may judge.

“ While examining some statues, one of the mob exclaimed, ‘ If the infidels are attracted here by these blasphemous figures, the temptation shall soon cease; for when that dog is gone, I will destroy them.’ ” P. 28.

The country, as they proceeded, bore evident marks both of the fertility with which nature had endowed it, and of the wretched indolence of its present debased possessors. Beyond *Adratchan* to the north-east of the Chelidonian islands, the scenery became magnificent. Cliffs seven hundred feet in height, capped with pines, and in the horizon far loftier ranges of snow-topped mountains. At night too they saw, for the first time, the phænomenon of the *Yanar*, a volcanic flame, about two miles up the country, which they visited the next day, and which we agree with Captain Beaufort in identifying with the similar appearance described by Pliny on Mount Chimæra (Plin. ii. 106, v. 27. We insert an ingenious conjecture on a superstition connected with this phænomenon.

“ It is natural that such a striking feature as this stupendous mountain, in a country inhabited by an illiterate and credulous people, should be the subject of numerous tales and traditions; accordingly we were informed by the peasants, that there is a perpetual flow of the purest water from the very apex; and that, notwithstanding the snow, which we saw still lingering in the chasms, roses blow there all the year round. The Agha of Deliktash assured us, that every autumn a mighty groan is heard to issue from the summit of the mountain, louder than the report of any cannon, but unaccompanied by fire or smoke. He professed his ignorance of the cause; but on being pressed for his opinion, he gravely replied, that he believed it was an annual summons to the Elect to make the best of their way to Paradise. However amusing the Agha's theory, it may possibly be true that such explosions take place; the mountain artillery described by Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their travels in North America, and similar phenomena which are said to have occurred in South America, seem to lend some probability to the account. They have also a tradition, that when Moses fled from Egypt, he took up his abode near this mountain, which was therefore called Moossadaghy,

daghy; or the mountain of Moses. May there not be some fanciful connexion between this story and the Yanar already described? That place and this mountain are not many miles asunder; and the flame issuing from the thicket there, may have led to some confused association with the burning bush on Mount Horeb, recorded in Exodus." P. 54.

At Cape Avova, Captain B. with difficulty prevented himself from becoming seriously involved in the disputes of two rival Beys. The whole transaction reflects the highest possible honour upon the policy, the humanity, and the firmness of the British commander.

At Boodroom, (the capital of ancient Caria,) they met in Halil Bey, the Governor, a person of much more than usual Turkish information. It had been asserted to Captain Beaufort, by "a Pasha of high rank," that "England was an island in the Black Sea, with which there was another channel of communication besides the Dardanelles:" he was therefore proportionally surprised when he found his new friend conversant with European politics and geography. It was now the fast of Ramazan, which, however, hostile to good cheer, does not, it seems, curtail the privilege of telling good stories.

"I had several interviews with Halil Bey: he conversed with ease, and, like all other Turks, delighted in hearing and repeating ludicrous stories. The following anecdote he told with much humour.

"Some years ago, a French frigate, being at Boodroom, the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles in the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work; and in a short time the frigate returned, bearing the necessary ferman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgment of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed. Arrived at the outer gate, 'Effendy,' said the governor, 'the orders of my imperial master must be implicitly obeyed.' 'Let me in, then,' exclaimed the impatient captain, 'Undoubtedly,' replied the Turk, 'for so I am enjoined to do by the ferman; but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this momentary pause, before we pass the draw-bridge.' The French commandant, not chusing to put such dangerous irony to the test, departed." P. 98.

Adalia was one of the very few places on this coast which had any appearance of commercial intercourse. The British garrisons in the Mediterranean had exhausted the stores of Sicily; and though confiscation and slavery are the punishment of the Turkish corn-exporter, few could resist the temptation of European

ropean dollars. In the Bazaar too were exposed for sale some English and German manufactures; but we hasten to Sidé, the modern Esky Adalia, a place now utterly deserted, but magnificent in its desolation. We select Captain Beaufort's account of its theatre at this place, as a specimen, both of his powers of description, and of his intimate acquaintance with classical antiquity.

"The theatre is the most striking feature of Sidé: at the distance of a few miles from the shore, we had mistaken it for a lofty Acropolis, rising from the centre of the town. As it is by far the largest and the best preserved of any that came under our observation in Asia Minor, a short account of its form and dimensions may be acceptable to the reader, who will, it is hoped, excuse any want of perspicuity in details which are so foreign to the general pursuits of a seaman.

"Situated on a gentle declivity, the lower half only of this theatre has been excavated in the ground; the upper half is a great structure of masonry. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, being a segment of a circle of about 220 degrees; or, in other words, the circumference appears to be one-ninth greater than a semicircle. The exterior diameter is 409 feet, that of the area 125, and the perpendicular height from the area to the uppermost seat is 79 feet. It contains forty-nine rows of seats, in two series; twenty-six below, and twenty-three above the *Diazomatos* or broad platform, which forms a gallery of communication round the interior. This gallery and its parallel corridor, which is vaulted and carried round the whole extent of the building, are on a level with the surface of the ground at the back of the theatre, and with which they communicate by twenty three arched passages or vomitories. Another but smaller corridor surrounds the thirteenth row of the upper division of seats, and opens to it by seven doors. Seven staircases connect these two corridors together, and branches of them continue up to the top of the building.

"The internal communication is formed by narrow flights of steps, each half the height of the seats. They are disposed in equi-distant radii, ten of them descending from the *Diazomatos* to a platform, which intervenes between the lowest row of seats and the area; and twenty-one flights ascending to a platform, which encircles the summit of this magnificent fabric. The seats are of white marble, and admirably wrought; they are $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and $32\frac{1}{2}$ broad; but as they project over each other $8\frac{1}{2}$, the breadth in the clear is only 24 inches. The front of each row, which was occupied by the spectators when seated, is raised an inch, so as to leave a free passage to each person's place, and also to serve as a channel for the rain water. Now supposing that the antients sat as we do, with the legs pendent, and not crossed under them like the modern Greeks and Turks (as Dr. Chandler seems to have thought), and therefore taking eighteen inches as sufficient

sufficient for each person to occupy, this theatre would contain 13,370 persons, when regularly seated; but, in crowded exhibitions, many could sit on the flights of small steps, or could stand on the upper platform, and at the back of the broad Diazomatos without incommoding those behind them; these may be estimated at 1,870 more, and would together make the enormous aggregate of 15,240 spectators. The area of the theatre is now overgrown with bushes, and choked up with stones and earth; in digging through which, to ascertain the lower level, we discovered some inscriptions and several pieces of sculpture. One of the least injured of these was the statue of a clothed female figure, executed in a good style.

"This edifice, as far as it has been described, is in a very perfect state; few of the seats have been disturbed, and even the stairs are, in general, passable; but the proscenium has suffered considerably, the columns have been broken down, the decorations destroyed, and a part only of the walls are left standing. Its breadth is about thirty feet; and as the front, towards the theatre, formed a chord to the arch described by the Diazomatos, it is consequently about 200 feet long. At each end there appears to have been a large apartment, but the middle part is too much mutilated to determine how the scene was arranged.

"The vaulted structure of the theatre may perhaps shew that it is not very antient; and a cross, which has been carved in the keystone of one of the outer arches, seems to indicate that it had been repaired after the country was converted to Christianity." P. 142.

The Geologist will be interested in the account of the petrified beach at Selinty; it is an incrustation of pudding-stone, in some places, two feet in thickness; it occurs in many other parts of this coast, in some parts of Greece, and there is an example of it also in Sicily. Captain Beaufort was unable to obtain satisfactory specimens from the want of proper tools to detach them.

At Anamour, they were struck by the resemblance of the castle to our own Baronial fortresses. Seleskeh and Korghos furnished numerous inscriptions; the former place, some in Armenian characters, which Captain B. has not printed, but expresses himself very willing to communicate to any persons skilled in that language. Soli, (Pompeiiopolis,) both from the account given of it by the pilots, and the first view which it presented in the horizon, excited much expectation; but the gradual encroachments of the sea, or the more rapid spoliations of man, have stripped it of much, even of its ruins. Of the 200 columns which supported a covered street from the harbour to the farther gate, 44 alone are standing; the theatre is wholly destroyed; the foundations of the city walls cannot be traced without difficulty;

sculpty; broken aqueducts, and dismantled porticoes, are mingled with the shattered fragments of tombs and sarcophagi: such is all that now remains of the once celebrated Pompeiopolis. Tarsus, (or as the present inhabitants write and pronounce it Tersoos,) was not visited personally by Captain Beaufort, for very good reasons. Some of his officers, however, proceeded thither, but the haughtiness or the avarice of the Governor allowed them small opportunity of exploring the city which gave birth to St. Paul. Few places in Asia Minor were more celebrated than the ancient Tarsus, and it still retains a respectable rank in the Turkish empire: its population is considerable, and its bazaars well stocked, but very little appears left for the research of the antiquary. Cydnus is now unnavigable, and though still cold, like other rivers whose waters are supplied by melted snow, it is not likely to prove fatal to any future invader.

Our hopes of following Captain Beaufort over the plain of Issus, are unfortunately disappointed, and the thread of his narrative and his survey is broken by the untoward event to which we have before alluded.

“ On the 20th of June, while embarking the instruments from a little cove to the westward of Ayas, we perceived a number of armed Turks advancing towards the boat; Turks always carry arms; and there was no reason to suppose that this party had any other object than curiosity, for several of the officers were at that time dispersed in the neighbourhood, and accompanied by the villagers; some of whom, about an hour before, had shewn the most good humoured assiduity in pointing out to me the inscriptions on the tower and other places: neither had their conduct to the watering boats, the preceding evening, led to any kind of distrust.

“ As they approached, however, an old dervish was observed haranguing them; and his frantic gestures, with their reiterated shouts of ‘ Begone,’ ‘ Infidel,’ and other offensive expressions, left the hostility of their intentions no longer doubtful. The interpreter was absent with the officers, and all my little store of friendly words and signs seemed to irritate rather than to appease them. To quit the place seemed, therefore, the most probable means of preventing a fray; and as the boat was ready, we quietly shoved off. The mob now rushed forward; their voices assumed a shriller tone; and, spurred on by the old fanatic, they began to level their muskets: the boat was not yet clear of the cove; and if they had succeeded in reaching the outer points, our retreat would have been cut off. It was, therefore, full time to check their progress, and the unexpected sight of my fowling-piece had for a moment that effect; but as they again endeavoured to close, I fired over their heads. That expedient saved us. They immediately halted; most of them fell on the ground; the
dastardly

dastardly Dervish ran away; and we had gained sufficient time to get the boat's head round, and almost disentangled from the rocks, when one ruffian, more resolute than the rest, sprang forward to a rock on the shore, which covering his person allowed him to take deliberate aim. His ball entered near my groin, and taking an oblique course broke the trochanter of the hip joint. Had his example been followed, all the boat's crew must have been destroyed: but fortunately, they had been so intimidated by my fire, that we were beyond the reach of their's, by the time they rose from the ground. The pinnace was luckily within signal distance; she was called down, and before I fainted from the loss of blood, I had the satisfaction of sending her round to rescue the scattered officers and to protect the small boat, which waited for them to the eastward of the castle. Before the pinnace, however, could reach that place, Mr. Olphert, a remarkably fine young man, who was midshipman of the former boat, had fallen a sacrifice to the same party of assassins." P. 287.

The wound which Captain Beaufort received was so dangerous as to confine him for a considerable time at Malta, whither his ship was safely conducted by his first Lieutenant; not, however, till positive assurances had been received from the Pasha of Adana, that the offenders should be brought to justice.

Our opinion of this little volume has been too fully expressed to make it necessary for us to recapitulate any thing to its farther advantage: it is accompanied with some pleasing engravings, and prefixed to the several chapters are well executed vignettes, the idea of which is borrowed from, and perhaps improved upon, those in Dr. Clarke's travels.

ART. V. *The Lament of Tasso.* By Lord Byron. Fifth Edition. Svo. 18 pp. 1s. 6d. Murray. 1817.

EIGHTEEN-PENCE is certainly no great matter for any production belonging to a person who has continued to occupy so much of the public curiosity as the noble author of the poem before us; and therefore we are not surprized at perceiving that it has reached a fifth edition. But great and sincere as the contempt which Lord Byron entertains for the public opinion may be, we still must own ourselves surprized by his putting his name to such a composition as this. In our author's former productions, amidst a great deal of what was bad, there were always some passages indicating genius; a genius indeed, most unhappily

unhappily turned, but still poetically turned; delighting in images of wickedness, but conceiving them with force, and portraying them with spirit. It was impossible for a person of a moral taste to derive pleasure from his poetry, but still it was often difficult to withhold our admiration from some of its qualities. But with respect to this "Lament of Tasso," as our author is pleased to name the phrenetic composition before us, we doubt whether we have ever read through a much more wretched performance; from one end of it to the other, not one line does it contain, which we would venture to praise, while those of a contrary description are so numerous as to defy quotation. It is, indeed, true, that nothing could have been less happy than our author's choice of a subject. Lord Byron paint the feelings of Tasso—he tasteful, the polished, the chaste, the classical author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*! Let our readers only turn from the poem before us, where the violence and exaggeration of the thoughts, the hardness and fierceness of the feelings, can only be exceeded by the obscurity of the language in which they are conveyed; to the playful and yet pathetic *

sonnets

* We say pathetic, not as applying the epithet to the sonnets themselves, which are remarkably light and playful, but as contrasting them with the melancholy circumstances under which they were composed. As they do not appear in any of the common editions of Tasso's Works, it may perhaps give pleasure to the admirers of Tasso, if we insert two of them; our readers will be able to judge of the difference of feelings between the author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and of *Childe Harold*.

"SONNETS TO THE CATS IN ST. ANNE'S HOSPITAL.

Come nell' ocean s'oscura e' infesta
 Procella il rende torbido e sonante
 Alle stelle onde il polo è frammeggiante
 Stanco nocctrier di notte alza la testa;
 Così io mi volgo, o bellagatta, in questa
 Fortuna avversa, alle tue luci sante,
 E mi sembra due stelle aver davante
 Che tramontana sia nella tempesta.
 Veggio un'altra gattina e verder parmi
 L'orsa maggior colla minore: O gatte,
 Lucerne del mio studio, O gatte amate!
 Se Dio vi guardi dalle bastonate,
 Se'l ciel vi pasca di carne e de latte,
 Fatemi luce a scriver questi carini
 Tante le gatte son moltiplicate
 Ch'a doppio son più che l'Orse nel cielo:
 Gatte ci son ch'ham tutto branco il polo

Gatte

sonnets written by Tasso himself, during the melancholy period which Lord Byron here commemorates, and we are sure they will agree with us in thinking, that if his only object had been to place the unamiableness of his own character in the most striking possible point of view, he could not have contrived any more effectual means of doing so, than by thus contrasting it with that of the delightful poet to whom he imputes, we had almost said, so libellously, his own dark passions.

We are quite aware that so sweeping a sentence as we have thus ventured to pronounce, can only be fully verified by a much more particular examination of the poem itself, than we feel either time or inclination to bestow upon it; but we shall select, nearly at random, two or three passages; those which we intend to produce are by no means unfavourable specimens; such as they are, however, we think we may safely trust them to our readers without any comment on our part; those who can construe them, so as to extract from them grammar and good English, must possess greater ability than we have any claim to; but as to sense, (for poetry is really quite out of the question,) we think we may take upon us to affirm that in no part of the poem is it to be found.

The following incoherent rhapsody is supposed to form the lamentation of Tasso over his *Jerusalemme Liberata*:

II.

“ But this is o’er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul’s child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight;

Gatte nere ci son, gatte pezzate,
Gatte concoda, gatte discodate;
Unagatta congobba di cammello
Vorrei vedere; e vestita di velo,
Come vertuccia; orche non la trovate?
Guardarsi i mouli pur di partorire,
Che s’un topo nascesse, il poverello
Da tante gatte non potria fuggire:
Massara, lo t’ammonisco, abbi’l cervello
E l’occhio al laveznol ch’ è sul vollire
Corri, ve, ch’ ima seu porta il vitello!
Vo’ farci il Bitornello
Perchè sonetto appieno non se loda
Se non sonniglia ai gatti dalla coda.”

And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
 I know not that—but in the innate force
 Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
 Nor cause for such: they called me mad—and why?
 Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
 I was indeed delirious in my heart
 To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
 But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
 I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
 Not less because I suffer it unbent.
 That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
 Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
 But lets them go, or torture as they will,
 My heart can multiply thine image still;
 Successful love may sate itself away,
 The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
 To have all feeling save the one decay,
 And every passion into one dilate,
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore." P. 8.

The following lines are intended to express the feelings of Tasso, against those by whom he had been placed in confinement: beyond this we do not pretend to interpret their import:

" Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
 In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
 Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
 And each is tortured in his separate hell—
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—
 Many, but each divided by the wall,
 Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;—
 While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
 None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,
 Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
 Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,
 Debarring me the usage of my own,
 Blighting my life in best of its career,
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
 And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan?

The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
 Which undermines our Stoical success ?
 No?—still too proud to be vindictive—I
 Have pardoned princes' insults, and would die.
 Yes, Sister of my Sovereign ! for thy sake
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest ;
 Thy brother hates—but I can not detest ;
 Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake." P. 11.

The above lines are obscure enough, though not so obscure as not to reveal the exceeding bad taste with which the whole tone of the poem is conceived ; but when our author, in continuation, proceeds to paint the nature of Tasso's love, which, as our readers probably know, is supposed to have occasioned the injustice which he suffered, and which he is, in the poem before us, made to lament ; we really know not how to describe his conceptions, except by saying that they are, for the most part, downright nonsense.

V.

" Look on a love which knows not to despair,
 But all unquenched is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
 As dwells the gathered lightning in its cloud,
 Encompassed with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck,—forth flies the all-etherial dart !
 And thus at the collision of thy name
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me ;—they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew ;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A princess was no love-mate for a bard ;
 I told it not, I breath'd it not, it was
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward ;
 And if my eyes revealed it, they alas !
 Were punished by the silentness of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipped at holy distance, and around
 Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly ground ;
 Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
 Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed—
 Oh ! not dismayed—but awed, like One above ;
 And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass—
 I know not how—thy genius mastered mine—

My

My star stood still before thee :— if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality had cost me dear ;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for *thee*.
The very love which locked me to *my* chain
Hath lightened half its weight ; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of pain.” P. 12.

Now that these lines convey a tolerable image of what we may suppose would be the ravings of a mad poet, will not, perhaps, be denied ; but Lord Byron's hypothesis in the poem before us is, that Tasso was not really insane, but was merely a victim of tyranny and injustice ; to say that possibly our author himself wrote this “ Lament” under the influence of a temporary derangement, would be but an indifferent joke ; and yet we are not sure whether such an explanation would not be as charitable as any other that can be given ; this, however, is a matter which his lordship's friends may settle ; we have said all we intend to say of the poem itself, and much more concerning it, than its intrinsic merits would have deserved.

ART. VI. *What is Truth?* A Sermon, preached in the Cathedral Church in Chester, on Occasion of a General Ordination, on Sunday, 29th September, 1816. By the Rev. T. Parkinson, D. D. Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester, Archdeacon of Leicester, and Rector of Kegworth, Leicester. Chester printed. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. London. 1817.

THIS is a Sermon very creditable to the talents of its author, and will be read with pleasure and advantage by all who prefer sense and argument to the trickeries and tinsel of fashionable declamation. Taking for his text the question of Pilate to our Saviour, the preacher proposes to aid those who may inquire what Truth is, how it is to be heard amidst the discordant cries of teachers in the name of Christ, and how it is to be distinguished from the crowded counterfeits cloaked under a saintly exterior, by considering, 1st, The nature of Scriptural Truth, and the appropriate means, through which it is to be sought, with the least risk of error. 2dly, The errors necessarily resulting from the want, or deficiency, of these means. Shewing that com-

petent learning, employed under the direction of the divine will, and the love of God are requisite for seeking the true sense of Scripture, with the least risk of error; and that this risk will be increased, and errors multiplied, in the same degree as the co-operation of these requisites is defective; he attributes infidelity, scepticism, unchristian contentions, and erroneous doctrines to this deficiency. Most of these he derives either from the operation of learning influenced by defective piety, or from true piety without competent learning.

Among the errors which originate in the first of these causes, he ranks the heresy of the *rational* Christians, as they strangely miscall themselves. That obstinate rejection of the plain letter of revelation by which this busy sect is distinguished, he rightly attributes to the pride of human learning, working upon an un-sanctified heart.

“Pride of reason and learned attainments being thus abhorrent from the revealed will of God, and consequently from the true sense of the letter, which is the index to it, is utterly irreconcilable with the humbling doctrines and duties of the Gospel; and if, by this pride, these be not rejected altogether, the meaning of them will be sought in enmity, found in error, hardened and rendered more inveterate by superior learning, the source and support of this enmity and error.

“All researches for wisdom in the word of God beyond what is revealed and written, are made in proud opposition to his will, and, judicially, lead to disaffection and perversion of that word, only because such wisdom is not to be found. Though informed by Christ himself, ‘that he had glory with the Father before the world was; that he came down from heaven; was incarnate in the form of man; had power on earth to forgive sin; shed his blood for the remission of sin; was to be ‘honoured by all men, even as his Father;’ though these and other attributes of the same transcendant imports, were claimed by, and ascribed to him by his followers, in language too plain to be misunderstood; yet by revolting at the unsearchable question, ‘how can these things be?’ They are handled deceitfully, disparaged, and blotted out of the sacred volume, to make room for what is dignified by the name of rational Christianity.

“It seems however to be little rational to make reason the judge of truths in revelation, to which it is itself bound to do homage, and by which it own truth is to be judged. It is an abuse of reason to waste its studious labours, by seeking wisdom in the secret things of God, which are purposely hidden. It is impious to deny the pre-existence, divinity, atonement of Christ, positively asserted, in the written word, merely because these things are not, and cannot be understood, further than the bare assertion in that word.

“It is uncauid and unjust, to estimate and to set at nought the words of Christ, upon principles disavowed by him, and foreign to those,

those, by which only they profess to be supported, and much more so, to accomplish this purpose by a rude felonious sort of violence.

“ Weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, of what value is the self-witnessing of the rational Christian to the truth of his creed? Or in other words, what is its comparative efficacy in renovating the fallen nature of man? Does the denial of Christian doctrines exalt the love of God, and consequently the gratitude, love, and obedience of men to the first commandment, in the same degree with faith in these doctrines? No such thing. Does it as much magnify divine justice, and consequently the fear of transgression and of punishment due to it? The manifest tendency of these *rational* tenets is, to render sin less odious, and man therefore less fearful to avoid, and anxious to subdue it; to make him less humble, in the same degree as offences are rendered less heinous, and consequently less fitted to receive divine grace, by which alone his nature can be renewed; to take away the guilt of sin, only to make the sting of death more deadly.

“ Rational Christianity does not, therefore, furnish the best means of sanctification, and cannot be of God without impeaching his wisdom, and also his holiness, unless it be admitted that mercy and falsehood may meet together, that unrighteousness and peace may kiss one another.

“ The only legitimate enquiry is, not whether christian doctrines harmonize with rational notions, but whether they were actually revealed by Jesus Christ, and be truly recorded in the New Testament; and this being presumed, they are to be admitted with the honest simplicity of children. If the truth of these records be disproved, the fabric of Christ's religion, thus shifted from the rock, must fall to rise no more; but until this be done, the truth of it rests upon his testimony alone, steadfast and immovable, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.” P. 19.

The same presumptuous reliance upon human reason, as competent to dive into the divine counsels, and decide upon their secret determinations, is considered as the source of all those contentions, which have been stirred up among Christians, by the continual obtrusion of Calvinistic tenets from the pulpit or the press: on two of these, the doctrine of final perseverance, and of regeneration as distinct from baptism, the Sermon contains many sensible remarks. The peculiar view of regeneration taken by the Calvinistic party, the Archdeacon attributes to a licentious enquiry for knowledge above what is revealed. After stating the language of our Saviour to Nicodemus, and explaining it as manifestly declaratory of baptismal regeneration as maintained in the offices of our Church, he proceeds thus;

“ All enquiry, further than what is thus written, is more curious than wise, and not being innocent, it cannot be innoxious. The

command of our Lord to his disciples was peremptory, and will be permanent to the end of time; and as to baptize, and to teach rest upon the same authority, not to be set aside or altered by men, all converts to Christianity are equally obliged to learn, and also, when not impracticable, to be baptized. Though the benefit given, and how it is to be given in the letter, may be mysterious like all other works of God; yet obedience through faith, will never fail of its reward through the merits of Jesus Christ.

“If we understand not earthly things, it is vain to enquire after such as are heavenly, and sinful to disbelieve because enquiry is vain. All that is known of the natural birth, is the gift of life to the dust of the ground, formed after the kind of its parent, requiring parental succour, and by the use of appointed means, growing gradually to the perfection of manhood. And in conformity with the divine law of creating all things, each after its own kind, that which is born of water and the spirit, must be after the kind of its parent, no less a child of the Spirit, than the other is a child of the flesh: both equally requiring, and entitled to parental succour, both growing, each under that of its own parent, to maturity—one to carnal, the other to spiritual manhood.

“If being thus born again denote regeneration, the words of Christ bear witness, that water baptism is the medium of conveying it, which we must reverently and faithfully admit, and not deny his witness, by maintaining that any baptized children can, at a future time, become unregenerated, and need to be born again of the Spirit. They may, and do become *degenerate*, and often lose the benefits of baptism; but as the birth of the Spirit, is likened to that of the flesh, neither of them can take place more than once.

“‘If by regeneration be intended an immediate and inviolate’ (qu. inviolable) ‘conversion to God by the Spirit, this change cannot surely take place in the first dawning of a new mode of life, this being unnatural; and it would also be improperly characterized by the term BORN, unless it were intended to delude, which it would be impious to imagine. And moreover, no such conversion can be ascertained, by the exterior, the truth of which is seated in the heart, therefore unsearchable. Under the direction of such fallacious judgment as is furnished by words and actions, it could never be known with an assurance, at what time and by what means a man was regenerated, and if guided by such judgment, whether, by alternately falling and rising again, he were not unregenerated, and again regenerated every month.’

“If according to St. Paul, a knowledge of God’s working in us beget fear and trembling, and consequently greater exertion; an assurance of being born again, and made children of the Spirit, must have the same effect, and lead to the renewal of human nature; but exterior righteousness furnishes no assurance, and the want or doubtfulness, of it must be adverse to the design of Christianity.” P. 31.

The style of this discourse is sometimes harsh and inaccurate, and some parts of it appear obscure on perusal, which were doubtless clear when aided by delivery from the pulpit. The attentive reader will, however, meet with many judicious and valuable observations, and will be fully repaid for any trifling difficulty which he may occasionally have to surmount, in ascertaining the meaning of particular passages.

ART. VII. *Mémoires du Marquis de Dangeau, écrits par lui-même, extrait du Manuscrit original, contenant beaucoup de Particularités et d'Anecdotes sur Louis XIV. sa Cour, &c.; et un Abrégé de l'Histoire de la Régence. Par Madame de Gentis. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, Treuttel and Würtz; London, Colburn. 1817.*

THE person from whose papers these "Mémoires" have been abridged, was of considerable importance in his own time; but of that sort of importance, which results from rank and fortune and the favour of his sovereign, rather than from the weight of his own personal qualities and actions. This is a sort of merit, which no doubt makes a man to be of no small consequence in his own eyes and in the eyes of his cotemporaries; but unhappily it passes away, without leaving any sort of memorial, by which his name may be made known to posterity. Accordingly, it would probably puzzle our readers, even those who are best acquainted with the transactions of Louis the fourteenth's age, to guess, who and what, was the person with whose Memoirs, after the lapse of a century and a half, the public are now presented. We know little more of him, than what we have already related; for all that we have been able to collect from the Memoirs themselves, is, as we before said, that he was in his own day a person of rank and fortune, and high in the favour of his sovereign. If our readers should be desirous of identifying our author, by particularities of a more individual nature, it may possibly be as well to add, that he was the brother of a certain abbé de Dangeau, whose life has been commemorated by D'Alembert in an éloge, of whom likewise little more is now known, than that he was a member of the French Academy, and so devotedly attached to grammatical knowledge, that upon a friend's relating to him some political rumour of importance, instead of expressing any interest, he answered, "Il arrivera ce qu'il pourra, mais j'ai dans mon porte-feuille deux mille verbes bien conjugués." With respect to the Marquis himself, "Il avoit,

avoit," says Fontenelle, "une figure fort amiable, et beaucoup d'esprit naturel, qui alloit même jusqu'à faire agréablement des vers." And Boileau who addresses his fifth Satire, "Sur la Noblesse," to our author, informs us of some other particulars concerning his character.

"La Noblesse, Dangeau, n'est pas une chimère
Quand sous l'étroite loi d'une vertu sévère,
Un homme issu d'un sang fécond en Demi-Dieux
Suit, comme toi, la trace ou marchaient ses ayeux."

Our readers now know all that we, who have read the "*Mémoires*" themselves, are acquainted with, concerning the nominal subject of them, and somewhat more than they would be able to derive from them alone: but the fact is, the title affixed to these volumes by their fair editor, is a misnomer; at least it is calculated to convey a very erroneous impression concerning the real contents of them. The name of the Marquis de Dangeau, does not occur, we think, a dozen times in the whole course of the *Memoirs*. The real subject of them is Louis the fourteenth, and such of our readers as may be curious to know the "Court and Fashionable News" of Paris for the last twenty years of the seventeenth Century, will be able to gratify their taste, most abundantly, by a perusal of them. Their authenticity is unquestionable; and if the opinion of Madame de Genlis is to be taken as a sufficient authority, their merit is of a much higher quality than we have ventured to attribute to them.

"Ce sont les dernières années du plus beau siècle présentées naïvement et sans art, telles qu'elles se sont écoulées. L'auteur ne se place dans ce tableau que lorsqu'il en fait partie; il s'y montre, non pour y briller, mais parce qu'il y étoit et qu'il veut tout dire; il n'écrit que pour raconter fidèlement; il ne conte jamais pour plaire et pour se faire admirer. L'originalité de cette narration, son étonnante simplicité, répandent un intérêt inexprimable sur cet ouvrage. On ne se défie de rien; on croit tout jusqu'au moindre mot; on est certain que rien n'est embelli ou exagéré; on est entraîné dans cette lecture par l'attrait le plus puissant, la vérité. On voit sans cesse Louis XIV; on l'entend, et la curiosité est pleinement satisfaite." Tome I. P. 15.

Now we entertain not a doubt concerning the veracity of all the facts recorded in this "naive and faithful picture," as our fair editor calls these "*Mémoires*;" nor of the "candour, good faith, and partiality," with which they are represented; but we think the book before us a satisfactory proof, that these qualities are by no means sufficient, to render "an historical work attractive." In saying this, we mean no disparagement to the author; who had an unquestionable right to amuse himself by writing down every

every evening what had been said or done at court during the day; nor to the *grande monarque* himself, who was not obliged to invent a lively method of passing his time, merely in order that the diary of the Marquis de Dangeau might be more entertaining; but we do think it a very considerable disparagement to the good taste of Madame de Genlis, to have wasted her time in the first instance, in reading "*cet enorme manuscrit*," from which the papers before us are abridged; and in the second place, to her good sense, in conceiving it possible, that at this distance of time, any persons, at least any considerable number of persons, could be found, smitten with such an abstract love of solemn trifling, as to make it worth her while to lend her name to so unnecessary a publication. She tells us, that the picture which these Mémoires hold up to us, is a naive and faithful representation of facts; but of what sort of facts? How does it concern us to know, at the distance of a hundred and thirty years, that on Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1686, the King of France underwent an operation for the fistula; that on Monday, Dec. 10, he was well, and had suffered but little pain; but that on the Wednesday following, his pain was increased, in consequence, as the King himself asserted, of the grief which he felt at hearing of the death of Monsieur le Prince? We have here chosen an example, altogether at random; forty-nine parts out of fifty, we can assure our readers, consist of details in no respect more interesting; and the remaining part will be found to give an account of events so familiarly known from other sources, as to impart no value to the work, upon which Madame de Genlis bestows such exaggerated praise.

We do not take upon ourselves to affirm, that we have read the three volumes regularly or entirely through; it is scarcely using an improper expression to say, that the thing is next to impossible; for although we might have proceeded through every page, and spelled every syllable, yet to keep our attention alive to a series of such rambling incoherent details, as fill up the volumes, would have been a labour not less difficult than fruitless. However, we have read all that we believe it was well possible, and certainly much more than it was profitable, to read; and shall endeavour to make a few extracts, for the benefit of our readers; but we fear it will hardly be in our power to make any, which they will deem themselves, very greatly beholden to us for. One merit, indeed, these "*Mémoires*" possess; they will teach those who have not access to courts, not to regard their exclusion as a very great privation; but this is a moral which we cannot convey into the minds of our readers by means of extracts; we shall therefore content ourselves, with pointing their attention to those parts of the volumes, which we found least uninteresting.

At p. 165 of Vol. I. commences the diary of events relating to the arrival of James the Second in France, after his flight from England, and of the treatment which he met with, from Louis the fourteenth. This is certainly the brightest page in the history of that vain and ostentatious, but still generous and high-minded monarch's life. The circumstances of James' reception by Louis, are given at great length, in order of time as they occurred. The behaviour of Louis, to his unfortunate guest, was truly magnanimous, and rather gains than loses, by the simple and inartificial form in which it is recounted.

"*Mercredi 5.*—Le roi eut nouvelle que le roi d'Angleterre étoit arrivé hier matin à Ambleteuse, en bonne santé, et aussitôt il envoya un de ses écuyers porter cette nouvelle à la reine d'Angleterre qui étoit arrivée à Beaumont; elle prioit Dieu quand M. Le Premier vint lui annoncer cette bonne nouvelle, et elle oublia si bien tous ses malheurs, qu'elle leva les mains et les yeux au ciel, disant: Que je suis heureuse! Nous lui avions fait les compliments du Roi et de madame la Dauphine une heure auparavant, et nous retournâmes chez elle où nous la trouvâmes transportée de joie. On ne sauroit se louer plus qu'elle le fait de toutes les grâces qu'elle reçoit du Roi; elle est contente au-delà de tout ce qu'on peut dire de la réception qu'on lui a faite partout où elle a passé sur la route. Le Roi envoya ordre à M. le Premier de partir sur-le-champ de Beaumont pour aller au-devant du roi d'Angleterre. Monsieur et Madame envoyèrent le même ordre à MM. de Châtillon et de la Rongère, qui étoient venus de leur part complimenter la reine." Tome I. P. 171.

"*Vendredi 7.*—Le Roi, après son dîner, entendit pour la seconde fois, chez madame de Maintenon, la répétition de la tragédie d'*Esther* avec la symphonie; Monseigneur et M. le Prince y étoient entre cinq et six heures. Le Roi monta en voiture avec Monseigneur et M. le duc de Chartres, et alla descendre au Château de Saint-Germain. Il trouva la reine d'Angleterre au lit: il causa une demi-heure avec elle, et la quitta quand on vint lui dire que le roi d'Angleterre étoit entré dans la cour de château. Le Roi alla au-devant de lui jusqu'à la porte de la salle des gardes. Le roi d'Angleterre se baissa jusqu'à ses genoux; le Roi l'embrassa et ils demeurèrent long-temps à s'entr'embrasser, et ensuite le Roi, lui donnant toujours la main, le mena dans la chambre de la Reine, sa femme, et le lui présenta, lui disant: 'Je vous amène un homme que vous serez bien aise de voir.' Le roi d'Angleterre demeura long-temps dans les bras de la reine, et ensuite le Roi lui présenta Monseigneur, M. le duc de Chartres, les princes du sang, le cardinal de Bonzy, et quelques-uns des courtisans que le roi d'Angleterre connoissoit. Puis le Roi mena le roi d'Angleterre chez le prince de Galles et après l'avoir ramené chez la reine, en se separant il lui dit: 'Je ne veux point que vous me conduisiez, vous êtes encore aujourd'hui chez moi; demain vous me viendrez voir

voir à Versailles comme nous en sommes convenus ; je vous en ferai les honneurs, et vous me les ferez de Saint-Germain la première fois que j'y viendrai, et ensuite nous vivrons sans façon.

“ *Samedi 8.*—Le roi d'Angleterre vint ici sur les quatre heures ; le Roi alla le recevoir jusqu'au bout de la salle des gardes, et ensuite il le mena dans sa chambre, lui donnant toujours la main ; les deux rois causèrent assez long-temps, puis ils entrèrent dans le cabinet, où ils s'enfermèrent. Ensuite le Roi conduisit le roi d'Angleterre par la galerie chez madame la Dauphine, qui étoit à la porte de sa chambre avec toutes les dames de la cour. On causa toujours debout ; le Roi présenta au roi d'Angleterre les princesses du sang, et ensuite ils sortirent de chez madame la Dauphine, et conduisit le Roi jusqu'au haut du degré, et le laissa descendre chez monseigneur la Dauphin, que le vint recevoir jusqu'à la porte de la salle de ses gardes, et le mena dans sa chambre, où ils causèrent assez long-temps debout, puis ils entrèrent dans les cabinets de Monseigneur, où nous les suivîmes. Le roi d'Angleterre trouva les cabinets admirables, et parla en connoisseur des tableaux, des porcelaines, des cristaux, et de tout ce qu'il y vit. Après il alla chez Monsieur, qui étoit au lit malade, et chez Madame, et repartit sur les six heures pour retourner à Saint-Germain.

“ *Dimanche 9.*—Monseigneur, en sortant de table, alla à Saint-Germain ; le roi d'Angleterre vint le recevoir au bout de sa chambre, mais ils ne sortirent point : ils causèrent long-temps debout, et ensuite Monseigneur alla voir la reine, qui lui donna un fauteuil, mais au-dessous d'elle. En sortant de chez la reine, Monseigneur alla chez le prince de Galles, puis tourna à Versailles.

“ Le Roi a réglé ce qu'il donnera au roi d'Angleterre pour sa dépense. Il lui donnera cinquante mille écus pour se remettre en équipage, et cinquante mille francs par mois. Le roi d'Angleterre n'en vouloit que la moitié.

“ La reine d'Angleterre dit qu'elle traitera les dames ou comme les reines les traitent en Angleterre, ou comme les reines les traitent en France ; elle en laisse le choix au Roi, et ne veut rien faire que ce qui lui sera le plus agréable.” Tome I. P. 173.

In another place, we find it noticed, that upon occasion of a court mourning for a royal personage, in which cases it is customary for the kings of France to put on a violet-colour mourning ; James, instead of assuming the habit customary with kings of England, took the opportunity of asserting his pretended title to the throne of France, at the very court of the king of France himself, by taking the colour customary with the latter only.

“ La cour a pris le deuil de la mort de la reine d'Espagne ; toutes les dames été en mante chez madame la Dauphine, chez Monsieur, chez madame, et chez Mademoiselle ; elles iront aussi en mante à Saint-Germain. Les deux Rois étoient aujourd'hui en violet ; les
rois

rois d'Angleterre portent le violet comme rois de France, dont ils portent toujours le titre." Tome I. P. 186.

If this behaviour of our exiled monarch be contrasted with that of Louis, who conceded to James in misfortune, (as mentioned in the extract we before quoted,) a point of precedency, which he certainly would not have conceded to him, had he been upon his throne, the comparison will not redound very greatly to the credit of the latter's delicacy and good sense.

The next extract, which we shall make, is really interesting in itself, and the more so, as we do not remember to have met an account of the death of Louis the fourteenth elsewhere, either so particular or so authentic. It has become, latterly, a fashion to vilify the memory of this monarch, exactly in proportion to the excessive degree, in which it was once a fashion to exalt it: of the two errors, we cannot but think the former the more unjust. The *Mémoires* before us, show Louis, in every period of his reign, to have been an amiable and generous man; and though possessing few solid claims to the reputation of a great prince, yet certainly to have been still farther removed from the character of a bad one. His behaviour upon his death bed, does honour to his feelings; he died with the fortitude of a man and the humility of a Christian; without any affected airs of courage and cheerfulness on the one hand, or any unbecoming terrors on the other. He attended to business to the last moment, and yet without allowing business to supersede the more important concerns of eternity.

"Dimanche 25, à Versailles.—Le Roi passa mal la nuit, sa douleur augmenta, le danger commence à être grand; cependant il voulut que rien de ce qu'il a accoutumé de faire en cette journée ne fût changé. Les tambours et les hautbois vinrent à son réveil sous sa fenêtre, et il ne parut point importuné de tout le bruit, il voulut même que les vingt-quatre violons jouassent dans son antichambre durant son diner; il travailla avec ses ministres. Il vit madame de Maintenon et les dames jusqu'à sept heures; mais les douleurs augmentant, et quelques mouvements de convulsions ayant paru, il demanda le Viatique, que M. le cardinal de Rohan lui porta, et il reçut ensuite l'Extrême-Onction avec autant de fermeté que de piété. Après avoir reçu ses sacrements, il envoya querir M. le duc d'Orléans, lui parla long-temps avec beaucoup d'estime et d'amitié.

"Lundi 26.—Le Roi passa la nuit assez doucement; il entendit la messe dans son lit, permit aux courtisans qui ont les entrées de le voir diner.

"Il parla aux cardinaux de Rohan et de Bissi sur l'état où il laissait les affaires de l'Eglise; il leur déclara qu'il vouloit mourir comme il avoit vécu, dans la religion apostolique et romaine, et

qu'il

qu'il aimeroit mieux perdre mille vies que d'avoir d'autres sentimens. Ce discours dura long temps, et le Roi le fit dans des termes si nobles et si touchants, et avec tant de force, quoiqu'il soit déjà très-mal, qu'il étoit aisé de connoître qu'il étoit pénétré de ce qu'il disoit, et des paroles générales qu'il a adressées aux personnes qui étoient présentes ; aussi fit-il fondre en larmes tous ceux qu'il l'entendirent. Voici mot pour mot ce qu'il a dit aux courtisans : ' Messieurs, je vous demande pardon des mauvais exemples que je vous ai donnés, j'ai bien à vous remercier de la manière dont vous m'avez sous servi, de l'attachement et de la fidélité que vous m'avez toujours marqués. Je suis bien fâché de n'avoir pas fait pour vous ce que j'aurois voulu faire ; les mauvais temps en sont cause. Je vous demande pour mon petit fils la même application et la même fidélité que vous avez eues pour moi ; c'est un enfant qui pourra essuyer bien des traverses ; que votre exemple en soit un pour tous mes autres sujets. Suivez les ordres que mon neveu vous donnera ; il va gouverner le royaume, j'espère qu'il le fera bien ; j'espère aussi que vous contribuerez tous à l'union, et que, si quelqu'un s'en écartoit, vous aideriez à le ramener. Je sens que je m'attendris et que je vous attendris aussi, je vous en demande pardon. Adieu, Messieurs, je compte que vous vous souviendrez quelquefois de moi.' Il a parlé au maréchal de Villeroy en particulier, et lui dit : ' M. le Maréchal, je vous donne une nouvelle marque de ma confiance en mourant, je vous fais gouverneur du Dauphin, qui est l'emploi le plus important que je puisse donner. Vous saurez, par ce qui est dans mon testament, ce que vous devez faire à l'égard de M. le duc du Maine. Je ne doute pas que vous me serviez après ma mort avec la même fidélité que vous l'avez fait pendant ma vie ; j'espère que mon neveu vivra avec vous avec la considération et la confiance qu'il doit avoir pour un homme que j'ai toujours aimé. Adieu M. le Maréchal, j'espère que vous vous souviendrez de moi.'

" *Mardi 27.*—Le Roi fit venir M. le Chancelier sur les deux heures, et lui fit ouvrir des cassettes pleines de papiers, dont il fit brûler une partie, et lui donna ses ordres sur ce qu'il vouloit faire des autres. Il fit encore revenir M. le Chancelier sur les six heures, et le reste de la journée madame de Maintenon, qui y avoit toujours été pendant que le Chancelier y étoit, demeura seule avec lui, et elle faisoit entrer de temps en temps le père Le Tellier, qui y avoit été tout le matin ; et depuis sa confession, il ne passa pas une heure sans parler de piété, ou à son confesseur, ou à madame de Maintenon, qui, malgré sa douleur de l'état où elle voyoit le Roi, n'a été occupée que de sa conscience. Il avoit entendu la messe à midi, et avoit ordonné qu'il n'y eût que le grand-aumônier et deux aumôniers de quartier qui entrassent dans la chambre ; nous étions dans le grand cabinet, où étoit l'autel, qu'il voyoit de son lit.

" Sur le soir, il fit appeler, par le père Le Tellier, M. de Pontchartrain, et lui dit : ' Dès que j'esrai mort, vous expédierez un
ordre

ordre pour faire porter mon cœur à la maison professe des Jésuites, et l'y faire placer de la même manière que celui du feu Roi mon père.' Il donna cet ordre avec une tranquillité parfaite. Il avoit ordonné dès avant-hier que l'on menât le Dauphin à Vincennes, dès qu'il seroit expiré. Il s'est souvenu ce soir que Cavoye, grand-marchal des logis, n'avoit jamais fait la distribution des logements dans ce château, où il y a cinquante ans que la cour n'a logé ; il ordonna qu'on allât, dans une cassette qu'il a indiquée, prendre le plan de ce château, qu'on porteroit ce plan à Cavoye, pour lui faciliter cette distribution de logement qu'il y doit faire. Il dit le soir à madame de Maintenon : ' J'avois toujours ouï dire qu'il étoit difficile de se résoudre à la mort ; pour moi qui suis sur le point de ce moment si redoutable aux hommes, je ne trouve pas que cette résolution soit si pénible à prendre.' Madame de Maintenon lui dit : ' Cette résolution est difficile quand on a un attachement désordonné pour les créatures, quand on a de la haine dans le cœur, des restitutions à faire.'—' Ah ! pour des restitutions à faire,' dit le Roi, ' je n'en dois à personne comme particulier ; mais pour celles que je dois au royaume, j'espère en la miséricorde de Dieu.' Cette pensée parut le troubler ; cette nuit-là, il fut fort agité : à tout moment, on le voyoit joindre les mains et prier Dieu. Il disoit toutes les prières dans son lit qu'il disoit d'ordinaire quand il étoit en santé, frappant sa poitrine au *Confiteor*.

" *Mercredi 28.*—Sur les sept heures du matin le Roi fit appeler le père Le Tellier, et pendant qu'il parloit de Dieu avec lui, il aperçut dans le miroir deux garçons de la chambre qui pleuroient au pied de son lit, il leur dit : ' Pourquoi pleurez-vous ? Est-ce que vous m'avez cru immortel ? Pour moi, je n'ai point cru l'être, et vous avez dû, dans l'âge où je suis, vous préparer à me perdre.'

" On lui a donné un remède d'un empirique, dont on n'espère pas grand'chose. Madame de Maintenon alla coucher le soir à Saint-Cyr. On lui avoit proposé un bouillon le matin : ' Il ne faut pas,' dit-il, ' me parler comme à un autre homme présentement ; ce n'est pas un bouillon qu'il me faut ; qu'on appelle mon confesseur.'

" Sur le soir, il a perdu la connoissance pour quelque temps : dès qu'elle lui fut revenue, il dit au père Le Tellier ; ' Donnez-moi encore une absolution générale de tous mes péchés.' Son confesseur lui demanda s'il souffroit encore beaucoup ? ' Non,' dit-il ' c'est ce qui m'inquiète ; je voudrois souffrir davantage pour l'expiation de mes péchés.'

" *Dimanche, 1 Septembre.*—Le Roi mourut le matin à huit heures et un quart." Tome III. P. 109.

We shall here close our extracts ; those which we have selected, must not be regarded as specimens of the general contents of the volume ; for they were chosen, as being almost the only passages, that admitted of quotation ; except indeed it had been our object, to instance the general frivolousness of the details, of which

which our author's diary consists. Those who may have patience sufficient to read the work consecutively through, will perhaps derive a tolerably full, though rather a favourable impression of the character of Louis the fourteenth; and so far as this is a subject of historical interest, the volumes before us are perhaps not altogether deficient in value; but the character of Louis may be easily learned from other sources, without the penance of wading through, such a mass of dull and unimportant matter, as constitute by much the greater portion of these "Mémoires." The history of that monarch is interesting, not on account of the greatness of his personal qualities, but of the many important events which happened during his reign, and of the many splendid names by which it was illustrated. With respect to these last, the *Mémoires* before us are very nearly silent; and even with respect to the personal character of Louis, they present us with a picture of the monarch, not in his dishabille, but in his full-bottomed wig and sword; and show him, as he appeared among his courtiers, rather than as he was in himself: whether this be a sort of knowledge worth the trouble of acquiring, our readers must determine for themselves; those who are of that opinion will probably derive some entertainment from the volumes, but we do not imagine that the number of such persons can be considerable.

ART. VIII. *Annals of the Coinage of Britain, and its Dependencies, from the earliest Period of authentic History to the End of the fiftieth Year of his present Majesty, George III. By the Rev. Rogers Ruding, B.D. Vicar of Maldon, in Surrey, F.S.A. and H.M.A.S. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.* 4 vols. 4to. Nichols and Son. 1817.

THIS elaborate work commences with an introductory discourse, which contains much minute information relating to mint affairs; a previous acquaintance with which is necessary for understanding the annals that immediately follow.

In them the author has traced, from documents of the highest authority, viz. the Patent and Clause Rolls, Statutes, Proclamations, &c. &c. &c. the progress of coinage, from a very early period, down to the end of the fiftieth year of his present Majesty; and from the facts which they contain he has drawn the following conclusions:

That it is impolitic to make bullion and money of equal value, because the worth of money must, of necessity, be fixed, whilst

whilst that of bullion will ever be variable in the market, and will consequently cause the destruction of the coins, whenever the price of the metal contained in them, exceeds the rate at which they are made current.

That the experience of past ages has proved the inefficacy of penal statutes, to prevent either the counterfeiting or the destruction of the money, because the imitation of the workmanship is within the reach of almost every artist, and because the melting of the coins is a crime, in its nature, difficult of detection.

To place the coinage upon a more secure foundation than that on which it at present rests, the author proposes, that the coins shall be reduced in weight below the highest price to which bullion will probably attain, for that alone can prevent the melting down of the money. This diminution of intrinsic value he proposes to compensate by workmanship of the highest excellence, which will place the possibility of imitation far beyond the skill of inferior artists, who are now the counterfeiters, and confine it to men who are not, from their situation and circumstances, liable to be tempted to the crime. The security which this will give to the public against the circulation of base coins, will, in his opinion, be of much higher value than the quantity which will be taken from the intrinsic worth of the money.

We do not think ourselves competent to form a decided opinion upon the subject, but we consider the experiment as being well worth the trial; for we can call to mind two instances only where super-excellent skill has been applied to the workmanship of our coins, namely, during those periods when Simon and Croker were engravers to the mint; and we do believe that counterfeiters of their works, if any ever existed, are of extreme rarity indeed. Besides this, we fear that Mr. Ruding's opinion is, at this moment, receiving unanswerable confirmation from the destruction of the sovereigns so lately issued upon the old principle.

If this be fact, it most forcibly impresses upon our minds the absolute necessity of a change of system in the conduct of our coinage.

Whilst the work now before us affords, in its proposal of a new theory of coinage, ample materials for consideration to the political economist, it will gratify also the antiquary and the moneyer, by the perusal of the annals, which contain, in a regular series, many most striking facts relating to the mint; and the introduction, together with the accounts of the various mints, will furnish a minute detail of the manner in which the coinage has been, and now is, conducted.

The plates of coins, amounting in number to 113, the lists of mints and moneyers, and the large map, which points out the numerous

numerous places where money was coined in former times, will be found of considerable use to the collector of the British series.

In a work of this magnitude errors must be unavoidable. Those which the author was able to discover he has candidly pointed out; and we trust that his labour, and the hope which he expresses, will not be in vain, but that his suggestions will induce an investigation into, and a consequent improvement of the principles of our national coinage.

We consider this investigation to be of such high importance, that we cannot but regret that the perusal of these volumes must, from the form in which they are printed, be confined to a small number of readers; and we take the liberty to recommend to the author, as we understand that this impression is almost entirely disposed of, to give a new edition, in octavo, in order that it may be circulated as widely as possible, for the purpose of urging on the discussion of a subject hitherto so much neglected.

ART. IX. *A Series of Sermons on various Subjects of Doctrine and Practice. By the Rev. George Mathew, A.M. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Bristol, alternate Morning Preacher at the Parish Church of St. James, Westminster, alternate Evening Preacher at the Magdalen Hospital, and Vicar of Greenwich. 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Rivingtons. 1817.*

AMONG the many evils, to which the lamentable deficiency of Churches in the western part of the metropolis has given birth, not the least formidable, are those which have arisen from the growth and prevalence of *Chapel Theology*. If the balance were to be struck, between the injuries, or the benefits, which have resulted to the cause of true religion, from the adoption of these anomalous places of worship, we could with difficulty say, upon which side would be the preponderance. By the accommodation indeed which they have afforded, the service of the Church has been secured to the rich, but to the poor they have added no facilities*, they have extended no relief. But not only

* We should say, that in all the chapels of Marybonne parish, two only excepted, by the exertions of the vestry, and the permission of the proprietors, service is performed for the benefit of the poor, on every Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

is this exclusion of the lower orders an evil in itself, but it is an evil, as considered with reference to the religious interests of the higher. All exclusionary systems in religion are bad: by the operation of the one before us, the fervent, yet orderly, simplicity of parochial worship, has been abandoned, and in its stead has been introduced a lifeless and theatrical imitation of reality. The forms indeed may be the same, but the spirit is so different, that no one could for a moment mistake a chapel audience for a parochial congregation. Even though no external indecorum should offend the eye, all is languid, cold, and heartless. The full harmony, aye, or the full discord, of a parochial response, imparts to our minds a sensation far more grateful than the chilling silence of a west-end chapel. Such is the apathy and inattention displayed throughout the service, that the liturgy of the Church of England becomes like the Romish mass: a ceremony of no concern to the congregation, but a private matter between the minister and the clerk. To say nothing of the theatrical *capricios*, which have usurped the place of our ancient psalmody, we shall proceed to the pulpit. However lamentable the consequences arising from popular suffrage may be, the result of private selection, conducted, as it generally must be, in a west end chapel, is even still more injurious. When the multitude choose their preacher, their choice will be directed by caprice; but where the appointment rests in the breast of the proprietors, it must naturally be influenced by the most immediate interest; and the object of their consideration will be, not piety, but the pocket. A man, who would preach like Tillotson, must make way for a man who preaches like Kemble. "The chapel patrons give the chapel laws." A man must be selected, who will fill the pews as well as the pulpit; who is not to instruct, but to *interest* the audience. We will pass over the indignities which, in the course of such a selection, must be passed upon a Christian minister, and hasten to the consequences. The appointment is made: a graceful figure—a moving manner—pathetic cadences—animated style, carry the day. The chapel fills, the tone of the audience is soon caught by the performer, and the two strings vibrate in perfect harmony. His sermons are a theme of universal approbation, and the preacher himself is too often delivered over a willing victim to all the reprobacy of vanity, and the intoxication of popular applause.

Now throughout this process, it will appear, that the audience is, in fact, the model to which the preacher is to assimilate himself. He is selected, because it is known that he will please his hearers, and, when he loses this power, he will in all probability lose his place; for, it is to be remembered, that while the law protects the curate, it abandons the chapel preacher to his fate; nor

nor could it do otherwise, when the very fabric in which he performs may to-morrow be converted, at the caprice of its proprietor, into a minor theatre, or a methodist meeting. Be this as it may, the very audience before he appears, is of such a nature, as to ruin the mind of a weak theologian, and to perplex that of a strong one. With the exception of a few, who may have been better instructed, a fashionable audience, both from education and from habit, may be fairly supposed to be radically ignorant of the first principles of their religion. They may have a sort of general notion of a Deity, and a few floating ideas of a Saviour, and then they call themselves Christians. They come to chapel as to a sort of interlude between the Opera of the preceding night, and the Park of the succeeding hour. The prayers are heard with decent inattention, the sermon alone having seasoning sufficient to rouse the appetite of fashionable indifference. Now this aforesaid sermon must be of a peculiar texture. It must not be fanatical; for to fanatics, of every description, a fashionable audience is a decided enemy. A conscience, which can scarcely endure the probe, will shrink with alarm from the rude and lacerating hand of the fanatic, especially when it feels that proselytism, not penitence, is the object of the operation. Nor has sound and substantial orthodoxy a much greater charm for the appetite, than the vinegar of enthusiasm. Upon those, who are unacquainted with the first element, perhaps even with the first terms of an art, a scientific lecture, however clear in itself, or convincing in its argument, must be wholly lost. To speak of the graces, the assistances, the consolations of the Holy Spirit, before those, who like the Ephesians of old, have not so much as heard whether there be an Holy Ghost, is a vain and fruitless labour. Thus, therefore, to the expositions of the sound and able theologian, are the west-end pulpits impenetrably closed. To please his audience then, a preacher must not be learned, else they will grumble; he must not be dull, else they will doze; he must not be fanatical, else they will disappear. He must plead to the passions, he must interest the feelings, he must vibrate with the nerves of his congregation. It is really surprising with what applause, a Hamlet-like invective against the vices of the age, will be received by those who are turned round their very vortex; and with how much readiness those will melt into tears, on pathetic representations of fictitious anguish, who close their eyes, with the coldest determination, against the slightest approximation of real misery. Sighs and sobs are given to the preacher and to Miss O'Neill, upon principles precisely the same, excepting that the latter, as she has the larger, so has she the more lasting share of the affections. Thus it is, that the pulpit and the stage are but different branches of the same art,

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the end and the means being in both cases pretty much alike. The only distinction between them seems to be, that while the player makes fiction appear like reality, the popular preacher contrives to make reality appear like fiction.

We cannot be supposed to include, within our censure, the whole body of west-end preachers; there are some whom we would entirely except; there are many, who had they commenced their career under a better order of things, would have proved themselves as useful in their public exertions, as they are now respectable in their private characters. It is in the hope that a remedy may be rapidly and generally applied, that we are induced to advert to the disease; for a disease it is, and one of a dangerous and fatal character. In all religious matters, especially among the higher orders, ignorance and indifference go hand in hand. To the dissipated, to the gay, to the occupied, religion wears a gloomy and an uninviting aspect; nor will it ever be admitted as a permanent principle of action, till it is admitted upon deliberation and conviction. To effect any lasting change upon the hearts of a fashionable audience, we want not an orator, but an instructor. If the Scriptures came from God, so did each particular doctrine which they contain; nor can any one of these be omitted, without imminent peril to the remainder. It will be the duty then of the Christian preacher, to mark out every leading feature of the Christian dispensation; to acquaint his audience with its importance as a part, and to trace its connection with the whole; and this not in a shallow, shuffling, and superficial, but in a sedate, solid manner. He will be careful, at the same time, to avoid all tedious and scholastic technicality; he will consider himself as addressing children the lowest in rank, and the youngest in age; as he would instruct *them* in all the leading truths of Christianity, so must he instruct a fashionable audience. From such a style of preaching, we would exclude neither elegance nor affection: let it only be remembered that, ornament is the most graceful, when it is most subservient to simplicity; and that eloquence is the most effective, when it rises out of the soundest sense. But in the Gospel dispensation, doctrines and duties go hand in hand; so while the preacher inculcates the former, he will be the better enabled to enforce the latter: nor is there any other ground upon which, even as a moral instructor, he can take his stand. Cutting invectives, philosophic essays, pathetic appeals, are but vain and empty shadows; Christian motives, are the only foundation, upon which he can raise the fabric of Christian obedience. We might be tempted also to hint, that he who would instruct others, must be instructed himself; and that the more ignorant his audience may be, the better must he be acquainted with his subject, to approximate

mate it to their minds. To awaken the indifferent, to inform the ignorant, is a task, which requires all the labour, all the judgment, all the reflection, that any Christian minister can bring to its performance. And if to the preacher, in whom these qualities are united, the audience of a west-end chapel could be delivered, we should entertain a sanguine hope, that, by the blessing of God, they might soon be brought to the knowledge of Christian faith, and to the practice of Christian duty. But to give these, or any other instructions, their desired effect, they must assume a parochial form; as there must be *one* design, so there must be *one*, to whom its execution is entrusted; no theatrical varieties, no pompous alternations, which are calculated only to distract the attention of the pious, and to pamper the fancies of the capricious.

From what we have already said, and from much more that might be added upon the same subject, it will be seen, not only how great is the evil of which we complain, but how difficult will it be among our present preachers, to find those who are able to apply the remedy. As we have been led into these observations from taking up the volumes of one of the most popular theologians of the day, we shall naturally be called upon to decide, whether in the sermons of Mr. Mathew, we discover the excellencies which we require, or the deficiencies of which we complain; or, in other words, to determine whether Mr. Mathew be a popular preacher, or whether he deserves a more honourable title. Never indeed was a more perplexing task imposed upon our judgment, nor were we ever called upon to decide on such opposite and contradictory evidence. At one time we discover in Mr. Mathew all that can instruct the ignorant, confirm the wavering, or alarm the vicious. We find all that scriptural simplicity, that affectionate sincerity, and that well digested argument, which would arise from a careful study both of his subject, and of the peculiar habits of those, whom it was his duty to address. At another time all is vague, all is general, and in one word, all is *popular*. It is with real pain that we animadvert upon the failings of one, who has such claims to our approbation; but the very excellencies with which they are surrounded, places them in a point of view too prominent to be neglected. The inequalities which we find in the volumes of Mr. Mathew are not of the same nature with those, to which writers are generally subject; they are such as ought to have been avoided for the past; they are such as, we trust, will be corrected for the future.

The first volume contains twenty sermons. The first is upon *the State of Man in Consequence of the Fall*, and is not without merit, excepting that the practical exhortation at the conclusion, would be equally well adapted to any other text or any other

subject. The second is on *the State of Man in Consequence of Redemption*, and as far as it goes is an useful discourse. Of the third, on *the Necessity of the Spirit of Christ for a Christian's Salvation*, we can say but little. From the fourth, however, on *the Growth of Grace*, we willingly extract the following very useful passage.

“ A second proof of our advancement in grace I consider to be, an *abjuration of our favourite sin*.

“ Without any morose reflection on the character of man, we may say with truth that there is no one, whom some sin does not too ‘easily beset.’ Call it by whatever lighter name you will, his error, his foible, or his folly, still that there is, perhaps, no character, in which something will not be found, which you will wish had not existed: something, if not actually enough to endanger his salvation, yet enough to cause a gloomy reflection on the imperfect character of frail mortality. Men are willing to compromise the concerns of heaven and earth; and (as has been well said) ‘in settling their portion of duty with heaven, like the simple Assyrian, who, when he accompanied his master to the service of his God, begged that he might be permitted to bow the knee to Rimmon, they reserve an indulgence for their favourite weakness; and reserve it frequently without the Assyrian’s modesty, or so much as saying, Lord, pardon thy servant in this thing.’ But, if we hope for the Spirit of grace to work in us, we must be fellow-workers with it. If we suffer any root of bitterness to spring up within; ‘if he, who prays all day, is intemperate at night; if he, whose employments are serious, makes his recreations sinful,’ if he, who preserves his chastity, forgets his charity; or he, who preserves his charity, forgets his chastity; he cannot be said to belong to God. The Spirit of grace has made but small advances on his soul. Where It works, no sin, either from its singleness, or its smallness, is deemed contemptible. If it be single, It reminds the soul, that ‘he, who offendeth in one point, is guilty of the whole law;’ if it be small, It reminds it, that the sin was the more without excuse; that the temptation was trivial, and resistance easy. When, therefore, the soul becomes sensible of every deviation from virtue; ‘when an idle word is irksome, and a wandering thought puts the whole spirit on its guard, and too free an indulgence is followed with mournful reflections and holy prayer;’ then it is that the work of grace is well advancing; the soul, under its influence, rises with increasing vigour; it disdains the chains that had lately bound it; and, having begun a good work in Christ, will not lose its labours: it trembles at a relapse with a fear as great as its hopes of heaven are; and remembers, to strengthen every holy purpose, that the indulgence of small sins does but unnerve the soul; that they ‘begin in infirmity, proceed in folly, and may end in death.’ ” Vol. I. p. 62.

The three next are upon the Transfiguration. After which follows a series of six, addressed to the Deist. This is a very important

important subject, especially when we consider the class of persons before whom these Sermons were delivered. The first of these upon the supposed unsatisfactoriness of a Christian life, is useful and instructive. In the second, Mr. Mathew has chosen his ground admirably, "The character of man comprehensible, only through the doctrines of the Scripture," aided by a well selected text from Rev. iii. 17. raised our expectations to a very considerable height; but we were sorry to find that after all his promises, Mr. Mathew giving us a very rambling and unsatisfactory discourse. All the deficiencies, however, of the former discourses are fully made up, by the excellencies of the third, "*True belief in God, necessarily leads to belief in Christ.*" This is a remarkable specimen of neat and perspicuous argument, and contains so much valuable matter, arranged with such clearness, and enforced with such ability, that Mr. Mathew might rest his claims to public gratitude upon this single production. We wish, indeed, that, with a few alterations, it could be published as a single tract. After this testimony of our merited approbation, our readers will expect a long specimen of its powers.

"I. You profess to believe in a God. It is scarcely possible for you, if you use your reason, not to believe in one. But we are to understand, moreover, if I mistake not, that you mean by God, *the God whom we Christians adore.* That you believe him to be an eternal, spiritual, Being; infinite in wisdom, in justice, and in mercy; omniscient and omnipresent; the moral governor of this world. This I understand to be the creed of those, who are yet unwilling to acknowledge the necessity, or the truth, of a revelation through Jesus Christ.

"On this ground, then, let us meet them.

"The first question I would ask you, is, how came you by this knowledge? You say, it was not from the Scriptures. Was it then from other books? Where are they to be found? We will venture to assert, without any fear of refutation, that in no one book in all the world, except the Bible, nor in all the books in all the world together, *where the Bible has not been directly or indirectly known,* is any idea of such a God, as the God of the Christians, the God whom you acknowledge, to be found. You then will say, perhaps, that your notion of such a Being is natural to you. But, if it be natural to you, how came it not to be so to others? Human nature is the same in all ages. How comes it that among even the wisest men of old, no such satisfactory belief of a Deity was ever known? What should make you think yourself superior to all the wisdom of the ages that are gone? We have records enough of their great intellectual powers. I mean not to under-rate your faculties. I would have you bless God, and acknowledge your talent to the utmost. But I must warn *you* not to over-rate it, when self-exalta-

tion would make you magnify yourself against your God. If salvation be of consequence, think seriously what is the truth and the fact. You believe that your perfect ideas of a perfect God are natural. Now there never was a moment in your life, when your natural faculties were left to themselves, to frame out such belief. There has never been a moment in your life, (from the time that you had the power of reasoning) when you were not generally acquainted with the Christian's creed. If your education was well attended to, you were taught the belief of such a God, to whatever sect of Christians you belong, from your earliest years. If your education was neglected, still, whenever you heard of religion or a God at all, it was always of the God of the Christians. You might read, perhaps, of the superstitions of old; and you might see their folly: but you had always by you a *previous knowledge of our God*; and in comparing him with the false gods of the heathen, you wisely, (and indeed so far *naturally*, as reason is part of your nature) saw the excellence of the one above the other. If, again, you never read of *others*, yet whenever you heard of *our God*, you instantly saw the full accordance of such belief with your soundest reason, and therefore instantly acquiesced. But it is surely one thing to see the excellence of a discovery, and another to make that discovery. You acknowledge the accuracy of the present doctrines concerning the motion of the earth, and the planets: but do you say that you could have discovered it? What is most plain, when it is pointed out, is not always most self-evident. Many ages elapsed before the disclosure of that planetary system, which you now think so satisfactory, and so easy. The truth, (and a very important truth it is for your consideration) certainly is, that, had you lived in any country where the Bible was unknown, you would have remained in all that ignorance of the God of heaven, in which the wisest of the heathens lay for ages, and in which thousands and millions are now yet lying. It is an evil eye, that turns from the hand, which gave it sight. The fact assuredly is this, that the Scriptures (although not searched into by yourself) are the real and only fountain, from which your belief of a God has been drawn. And the direct inference is this,—an obligation to believe in Jesus Christ. Because *the very same authority, which reveals the knowledge of the one, proclaims the divinity of the mission of the other*. Both are subjects of the same revelation. And you have deceived yourself by a fanciful pride in your own intellectual powers; while your belief of such a God is not the natural result of your own unassisted faculties, but only a *choice of what you would accept* out of different matters revealed. The same authority, which declares the Lord our God to be one Lord, declares also that no man knoweth the Father, save the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him. The same authority, which proclaims that God will reward them that diligently seek him, proclaims also that there is none other name by which we can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.—To revelation alone you are indebted for your knowledge of the one: in revelation therefore you

you are bound to believe in its declaration on the other. 'If ye believe in God, believe also in me.' " Vol. I. p. 149.

It is difficult to quit a subject treated in so simple, yet so convincing a style. Mr. Mathew has been eminently successful in reducing Butler to the level of the meanest capacity, and in giving a luminous and neat *precis* of his principal arguments. Previous, however, to another edition, we would have him re-examine his argument in favour of the death of an innocent Saviour for a guilty world, drawn from the analogy of nature, in the death of innocent animals for our daily food. Mr. Mathew should remember that the death of these animals is not in any respect *penal*, as was the death of the Saviour, therefore the Analogy does not hold good. Butler in the second part of his analogy, CV. has put the question upon much better grounds, by referring the Deist to the general government of divine Providence, under which instances of the innocent suffering for the guilty daily occur.

Among the remaining sermons upon this subject, the last holds a distinguished place; it brings all the high doctrines and consolations of the Gospel to bear upon Christian obedience; it cannot be read without interest; it could not have been heard without edification.

A very scriptural, we would almost say, an awful discourse succeeds, *On the Delay of God in the Punishment of Sin*. As the argument in the following passage is placed in a very convincing, perhaps even in a new point of view, we shall extract it with pleasure.

" This delay of punishment is infinitely more conformable with the Majesty of God, than instant and separate vengeance on every separate sin could be. This would appear as if the Almighty distrusted his own power to keep the world in order; as if he feared the existence of sinners on the earth. It might perhaps lessen the quantity of sin; but it would take from the genuineness of virtue. Men would abstain from evil, not from the love of good, not from faith and reverence of a holy, just, and gracious God, but from the slavish fear of a merciless Power. It would be incompatible with the general constitution of the world. Man is not placed here, an isolated, independent being. He is connected, in a thousand ways, with beings like himself around him: and the punishment of each individual sinner here (*since death is the scriptural punishment of sin*) would be bringing endless confusion, and endless sorrows, into all the relations of human life. A bad root may be spared for a goodly branch that may spring from it; and an evil parent for the support of a virtuous son. God, moreover, in permitting the existence of sinners, suffers not their sin to be uncontrouled. He keeps them in this world, to answer some
great

great purpose of his own: and, since they will not be virtuous for their own salvation, He, as the Almighty guardian of the moral world, directs their vices to the salvation of others. You must be utterly unacquainted with all that has ever passed in the world, if you have seen none of the numberless instances, in which God has made use of wicked men to fulfil the purposes of his Providence. The acts of his Providence are full of them. It may be asked why he used not other means: why not go the direct way of producing good ends by plain means. Why God in his infinite wisdom has not acted otherwise, is scarcely a question for sinful man to ask. But why he has acted thus, one great and awakening reason may be given. It raises to the highest pitch the power and dignity of the Almighty, and exposes to the lowest degree the folly and impotence of sin. For what can be so awfully humbling to the sinner's soul, as to know that his existence has been purposely permitted or prolonged, to shew forth the power, and advance the honour, of that God, whom he was affecting to disbelieve or defy? Finally, the immediate execution of divine wrath on sin, would be entirely inconsistent with that account of the world, which the Gospel has revealed to us. The world is there expressly represented as a state of trial, not of retribution. We are directly forbidden to look for recompence here. We are desired to expect an appearance of like events to the evil and to the good: and, although furnished with abundance of examples to convince us that God has not forgotten this world, yet to look for that day, when the small and great shall appear at his judgment-seat; when this world shall have passed away, and heaven and hell be opened.' Vol. I. p. 229.

The next sermon, worthy of our notice, describes the *Progress and Slavery of the Soul in Sin*. We wish that this sermon could be preached, at least, once a year to every school and seminary for the young, throughout the kingdom. It traces the labyrinth of the human heart, and unfolds all the mysteries of temptation. The following representation of the danger of the *first sin* cannot be too often inculcated.

“ In yielding to the first temptation, and committing the first sin, you have made an acknowledgment of a principle, which, above all others, the evil one is anxious to draw from you, and which is at the foundation of every vice whatever. You have acknowledged that the great God, your eternal and almighty Father, *may be disobeyed!* Grant me this, says the tempter, and I ask no more; henceforth you are mine. He well knows that no one becomes utterly sinful at once, and that the solicitation to any flagrant vice would be resisted. He therefore attacks the heart and its principles; draws from it concessions in matters of, apparently, no great heinousness, and thereby gets it on his side. And the great mischief of this concession lies here, viz. that it is deliberate:—

For

For I talk not now of casual surprizes into sin ;—of those, we trust that a gracious God will not take a severe account:—But in the cases which I mean, it is no surprize into sin, no casual concession. Temptations, even to small sins, are generally resisted at first. Education, a natural sense of shame, youthful timidity, and some religious fear of God, will act as restraints : these, however, are gradually overcome : and the fatal mischief, as I said, of the first concession is, *that it is made, after all these misgivings of conscience, all these scruples, all that professed fear of heaven.* It is, therefore, wilful : and you have deliberately, and after long and importunate remonstrances of conscience, you have deliberately given up to the tempter the great principle, that the authority of God is not always to be implicitly submitted to ! After this, there is no sin, which you *may not be led to commit.* I do not say that there is none, to which you *will not be led.* God forbid that any one should be so abandoned ! But there is no temptation, to which your passions are inclined, which may not attack you with hope of success. The passions of different men are inclined different ways : and you, who, having renounced the fear of God, have yielded to one temptation, would have equally yielded to one of another kind, if it had accorded with your situation, your habits, or desires. The reverence of the Almighty being removed, the check, that will henceforth operate, will be only the fear of shame among men. Vice will be indulged in secret. You may fear detection, lest it *should* come ; and feel vexation when it *does.* But there is great danger that it will be no godly sorrow. Sin will not be hated. You will dwell with too much complacency on the scenes that are gone. You will find a thousand palliations for the error, as you call it, into which you have fallen. Your heart will be on the side of sin : and, in the strong language of Scripture, you have ‘GIVEN PLACE TO THE DEVIL !’” Vol. I. p. 279.

The sermon which follows, upon the *Advancement and Freedom of the Soul under the Spirit of Grace*, is, with the exception of a few passages, much too vague and general to challenge our admiration. This, however, we shall willingly reserve for the three concluding sermons upon Suicide, which are compositions, in every respect, worthy of a Christian minister. If they were rather more compactly put together, and the unnecessary repetitions in the latter one omitted, they would form the best preservative in our language against that most dreadful of all human ills. Their peculiar merit consists in meeting the evil upon Christian grounds ; and upon meeting it early, before a melancholy and growing despair shall have begun to form itself into crime.

The second volume commences with two discourses on the *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*, the first of which displays not only

only an able, but an original view of the subject. We do not remember to have seen the institution of the Holy Communion, considered as an evidence of the divine mission of our Lord, or urged, as a proof of the truth of Christianity and of its doctrines. As this part of the sermon is a remarkable one, we shall present it to our readers.

“ Memorials of great and signal events are usually raised *after* the events. It was peculiar to the great event of the death of Christ, and to God's delivery of Israel from Egypt, (the type of man's deliverance from death by Jesus Christ) to institute the memorial *before* the event. The Passover, in the latter case, was ordained the evening *before* the Israelites' marvellous delivery from bondage; and the corresponding feast of the Lord's Supper, the evening *before* man's deliverance from death by Christ.—Mark here, with peculiar attention, the manner in which our Saviour foretold, and prepared his disciples for, this great event. He had already told them, that the Son of Man was going to be betrayed into the hands of men; that he should be crucified and slain. He knew expressly what death he should die. He described his death in the institution of the Sacrament. He represented his body broken, and his blood poured out; He described it, as if it had been already accomplished.—Ask yourself, then, how He knew so accurately all that was to befall him. He knew, indeed, the malice of his enemies, and might naturally believe that he would be seized or slain: but whence gained He the assurance that it would be that very night? How knew he that all things, which were written concerning the Son of Man, were then to be accomplished? Nothing then occurred, that had not often been seen before by him, with respect to his enemies: He knew their enmity long before: nevertheless, ‘He was daily with them in the Temple, yet he feared not that they should lay their hands upon Him.’ Whence, then, knew He that this was ‘their hour and the power of darkness?’ Alarm may raise in the imagination various terrors: but the imagination, under such circumstances, is, for the most part, confused. In Jesus Christ all was calmness, clearness, and consistency: in his predictions he was unvaried; in his preparation, steady, holy, and resigned.

“ If, moreover, he foresaw all these dangers, whence was it, that he made no attempt to avoid them? Nothing prevented him: every thing was peaceable; he was uninterrupted, at his last Supper, with his disciples. When he went out, why did he not flee from his foes, rather than retire to prayer in the garden of Gethsemane? It was not that he had no dread of what was coming on him;—for ‘his soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death:’ his prayer to heaven was, that, if it were possible, the cup of his Father's wrath might pass from him. Yet, with all this foreknowledge of what was to befall him, with all the anguish before Him,

Him, that the severest trials could inflict with all the means of escape from the fury of his enemies,—we behold him devout and dignified, consecrating a solemn memorial of what he was to suffer, of his blood which was to be poured out, and his body to be broken on the cross.

“ 3. As a farther consideration, observe now the singular *nature* of the memorial which he instituted.

“ He had exhibited in his life ‘ the glory of the only begotten of the Father:’ He had had ‘ Heaven open,’ to pronounce him ‘ God’s beloved Son:’ He had performed miracles, ‘ which no man could do except God were with him:’ He was shortly to rise from that grave, to which he was now descending. *Here*, surely, would have been glorious subjects for monuments to record: *here* he would, we might justly think, fix the remembrance of his followers.—But Jesus thought not so.—It was to his cross, to his passion, to his death, that he desired to draw the attention of mankind. It was in the name of a *crucified* Master, that his followers were hereafter to meet. It was the *crucifixion* of the Redeemer, that the Sacrament was to perpetuate.

“ 4. Here we must advance one step farther, and consider how it came to pass, that he acted in this respect so differently from any thing connected with this world, and from the manner in which we might naturally suppose men in general would have acted.

“ Whence could he suppose that he should make the world look with any particular interest on his sufferings; much more, that he could induce it to believe them worthy of everlasting remembrance? What had he seen in human affairs, to make him imagine such a thing probable? what was there in his particular case, that should induce him to think so? If he looked to His Apostles, he could scarcely expect it from *them*; for he knew that they were timid and distrusted his power; he himself had foretold that one would betray him, another deny him, and that all ‘ would forsake him and flee.’ He could not think that his *promises* would encourage *them*; for he knew that he had promised them nothing in this world but sufferings and death. He could not believe that the *institution* itself was sufficiently interesting and attractive; for nothing was more plain, nothing less calculated to strike and engage the attention. He could not imagine that the *end* of it would encourage *them*: for what did it represent but the death of a supposed malefactor on a cross?—How, then, is it, that with all these impediments to its living in the memory of man, with every probability that they, whom he should leave behind, would soon cease to speak of him, and that his name itself would soon be forgotten, Jesus should think so differently, and so earnestly institute a commemoration of that his suffering hour.” Vol. II. p. 7.

The following is the manner in which Mr. Mathew sums up the argument

“ Consider

“ Consider, then, I intreat you, the important conclusion, which I at first directed you to expect,—viz. the remarkable proof, which this institution contains, of the truth of our religion and its doctrines. That this rite has been acknowledged and celebrated by the Christian Church, under all its changes and corruptions, from this very day back to the time of those disciples who existed with our Saviour, is sufficiently attested:—from this we draw an irrefragable evidence that Jesus Christ once existed on the earth. But, consider, whether the celebration of it would ever have continued, if, what he had predicted of himself, had not been fulfilled. He had foretold his death,—that his disciples saw accomplished. But he foretold, likewise, his rising from the dead, he spake of his ‘ ascending up where he was before,’ and promised that he would send them down the Holy Ghost to comfort them. On this depended all his confidence for the success of what he had been preaching, and for the perpetual celebration of this rite of the Holy Sacrament, which he had commanded at his death. You can scarcely conceive, that, if these important events had not taken place,—his resurrection and ascension, and his sending on his Apostles those supernatural gifts,—this Sacrament would ever have been remembered at this distant day. Scarcely would it have been celebrated even by the Apostles themselves. Their ideas were fixed on an earthly, not a spiritual, Prince; on a triumphant, not a suffering, Messiah. They had fled, and had denied him; and understood not the saying, when he spake of his rising from the dead. But, when they ‘ were witnesses of the resurrection,’ which he had predicted; when they beheld his ascension, of which he had spoken; when they received the Holy Spirit which He had promised; then, animated to ‘ do this in remembrance of Him,’ they ate the bread, and drank the cup, ‘ to shew his death:’ they went boldly forth, to bring the world to Christ: through them were formed, in the midst of persecutions, assemblies in the name of Christ: Jews and Gentiles were brought to listen to the doctrine of the Cross; and the Holy Sacrament, the grand memorial of the truth and death of Jesus, has, since, been celebrated from generation to generation.” Vol. II. p. 14.

Mr. Mathew freely acknowledges that he is indebted, for this view of the subject, to a sermon of a foreigner, whose name he has forgotten. Mr. M., however, has all the credit of having done justice to the idea, and of having worked up the argument, in an able and convincing manner. The next sermon in the volume, upon “ *Watching with Christ*,” is much too full of pathetic generalities, either to teach a congregation the duty enjoined, or to induce them to follow it. It may draw tears from a west-end audience, but they will not be tears of penitence. We do not find any thing worthy of our notice, till we come to the eleventh sermon, in which the *Sin and Unreasonableness of Complaints*

plaints against Providence, is placed in a very clear and forcible point of view. This, though exceedingly simple, is an able and well argued discourse, and must speak home to the heart of every repining sceptic, because it speaks through the medium of his understanding. The next, that we shall notice, is upon "*the Christian's Death*" being a rest from his labours. Of the first part, we cannot speak in terms of commendation, as the immediate object of the sermon is lost in a string of disjointed truisms. To the second part we shall, with much satisfaction, direct the attention of our readers, as it grapples with an evil, of all others, the most delusive, the most dangerous. Of the two extremes of fanaticism and indifference, we know not which is the most to be dreaded in the chamber of sickness, and in the hour of dissolution. Though, by different channels they will lead to the same end, to a false estimate of the state of the soul, and of its hopes of salvation. Upon the latter of these, we find in Mr. Mathew the following excellent passage.

"It is astonishing, when a revelation, such as that by Jesus Christ, has been given, to see with what cold composure many hundreds of men will raise hopes of their own, not only in neglect, but even in defiance, of its rules: and I believe that a very great portion of professing Christians, though with scarcely any more knowledge of Christ, than the general promises and general threats of his Gospel, leave this life with great complacency, with respect both to the world in which they have sojourned, and that to which they are going: and,—having heard that the death-bed of a Christian is a scene of tranquillity and peace,—because, by their own reasonings they have brought their own minds to peace, or, by driving away all reasoning, have left them in the stupified indolence of ignorance, they flatter themselves, and deceive all around them, with the expectation that they die the death of the Christian, and shall receive the Christian's reward.—I have frequently before adverted to this dangerous delusion; but I cannot advert to it too often.—There is scarcely any thing, which the human mind may not bring itself to fancy; and, taking into its assistance, what it has denominated conscience, it finds little, or no, difficulty in lulling itself to peace. The mistake and the evil lie in their misunderstanding the nature and the office of conscience. They conceive that conscience is to *tell* them what is right and wrong; and therefore, that, if that does not misgive them, all is well. But it is the province of conscience to do no such thing;—it is not to *tell you what is right or wrong*, but to *tell you whether you are acting in conformity with those rules, which you think yourself bound to believe as the proper rules of human action*. A man may, therefore, act apparently in conformity with his conscience, and yet act in a manner very unacceptable to God; because *he had not made the rules, which God prescribed, the rules, by which conscience was to approve or condemn him*; and,

and, consequently, the self-approving smile in death, the serene and tranquil end, will be no sufficient indication of the state of the soul, when it shall be disunited from the body. Yet we have seen many men of our own time, and some of them called great men too, who could meet the solemn hour of dissolution with all the apparent serenity of the Christian's hope, though even almost without the acknowledgment of that Christ, who alone brought immortality to light. May they, we most earnestly pray with Christian sincerity, may they not be deceived!—but, whilst we leave them to the mercies of their Saviour, and in that world, the mysteries of which are yet but imperfectly made known to us, it becomes us to guard you, that such flattering examples, which are so numerous around us, deceive not *you*. We have a rule of life given us positive and plain; and the part of conscience is to shew you, whether you act up to that rule or not; whether you have searched into it with the seriousness, with which you ought, and obeyed it with the fidelity, with which you could:—she is a faithful monitress, and, if once the rule of life, prescribed for your guidance, be correct, you may trust her admonitions and her praises. She will tell you, that living, as you do, under a revelation from on high, it is that revelation which you must search into and obey:—that, if you hope for the blessedness which Christ has promised, you must die in his faith, die in his fear, die in his favour. Without this preparation of heart, you may, perhaps, descend to the bed of death with confidence, but it will not be a confidence, which the Gospel warrants. You may beguile the sorrows of your weeping relatives, or embolden the presumption of the careless, by your smiles of hope; but it will be no hope, which the Gospel inspires. No angel from above brings you the glad tidings of great joy; it is no voice from heaven, that calls you blessed!" Vol. II. p. 296.

The volume concludes with five occasional sermons, of which as they have been all published before, we shall not at present speak.

That there are excellencies, and those of no ordinary nature, in the volumes before us, the passages which we have presented to our readers will abundantly testify. The reasoning powers of Mr. Mathew are strong and good; his views of human nature just and discriminating; his theological principles orthodox and scriptural. He has all the qualifications, which are necessary to instruct a fashionable audience, in the faith and in the practice of Christianity. He has the art of putting an abstract argument in a clear and simple form; he has the power of neatly overturning an infidel objection; his style is perspicuous, his language elegant, and his phraseology scriptural.

As, in many parts of these volumes, Mr. Mathew displays every excellence we could wish, we are astonished that in others, he indulges in every fault which we would deprecate and discourage.

courage. In the first place he is too fond, like many of his popular brethren, of talking about himself, and his own belief in the doctrines which he inculcates. We always take for granted that a Christian preacher is sincere, nor would any thing lead us to doubt his sincerity, excepting his too frequent professions of it.

These sort of egotisms can only tend to weaken our confidence, or at best to draw our attention from the doctrine to its preacher. Mr. Mathew is again far too fond of a sort of rambling and incoherent pathos. This, as it directs neither the understanding nor the heart of the hearer to any given point, can produce no certain effect. It is an easy matter to affect, it is an easy matter to alarm; but sighs and tears which have not reason for their foundations, will never have penitence for their end. We object also to the frequent usage of the word "*interest*;" nor is it to the word only, but to the notions which it involves, that our objections are directed. When a man is *interested* by a novel, by a history, by the circumstances of a case, he is *interested* as a superior, not an inferior: he gives a sort of patronizing attention to the object before him, and if we examine the usage of the word, now so exceedingly common, we shall find that it invariably involves a notion of superiority in the person *interested*. But without entering into the niceties of language, we cannot, with any patience, hear the day of judgment described as "*a day so interesting—yet so awful.*" p. 71. Nor again, when we are told, that "if we had not fallen we should have read the tale of the fall with a melancholy *interest*;" which assertion by the way (bating the interest of the matter,) is a figure in rhetoric called, nonsense.

Mr. Mathew must not think our censures unnecessarily harsh; for when a man can write so well, we are really angry with him, for his own sake, to see him write so ill; we have pointed out his failures, he must remember that it is to his merits that he owes the reproof. Had his merits indeed been less, his defects might have been passed over in frigid indifference. We trust that this will not be the last effort of Mr. Mathew; we hope to see him again in print, and with increased success; and happy shall we be, if any representations of ours, shall have impressed him with a just view, both of his merits and of his failures, and shall have led him to that perfection in his own peculiar line, of which he is so indisputably capable.

As it is, we consider these volumes as far superior to the works of many other popular theologians; especially to those, which by the partiality of Northern criticism, have been poured down upon this nation. We recommend the Sermons of Mr. Mathew to the attention of all, and, in a particular manner, to that of the higher ranks of society. For such they were originally composed,

composed, and to such, they will prove a source of much instruction and utility. Few will close these volumes, without rising from their perusal, better Christians and better men.

ART. X. *Paris in 1815; a Poem.* 8vo. 100 pp. 5s. 6d. Murray. 1817.

NOBODY, more than ourselves, can enter into the spirit of that old English feeling, which by teaching us to regard the institutions and customs of our own country, as the criterion of all our opinions respecting the customs and institutions of every other, very naturally creates a most cordial disesteem for every thing foreign, and more especially, for every thing *French*. Philosophers, and those wise people who treat all prejudices, indiscriminately, with contempt, may perhaps think, that this is a feeling very unworthy the gravity with which we think upon most subjects; but no matter; we contend, that the feeling is a good feeling, and though it be not quite so conformable to truth in some cases as might perhaps be wished, yet it is not so far removed from it, as the opposite way of thinking. At all events, it is the foundation of many useful and valuable qualities in our national character, and were it only on account of its great antiquity, deserves to be treated with respect. To hate the French, as the honest soldier in one of Goldsmith's Essays did, merely "because they eat frogs and wear wooden shoes," is to be sure not a very produceable reason; but we think it quite as profound, as some of those, which we have heard adduced for the admiration felt for them, by many in the present day.

Having said this, we imagine our readers will acquit us, of having had any prepossessions to overcome, in order to enter fairly into the merits of the poem before us; for in dislike to *cooked frogs and wooden shoes*, our author's feelings are in every respect exemplary; he hates the French for every thing, and in every possible way, just as we do, and as every true Englishman, who loves his country, should do. But—shall we say it?—there is a certain degree of moderation to be observed, even in our contempt for the French; and to stamp and rave, at the cruelty, and profligacy, and treachery, and vulgarity, and impiety of that rival people; to lose our patience, and tear our hair, at their filth and squalidness, and ugliness, and complexion, and dress, is, we must needs own, carrying one's patriotism to an excess, which is really inconvenient. As far as is implied, in a preference of whatever is English over every thing foreign, and

more

more particularly French, we entirely go along with our author; but as to any feeling of hatred beyond that, or any abstract desire of revenge against the French, for their lamentable inferiority to ourselves in all the virtues and advantages of civilized life—we think it both unphilosophical and unchristian-like.

After this premonition, we proceed to present our readers with some of our author's poetical sketches of "Paris in 1815." As a capital it is unquestionably inferior, and very inferior to London; but in our author's eye, it is a sort of "Sodom and Gomorrah;" and if the sins of a nation were to be expiated in this world, we might daily expect to hear, of its having been given over to the flames. The poem opens with a bird's eye view of Paris, from the heights of Mont Martre. Our poet commences with moralizing upon the scene before him.

" IV.

" 'Tis dawn upon Mount Martre! O'er the plain,
In flake and spire, the sunbeam plunges deep,
Bringing out shape, and shade, and summer-stain;
Like a retiring host the blue mists sweep.
Looms on the farthest right Valerien's steep,
Crown'd with its convent kindling in the day;
And swiftly sparkling from their bowery sleep,
Like matin stars around th' horizon play
Far village vanes, and domes, and castle-turrets gray.

" V.

" 'Tis a rich scene; and yet the richest charm
That e'er cloth'd earth in beauty, lives not here.
Winds no green fence around the cultured farm;
No blossom'd hawthorn shields the cottage dear.
The land is bright, and yet to thine how drear,
Unrival'd England!—Well the thought may pine
For those sweet fields where, each a little sphere,
In shaded, sacred fruitfulness doth shine,
And the heart higher beats that says, ' This spot is mine.' "

P. 5.

The above lines are pleasing; but soon the postillion cracks his whip, and the reader is at once taken into Paris, where he is introduced to feelings, of a much less agreeable description.

" XXII.

" Now, from the Mount!—Through solid dust we sweep,
Choak'd, crushing, struggling to wile back our sleep.
The barrier's reach'd—out rolls the drowsy guard;
A scowl—a question—and the gate's unbarr'd.
And this is Paris! The postillion's thong
Rings round a desert, as we bound along,
From rut to deeper rut of shapeless stone,
With many a general heave, and general groan.

N n

Onward,

Onward, still darker, doubly desolate,
 Winds o'er the shrinking head the dangerous strait.
 The light is lost; in vain we peer our way
 Through the rank dimness of the Fauxbourg day;
 In vain the wearied eyeballs strains to scale
 That squalid height, half hovel and half jail:
 At every step the struggling vision bar
 Projections sudden, black, and angular,
 Streak'd with what once was gore, deep rent with shot,
 Marks of some conflict furious and—forgot!
 At every step, from sewer and alley sail
 The crossing steams that make the senses quail,
 Defying breeze's breath and summer's glow,
 Charter'd to hold eternal mire below.
 Grim loneliness!—and yet some blasted form
 Will start upon the sight, a human worm
 Clung to the chapel's wall—the lank throat bare,
 The glance shot woeful from the tangled hair,
 The fleshless, outstretch'd arm, and ghastly cry,
 Half forcing, half repelling charity.
 Or, from the portal of the old hotel,
 Gleams on his post the victor-centinel,
 Briton or German, shooting round his ken,
 From its dark depth, a lion from his den.

'Tis light and air again: and lo! the Seine,
 Yon boasted, lazy, livid, fetid drain!
 With paper booths, and painted trees o'erlaid,
 Baths, blankets, wash-tubs, women, all but trade.
 Yet here are living beings, and the soil
 Breeds its old growth of ribaldry and broil.
 A whirl of mire, the dingy cabriolet
 Makes the quick transit through the crowded way;
 On spurs the courier, creaks the crazy wain,
 Dragged through its central gulph of mud and stain:
 Around our way-laid wheels the paupers crowd,
 Naked, contagious, cringing, and yet proud.
 The whole a mass of folly, filth, and strife,
 Of heated, rank, corrupting, reptile life;
 And, endless as their ouzy Tide, the throng
 Roll on with endless clamour, curse, and song.

Fit for such tenants, low'r on either side
 The hovels where the gang less live than hide;
 Story on story, savage stone on stone,
 Time-shattered, tempest stained, not built, but thrown.
 Sole empress of the portal, in full blow,
 The rouged grisette lays out her trade below,
 Ev'n in her rags a thing of wit and wile,
 Eye, hand, lip, tongue, all point, and press, and smile.
 Close by, in patch and print, the pedlar's stall
 Flutters its looser glories up the wall.

Spot of corruption! where the rabble rude
Loiter round tinsel tomes, and figure nude;
Voltaire, and Lais, long alternate eyed,
Till both the leper's soul and sous divide.
Above, 'tis desert, save where sight is scar'd
With the wild visage through the casement barr'd;
Or, swinging from their pole, chemise and sheet
Drip from the attic o'er the fuming street." P. 12.

Now, we have no objection to a satirical poem, upon any city; heaven knows, they are all, alike, fruitful enough in materials for satire, and Paris, certainly is as fair a subject, as any city in the world. But surely, to give the above lines, which our author does, as a sober poetical description of that capital, is about as fair, as it would be in a Frenchman, to write a poetical account of London, and collect his materials from St. Giles's and its purlicus. But this, perhaps, is not much to the purpose; poets do not submit themselves to the limitations of historical truth; all our author appears to have aimed at, was to express in verse his detestation of France and Frenchmen; in this he has certainly succeeded; but whether he has succeeded in producing an agreeable poem upon the subject, is more doubtful—or rather it is not doubtful at all. For we feel little hesitation in saying, that, although the performance before us possesses considerable merit, yet we have seldom met with one, which we found it more irksome to read through. This is, in a great measure, owing to defects in the execution of the poem; there is, in our author's manner, a constant appearance of emphasis and exaggeration; he is ever straining after new combinations of language; and in endeavouring to give utterance to his feelings, even upon the most ordinary occasions, he so loads the meaning which he wishes to convey, that it seems, as if the English language would actually give way under him. The effect of all this is, that the poem is almost as harsh in point of versification, as the satires of Dr. Donne, and not at all more easy to construe. Even where we comprehend the grammatical construction, we sometimes feel doubtful whether we fully apprehend the meaning; and it still oftener happens, that when we divine the meaning, we are altogether at a loss to supply the syntax. Great as these faults are, there is about the poem a degree of life and vigour, which, were the subject matter less unpleasant than it is, or less unpleasantly handled, would still entitle it to be both admired and read; but as it is, we entertain some doubts whether it will be either the one or the other, in any considerable degree. Satire belongs, properly, to the family of comedy. To raise a laugh is not, perhaps, among the best, or highest effects of superior genius; but it is, however, a very agreeable one; and if it be raised at

the follies and vices of mankind, a very useful one likewise. To raise disgust and indignation at them, is doubtless more useful still; but, unfortunately, it is in a still greater degree, more difficult. So long as the poet is painting only the ridiculous side of things, be they what they may, provided only that a laugh be raised, it is of no great matter to the reader where it falls; and if the wit be good, he cares but little about the fitness of the occasion. But our author never condescends to laugh himself, or to endeavour to make others laugh; detestation of the vice, disgust at the follies which he describes, are the only feelings which possess his own mind, or which he seems desirous of conveying into the minds of his readers. But in accomplishing this object, his subject leads him to discuss such a variety of disagreeable scenes, and to dwell with so much minuteness, upon such odious particulars, that the mind becomes prematurely disgusted with the description; the feeling, which the author wishes to awaken, of hatred against vice, is intercepted by the shock which our taste receives in the process. The lines which we last quoted, will, we think, convey to our readers a practical exemplification of what we are now saying; they were selected pretty much at random; but the following lines, which are among the most vigorous in the poem, will exemplify the truth of our criticism still more pointedly.

“ XXIV.

“ But pause! what pile athwart the crowded way
Frowns with such sterner aspect? The Abbaye!
Is it not curst? *has not the smell of blood*
Struck it for ever into solitude?
No! To the past as to the future cold,
Self and the moment all his heart can hold,
The deep damnation of the deed forgot
Before the *blood was stiffen'd on the spot*;
Gay in the sight, the shadow of the pile,
The meagre native plays his gambol vile.
Above, tolls out for death the prison knell,
Below, dogs, monkeys, bears, the jangling swell;
The crack'd horn rings, the rival mimes engage,
Punch in imperial tatters sweep the stage;
The jostling mob dance, laugh, sing, shout the rhyme,
And die in ecstasies the thousandth time.
And look! around, above, what ghastly row
Through bar and grating struggle for the show,
Down darting, head o'er head, the haggard eye,
Felons! the scarcely scaped,—the sure to die!
The dungeon'd murderer startles from his trance,
Uplistening hears the din, the monkey-dance,
Growls at the fate that fix'd his cell beneath,
And feels the solid bitterness of death.

Yes,

Yes, 'twas the spot!—where yonder slow gendarme
 Sweeps from his round the loitering pauper-swarm;
 Where up the mouldering wall that starveling vine
 Drags on from nail to nail its yellow twine;
 For ornament! Still something for the eye;
 Prisons, nay graves, have here their foppery:—
 There, primed for blood, Danton drew up his band,
 The Marseillois, the Fauxbourg's black brigand.
 The gate roll'd back,—as out to liberty
 One bounding came,—the murderers met his eye,
 He heard their laugh,—he dropp'd in desperate prayer
 For life—for life!—*His brain was spattered there;*—
 Another came—recoil'd—gave one wild wail,
 And sank in gore,—the bullet stopp'd his tale.
 The work went hotly on. Dark place of crime!
 What hideous guilt, what suffering sublime
 Were in thee,—emblem of the ruin'd land!
 Frequent, amid the shoutings of the band,
 Rose from within prayer, laughter!" P. 19.

" 'Twas shapeless carnage now; in meek despair,
 Gazing on Heaven, the pastor died in prayer;
 The soldier met the sabre's whirl unmoved;
 The matron perish'd on the corse she lov'd;
 Yet there were dying bursts; with rush and reel,
 Some 'mid the assassin ranks made desperate wheel,
 Down-stricken, rising, bleeding, tottering round,
 'Till the ball stretch'd the struggler on the ground;
 Others, the red knee clasping, sank and wept;
 Alike o'er faint and bold the havoc swept.
 The evening fell,—in bloody mists the sun
 Rush'd glaring down; nor yet the work was done;
 'Twas night;—and still upon the Bandit's eye
 Came from the cavern those who came to die;
 A long, weak, wavering, melancholy wave,
 As from the grave, returning to the grave.
 'Twas midnight;—still the gusty torches blazed
 On shapes of woe, dim gestures, faces glazed;
 And still, as through the dusk the ghastly file
 Moved onward, it was added to the pile!

Ruler of Heaven! did not the righteous groan
 Rise from this spot in vengeance to thy throne!
 Or did the torrent that so redly ran
 Round those heaped remnants of what once was man,
That mass of cloven bone, and shatter'd limb,
And spouting brain, and visage strain'd and dim,
And horrid life still quivering in the eye,
As chok'd in blood the victim toil'd to die—
 Did it sink voiceless in the thirsty ground?—
 No! from that hour the iron band was bound,

No! from that hour was fixed the mighty seal
 'To the long woes that France was doomed to feel;
 Plague, famine, in God's sterner wrath untried—
 Her deeper sentence, man, the homicide!" P. 25.

The lines above quoted contain particular faults without number, and the last four or five are absolutely unintelligible; but the whole extract contains a great deal of powerful description. Still it is not possible to read it with pleasure. In point of talent, the above lines are superior to those with which we shall now contrast them; but whatever superiority the former may claim, as that advantage is more than compensated, by the pleasure with which, after so disagreeable a kind of excitation, the mind reposes upon softer associations. The author is describing the ceremonial at Notre Dame, upon occasion of the King's second return to Paris:

" XLIII.

" The organ peals; at once, as some vast wave,
 Bend to the earth the mighty multitude,
 Silent as those pale emblems of the grave
 In monumental marble round them strew'd.
 Low at the altar, forms in cope and hood
 Superb with gold-wrought cross and diamond twine,
 As in the pile—alone with life endued,
 Toss their untiring censers round the shrine,
 Where on her throne of clouds the Virgin sits divine.

" XLIV.

" But, only kindred faith can fitly tell
 Of the high ritual at that altar done.
 When clash'd the arms and rose the chorus-swell,
 Then sank,—as if beneath the grave 'twere gone;
 Till broke the spell the mitred abbot's tone,
 Deep, touching, solemn, as he stood in prayer,
 A saintly form upon its topmost stone,
 And raised, with heavenward look, the Host in air,
 And blessed the prince and people kneeling humbled there.

" XLV.

" Gorgeous!—but love I not such pomp of prayer;
 Ill bends the heart 'mid mortal luxury.
 Rather let me the meek devotion share,
 Where, in their silent glens and thickets high,
 England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie.
 The spotless table by the eastern wall,
 The marble, rudely traced with names gone by,
 The pale-eyed pastor's simple, fervent call;
 Those deeper wake the heart, where heart is all in all." P. 36.

The pleasure which the above lines afforded us, is mainly ascribable, we suspect, to the contrast of agreeable feeling which they

they awaken ; and would, that our author, instead of endeavouring to vary his poem, by the objectionable contrivance of writing it in different measures, had bethought him of effecting his purpose, by interspersing it with a greater variety in the modulation of his feelings, and in the choice of his subjects. In these there is a sad monotony ; changing the measure does afford some kind of relief, we admit ; but the contrivance is far too artificial, nor is it any credit to the poem, that it should be supposed to stand in need of it. Nobody ever complained of the want of variety in the Iliad, though the measure from the beginning to the end remains the same ; but we should have complained of want of variety in the poem before us, even though no two lines had been of the same length, from one end of it to the other. The lines which we have extracted, will supply our readers with a tolerable idea of the general faults, as well as of the *general* merits, which we have attributed to the poem ; it only remains for us to cite a few examples of the *particular* defects, which we noticed. Among the most notable of our author's peculiarities, is a habit which he has, of perpetually breaking out into a sort of hysterical ejaculations ; these recur so often, and sometimes at such stated periods, as to be really ludicrous ; for example, the four first lines of four successive stanzas are as follows.

“ *St. Cloud ! How stately from the green hill's side
Shoots up thy Parian pile !*” P. 4.

“ *A trumpet ! at the sound Mont Martre's spread
With martial crowds.*” Idem.

“ *The British bands ! a power is in the sound.*” P. 5.

“ *War has its mighty moments : heart of man !*” Idem.

Other instances, and more absurd ones, of the same figure of speech are innumerable. But the great fault of the poem before us, is the constant difficulty which we find, in tracing our author's meaning ; this, as well as the instances of inelegant and improper words, with which the poem abounds, all proceed from the same source ; namely, a desire of saying things, with a more intense force, than nature requires or will permit ; we shall quote a few lines, containing examples of these faults ; and first with respect to unintelligible expressions.

“ *A torch, that languished in the heavy air,
Feebly made up the day light's sullen glare.*” P. 23.

“ *Yet all are drown'd
In the wild sudden shout that rends the air
As on his barb reins out the royal mousquetaire.*” P. 30.

“ *Judgment must strike, but mortal hearts were wan
Before the form, the man, if that were man.*” P. 55.

The above lines are beyond our comprehension ; the following afford example of a different class of faults.

" For this had *bled their battle round the world*
For this they round the world had come to war." P. 6.

" Two of the mob, half naked, freshly dyed
In crimson clots, waved sabres at his side." P. 24.

" Soon wither'd in the bravo's heart's blood wet." P. 33.

" Yet there was beauty in the *very light*
That through the chamber *roll'd its gush of white*." P. 53.

" Pours out an instant *flood of sight*." P. 30.

A more remarkable failure, on an attempt at gorgeous description, than the following stanza affords, we hardly remember ; the emphasis laid by our author upon every thing being of *gold*, is childish in the extreme.

" XXXVIII.

" Of *gold* the sculptur'd helm ; the harness'd vest
Crimson and *gold* ; the cuirass *golden* barr'd ;
Of *gold* the sun that blazed upon its breast ;
Of *gold* the spur, the bit, the sabre guard ;
The velvet housing, crimson, *golden* starr'd ;
Of *gold* the frontlet of the white shell'd rein ;
Broad boss'd with *gold* the holster-skin of pard ;
Of *gold* the knots on chest, and croup, and mane ;
They pass like forms of dreams, not things of this Terrene."

P. 34.

We shall now close our remarks : we cannot exactly say that we owe our author gratitude for the pleasure which his poetry has afforded us ; nevertheless, it would give us pleasure to meet with him again. The length of our remarks, the number of our extracts, and the minuteness of some of our criticisms, furnish a proof that we do not regard our author in the light of a common place poet ; in this respect our severity has been a proof of our respect ; we only hope it may prove as useful to our author, as it was well intended.

ART. XI. *A few Observations on Friendly Societies, and their Influence on Public Morals.* By J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Northwick. 12mo. 32 pp. 6d. Hatchard. 1817.

IT is certainly a matter of very considerable importance, not only to the individuals concerned, but also to the community at

large, in what manner the superabundant earnings of the poor, can be laid up to the best advantage against the time of need. Every one who, is at all conversant with the affairs of the poor, knows, that in three cases out of four, every labouring man looks to a certain time of year, as to a sort of harvest. In almost every trade there is a pressure of business at one particular period of the year, during which the industrious workman may, by extraordinary exertion, earn sufficient to maintain himself and his family during those other periods, when employment is more difficult to be procured. In former times the usual mode of proceeding among the poor, was to live during the winter, upon the credit of the approaching summer. When the harvest came, the scores were discharged, and during the succeeding winter a fresh account was run up. Since, however, the more active interference in the concerns of the poor, the latter have been taught to fly to public, or private charity, in the dead season of the year; and in the time of their harvest, to relax those exertions, which formerly furnished them with the means, either of providing for the wants of the following winter, or of paying off the score, of that which is past. Thus the matter stands at present; a little interference of the higher orders in the concerns of the lower, has been productive of injury; we trust, that when exerted in a greater degree, it may be productive of good. Those, indeed, of the highest stations, and the most active minds, have, with the best intentions possible, (at the expence both of their time and their purse,) undertaken to regulate the affairs of the poor; but in no instance have they proceeded upon proper *data*, they have not been made acquainted with the habits, the tempers, and the tendencies of those, whose affairs they would manage; with the best possible theories, therefore, they have committed the worst possible errors, and have gone very far to produce the change, to which Mr. Cunningham very justly alludes.

“ Every well-wisher to his country must have observed with considerable pain the gradual extinction of a spirit of real independence among the lower orders of our countrymen. It is no longer a favourite object with them to provide for themselves. It is scarcely recognized as a duty, by many, to live, by the blessing of God, on their own industry. In another part of this empire, it is not unusual to find the poor rejecting the proffered assistance of their richer neighbour, and directing his benevolence to some more distressed object. But, here, the poor are gradually becoming more dependent, necessitous, and grasping. They laugh at the idea of self-support; freely and without a blush extend the ‘horny hand of exercise’ in supplication; and discover no loftier ambition than that of living on the parish funds and dying in the parish workhouse. The spirit which used to be displayed in toiling for themselves, and wrenching

wrenching from the stubborn soil the means of subsistence, is now exercised in struggling with the reluctant overseer for some beggarly pittance, which patient industry might often have rendered unnecessary.

“ Various remedies have been suggested, and applied without success, for this acknowledged evil. Many of them have failed because they reached only the surface of the mischief; and, whilst, perhaps, they mitigated the momentary pressure, left untouched the secret source of calamity. They skimmed over the wounds of the poor, but did not reach those diseased habits of indolence and dependence in which, perhaps, their poverty chiefly originated. The effect was like that of heaping fuel on a fire in order to extinguish it: the flame burnt dim for a moment, but soon blazed out with more fury than ever.” P. 7.

It is now some time since Benefit Societies were first established, as a means of provision for the poor in the time of sickness. Their importance, indeed, was considered to be such, that the legislature took them under their particular protection.

“ When the plan of them was first suggested to the public, it was received with open arms. Men of all classes pressed forward to lend their sanction and purses to the new institution. They anticipated the most unmeasured advantages from it. They saw, in the fervour of the moment, work-houses and poor-houses falling around them; and the spirit of mendicity, indolence, and dependence retreating before that of co-operation and self-support. Little inquiry was instituted as to the moral influence of such institutions; and little care was taken to prevent the incorporation of any such evils with them as might injure their moral efficacy. It was thought enough to set the new instrument to work; and then to sit still and expect the regeneration of society. Accordingly, the instrument was set to work; almost every public-house in the country was furnished with one. And, the patent machine for the expeditious transmission of the various excise poisons from the barrel to the mouth being about the same time discovered, the publican took his stand at one, and the secretary of the society at the other, as the joint constituted guardians of the comforts and welfare of the people.—Now, who will deny the culpable precipitance of such a line of conduct? Who, that had paused to investigate, would not at once have discovered that the institution, though good in itself, if thus grafted upon a public-house, must imbibe the most deleterious qualities?” P. 9.

We were not, indeed, aware of the existence of that universal enthusiasm, which Mr. Cunningham so eloquently describes. Much good was certainly expected to result from these Benefit Societies, when properly constituted and legally protected, and much good was as certainly produced. We are fully convinced of the dangers, which attend monthly meetings at a public-house, but we do not consider them as necessarily the

the parents of intemperance. In most Benefit Clubs, the sum to be spent by each member, at the monthly meeting, is limited, so that the transmission of excise poisons (by which we presume Mr. Cunningham to mean ale and porter) is not an object of quite so much alarm, as might at first be apprehended.

Reprobating, however, the practice of these Benefit Societies, Mr. Cunningham strongly approves of their principle, which he proceeds to compare with that of Saving Banks.

“ 1. *The principle on which the Friendly Societies are founded, is of a loftier and more valuable nature than that which is the foundation of Saving Banks.*—The principle of the Saving Banks is, that every man is to save for himself: the principle of the Friendly Societies is, that every man is to save for himself, if he needs it; but, if not, for those whose necessities may be greater than his own. The member of the one, in laying up his money, contemplates chiefly the object of taking it out for his own benefit: the member of the other wishes that he may never have occasion to touch his money; and, in that case, freely surrenders it for the benefit of his next door neighbour, who is less healthy than himself. Now, which of these two principles is of the highest importance in forming the character of a community? The one is selfish; the other is generous—the one is solitary; the other is public—the one fits a man for a cell; the other for a nation—the one sets a man to dig a pond in his own garden; the other prompts him to form a canal for the common benefit of mankind. I will not venture to predict to what extent the establishment of Saving Banks will promote the growth of *selfishness* amongst us; but, in whatever degree they strengthen this detestable quality, they will rivet upon us one of the worst curses of our nature, and will degrade and impair the national character far more than any habits of economy will raise and improve it. To have an economical people, is a good thing; to have a generous people, is a better; to have a people at once saving and disinterested, is best of all: and it appears to be the tendency rather of Friendly Societies, than of Saving Banks, to form such a population.” P. 14.

We are, at all times, desirous of allowing to human nature its due proportion of credit; but we should apprehend that the principle upon which a labourer subscribes his sixpence a week, to a Benefit Society, is as selfish, as the one upon which he deposits his share of earnings in a Saving Bank. If he did not conceive, that his own chance of sickness, or calamity, was equal to that of his neighbours, we do not conceive, that he would be tempted to subscribe to an institution to which he might resort to in the day of need. No man ever enrolled his name in a Benefit Society, with any other view, but that of probable advantage to his own person. We are ready, however, to allow, that the share which he will afterwards take in dispensing the bounty

bounty of the Society, to its afflicted members, may have a good effect in softening his heart to the miseries of those around him. We do not, however, agree with Mr. Cunningham, that Saving Banks are likely to encrease the selfishness of the lower orders. It is their duty to hoard the overplus of their wages, and these may as well be hoarded in a Saving Bank, as in their own private chest.

The second argument of Mr. Cunningham is as follows :

“ 2. Again, *the great bulk of the population are not so likely to profit from Saving Banks as from Friendly Societies.*—In order to profit from the former of these institutions, it is necessary, first, to have money to lay up; secondly, to enjoy such an exemption from disease as to suffer this money to accumulate; and, thirdly, to possess such a measure of forbearance as not to draw precipitately upon the accumulating fund. Now, it is to be apprehended that the great bulk of the labouring poor will fail as to all those points.

In the first place, the rate of wages among the labouring classes of every country (and especially where the population is pressing hard upon the means of subsistence) is pretty accurately proportioned to the actual necessities of the labourer: in other words, the wages are such as neither to compel the poor to starve, nor to allow him either to waste or to accumulate. Instances, without doubt, may be found, where the wages rise above or fall below the level. The skill of the labourer, the want of hands, the pressure of work, may push the wages beyond the ordinary rate; and *vice versa*. But these are extraordinary cases. I would put it to any man, who is intimately conversant with the circumstances of the labouring poor, whether they are, generally speaking, able to accumulate; whether the fact is not, that they are almost universally in debt; and whether they are not, in many instances, driven to the parish, not by imaginary, but by real and palpable distress. If the poor are not able, which is the fact in many cases, to pay the two shillings, or one and sixpence, per month to their Friendly Societies, what political alchemy can enable them to pay one of the lowest deposits which has been anticipated in the Saving Banks, viz. one shilling per week? It has been well observed, in a pamphlet to which I myself, in common with every reader on these subjects, am much indebted, that ‘men in elevated stations imagine they see the *lowest* order when they see but the *lower*. The Corinthian capital looks down, and mistakes the cornice of the pediment for its base*.’

“ But, again, the Saving-Bank supposes an exemption from disease or distress, for which, we fear, the circumstances of the labouring poor scarcely allow us to hope. If the circumstances of the poor were likely to allow of any large portion of them making deposits in the Banks, they would at least frequently accumulate or lend out money now. But will any person, really acquainted with their condition, affirm this to be the case?” P. 15.

Upon the first point, we have already stated our opinion, that a large majority of the working population have, at a certain time of year, an overplus of wages. It is true, that this overplus is too often pledged to pay the debts of the preceding season, in which employment was scarce. But if either, at first setting out in life, or from previous economy, this overplus is theirs, it must either be laid out to advantage, or be locked up at home.

But, says Mr. Cunningham, if this money be put into a Saving Bank, no provision is made for disease. This is perfectly true. But the very calculation of the probability of disease, and the consequent preference of a Benefit Society, is the operation of as selfish a motive, as that which would point to a Saving Bank.

Putting motives out of the question, we come to the point of actual interest, and this we find discussed in an extract from a pamphlet of Mr. Vivian.

“ 3. But, thirdly, suppose the great bulk of the population to avail themselves of the Saving Banks, the public advantage will even then be less than that arising from the general establishment of Benefit Societies.—To save trouble, I adopt a calculation from the little pamphlet already mentioned :—

‘ For a view of the respective powers of the two institutions to secure independence, let Mr. Rose’s table be compared with a Benefit Society, of which the principle is to pay two shillings per month in health, in order to receive twelve shillings per week in sickness. By the table, the amount of one shilling per week, after one year, is 2*l.* 12*s.* If the contributor should be ill at the beginning of the year, there is nothing for him : if, quite at the end of the year, he should be ill for four weeks, and should draw equal to the allowance of the Benefit Society, his capital is gone, and he must begin again. A member of the Benefit Society pays two shillings per calendar month ; and, if he has paid one pound to be free, supposing him under twenty-five years of age (and other ages in proportion), he will receive twelve shillings a week, during illness in any part, or the whole of the year, and will find his right to the same payment for future years undiminished. There is no occasion to go through the intermediate years. Let us take the twentieth. After twenty years, the contributor to the Bank (if he has had no illness, which would quickly have exhausted his stock, especially in the earlier years,) will have paid 5*l.* and will be worth 77*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* We will suppose that he is come to old age, or some lasting infirmity. He can afford six shillings a week for five years, and then comes to the parish, with the aggravation of disappointed hopes of independence. In the Society, the payments in twenty years will amount to twenty-four pounds ; the receipt, six shillings

a week

a week in old age, if his life should be protracted to the (I hope incalculable) date of a national bankruptcy *.

“ To this statement I have seen no reply ; and it appears to me to admit of none.”

We think that the statement of Mr. Vivian is not fairly given. In the first place, he does not appear to understand the principle of Benefit Societies. We believe, that to every other calamity excepting actual sickness and death, their funds are decidedly closed : and that sickness they generally require to be attested under the hands of a surgeon. Now, we know, that sickness is not the only calamity which can befall a labouring man ; yet in every other, he is left as destitute, as if he had never subscribed one farthing to his society. And this is the cause of the subscription being placed at, apparently, so low a rate ; because the benefits, which it extends, are applicable to but one species of evil. When therefore Mr. Vivian places the twenty-four pounds subscribed to a Benefit Society, against the fifty-two deposited in a Saving Bank, he omits to declare the very narrow limits, by which the benefit to be expected from the former, are bounded. Nor again, do we believe that any Benefit Society would extend the aid of six shillings per week, to a member, merely because he is aged. We apprehend, that these societies keep very strictly to their rules, otherwise the claims upon them would be so great as to exhaust their finances.

Nor, again, do we conceive that these societies are at all enabled to enlarge the sphere of their utility. If any other calamity, but that of actual and attested illness, could be allowed to have any claims upon them, the numberless applications which would ensue, the difficulty of decision, and the consequent squabbles, would be productive of the most dangerous consequences.

When, then, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Vivian compare Benefit Societies with Saving Banks, they compare two institutions whose objects are in most cases distinct. A Benefit Society neither is, nor ever can be, a place to deposit the surplus of earnings, but it is an insurance office against the calamities of disease. A Saving Bank, on the contrary, makes no provision for disease, but provides a secure and ready place, where the surplus of earnings may be deposited, and accumulated with interest. Taking the instance which Mr. Vivian has given, of a man having a shilling a week, to be laid out to the best advantage : we should advise that sixpence of it should be subscribed to the Benefit Club, and the remainder deposited at a Saving Bank, from whence in the day of calamity or loss, it may be drawn out, and serve its possessor in excellent stead.

* * Vivian on Friendly Societies, p 10.”

It is an object of the highest importance, as we have before stated, to encourage the labourer to lay up the earnings of his harvest, for the wants of the ensuing winter; and we know of no institutions so likely to accomplish this end, as the Savings Banks. Benefit Societies never could be so constructed as to answer the purpose. They have ends of their own equally beneficial, equally important.

We now come to the evils resulting from Benefit Societies, and the remedies which Mr. Cunningham proposes to apply. The following is the statement which Mr. Cunningham gives us of the disadvantages under which they labour, and the mischiefs which they too generally produce.

“ 1. In the first place, they meet for all the business of the Society at a public-house.

“ 2. They thus meet once every month, and once or twice, in addition, every year.”

“ 3. They subscribe generally two shillings per month to the Club, out of which sixpence is to be spent in liquor, for the benefit of the publican whose house they frequent.

“ 4. Whatever be the number present, the sixpences of the whole Club are to be thus spent: so that if the night be bad, or any other obstacle to their meeting arise, ten men may drink the sixpences of one hundred.

“ 5. In general the publican is the treasurer; and, partly by his rank of life, partly by his habits of business, partly by his influence over the sots in the Club, who are his debtors, gains a considerable ascendancy in the Society, which he often employs either to borrow the money in the box for himself, or for some of his friends.

“ Now, of course, a Benefit Society thus constituted is pregnant with every possible mischief to society.

“ In the first place, suppose all the Club to attend the monthly meetings, so that there are no more sixpences than men; enough beer is drunk to make them wish for more, and purchase more: and, if not, the man who would otherwise have shunned the public-house, having gone there to do the business of his Club, probably acquires a taste for its company and its habits; and, if he goes to-night for the Society, returns to-morrow for himself.

“ If, which is ordinarily the case, but a part of the Club attend, these drink the sixpences of the whole; and, of course, too often degrade themselves to beasts, break the laws of God and of their country, unfit themselves for labour the next day, and, perhaps, form habits of drunkenness, which issue in the ruin of body and soul.

“ In addition to these evils, the publican, or his friend, having borrowed the Club money, breaks, or dies insolvent, and the Club is ruined; just, perhaps, at a time when its members are expecting to reap the fruits of their early labour and economy. The number of societies which are thus dissolved is almost incredible.

“ It

"It would be easy to strengthen this picture, and that without departing from truth, by throwing into the back ground brawls and contentions, black eyes and bloody noses, appeals to the magistrate to settle that which no judicature can settle,—the rights of a question where all are in the wrong. But it is wholly unnecessary to complete the sketch: enough has been said to shew that Friendly Societies, *as now constituted*, are a very questionable benefit: that if they promote habits of saving on the one hand, they promote habits of expense and profligacy on the other; and that they are, in fact, rather clubs for the benefit of the publican than of the public." P. 24.

This statement, though in parts somewhat exaggerated, is in the main perfectly true. The remedy which Mr. Cunningham would apply is a very simple one, "*Separate the club from the public house, and you gain your point.*"

"In the first place, let the Clergyman of every parish in the empire, in conjunction with the leading authorities of his parish, (if he be as happy as I have been in obtaining their kind concurrence,) establish a Friendly Society, of which this is the corner stone, *that no one of its meetings shall be held at a public-house.*"

That the separation of the club from the public house, is a most desirable object, we shall most readily allow. Periodical meetings at a public house are dangerous, but periodical meetings at other places are more dangerous still. Doctrines, the most fatal both in politics and religion, will find their way into these sober meetings. We highly disapprove of any temptation being held out, to the labouring man, to leave his family and home, under any pretence whatever, be it for Bible, or be it for Benefit Associations. We wish to see the labouring man at no other place but at his work, at his church, and at his home. Neither his education nor his habits fit him, for what may be termed society; and we are persuaded, that when the lower orders meet at any other places, excepting the three which we have mentioned, they will meet together only for mischief. The organization of the lower classes in this country has already proceeded so far, as to threaten the most dangerous consequences to the community. Attempts are now making, as we have lately shown, upon a very large scale, by means of the organizing machinery of Bible Associations, to puritanize the whole population of the country; and we are persuaded, that the establishment of these sober meetings would considerably promote the design. It would add no inconsiderable weight to the influence of fanaticism, if it could entwine itself with the temporal interests of the poor. We would not, however, be understood to charge Mr. Cunningham with any such view in the recommendation which he has given us: we would only point the
attention

attention of our readers to the consequences which might result even from a scheme the best intentioned and the best arranged.

We confess, that we do not see, why a Benefit Club should have any meeting at all, excepting at its anniversary; its regular officers might weekly assemble at the house of the Clergyman to receive contributions, to hear petitions, and to extend relief. Thus would the advantage, which Mr. Cunningham so justly anticipates, be realized in separating the club from the public-house, nor would its members be tempted to engage in those mischievous combinations, both for political and religious purposes, into which artful and designing men would, in these times, be too much inclined to lead them.

ART. XII. *Thoughts on the Tendency of Bible Societies, as affecting the Established Church, and Christianity itself, as a "Reasonable Service."* By the Rev. A. O'Callaghan, M. A. Master of the College of Kilkenny. 8vo. 64 pp. Walker and Co. 1817.

OF all those who have attacked the principles, and opposed the progress of this fatal enemy to the peace of our Church, we know of none, who have displayed more keen and commanding vigour, than the author of the pamphlet before us. The luminous and masterly arguments of the Bishop of Landaff, the practical and convincing expositions of Mr. Norris, had done much to open the eyes of the nation, to the delusions under which they lay entranced; but if any additional power were wanting to burst through the fallacies, which this society has practised upon mankind, it would be the animating and splendid eloquence of our Irish ally. He has all the rapidity of conception, and the brilliancy of expression, which distinguish his countrymen, aided by more argumentative solidity than usually falls to their share.

Every point, which leans upon the question, is touched upon in its proper order. As these have already occupied so much of the time and attention of our readers, we think it unnecessary now to repeat them, even though enforced in the powerful and energetic language of Mr. O'Callaghan. There are two passages, however, which are too important to be omitted. The one which examines the motives of the dissenting party in advancing the interests of the Bible Society is as follows.

"Every established church must, in the nature of things, be an object of jealousy or dislike to those who dissent from it. Men hate to be periodically called upon for a portion of their property,

for the support of a system of doctrine and discipline, of which they disapprove, and from which they are unconscious of deriving any benefit. From an establishment, therefore, as from an incumbrance, they wish to be relieved; and would set up their own system, in its place, or have no establishment at all. This is quite natural; and, to censure a dissenter for it, is just as reasonable as to blame him for being a man. It is, however, sufficient to justify some suspicion and vigilance on the part of the Establishment. When, therefore, we behold a great association comprehending, not only members of the church, but dissenters of every denomination, acting together, in close union, for years, in promoting a certain specific object, and that of a religious nature, such an extraordinary moral phenomenon not only excites our curiosity, but suggests the policy of investigating the probable consequences, to the church-establishment, of such an unnatural union. Let us attend to the facts of the case. The dissenters, if the British and Foreign Bible Society did not originate with them, were foremost, or among the foremost, to press forward with their subscriptions and contributions. Including the Calvinists within the pale of the Establishment, who are, substantially, though not nominally dissenters, they are the most active members of the institution, and forward its views with an alacrity and zeal, which cast into the shade the more slow and measured proceedings of their brethren. The "evangelical ministers," particularly, are indefatigable. With an obliging frankness they tender their services as secretaries to the different Bible Societies; and never forget to inform the public, that these services are gratuitous. With an ardour, which neither sickness can obstruct, or business can damp, they make long journies, they organize affiliated branches, and Bible associations; before the former of which they make long speeches in scripture phrase, and before some of the latter, often consisting of females, they read awful narratives of providential interferences, of sudden conversions wrought on low profligates by short passages of scripture, together with well-written letters of thanks, from convicts, under sailing orders to Botany Bay, acknowledging the receipt of Bibles and Testaments, and imploring blessings on Bible Societies. For the parent society, and her numerous progeny, they draw up edifying reports, in which a piercing eye can occasionally discover the half-obliterated track of Calvinism. In gaining new members for the parent association, or its auxiliary branches, their efforts are unremitting. Though repeatedly repulsed, they still return to the charge; and it is scarcely safe for any man, in the middle rank of life, to refuse his name and subscription. He is plied with verbal and written applications, exhortations, invitations to attend Bible society meetings; and, if these fail, with Bible society reports, politely and gratuitously sent for his perusal. If he still holds out, his character is gradually and delicately hispered away; and he soon finds himself regarded, by many of his neighbours, as "one of your mere moral men,—an enemy to the Bible and vital religion." Indeed, it is not uncommon to hear it asserted, from the pulpit, by a "gospel preacher,"

preacher," that no friend to Christianity would withhold his mite from an institution, whose object is the general "diffusion of the word of God;" and this unwarrantable and ungenerous sophism is echoed in the reports of the Bible Society. To elicit, from the poor, part of their hard-earned pittance, penny-a-week societies have been instituted; and so well has the project succeeded, that the parent association boasts, in its reports, that these miserable confederacies are frequently more productive than the auxiliary branches in the same districts. These penny-a-week contributions are likely to be considered, in a short time, as infallible passports to heaven, among the lower class of Protestants, as indulgencies were, formerly, among the Roman Catholics. Be this as it may, these numerous associations give the Calvinistic ministers opportunities, eagerly seized, of mingling every where with the mass of the Protestant population, which they impress with a conviction of their own extraordinary piety, by manifestations of superior zeal in circulating the Scriptures. These public meetings lead to closer intimacy in private; and the influence, thus acquired over men's minds, is daily confirmed and extended by the most dexterous management." P. 35.

This is a portrait drawn by no ordinary hand, and dictated by no common observation. With the whole machinery of this vast engine, and with the views of its master-movers, Mr. O'Callaghan is thoroughly acquainted. Nor can any unprejudiced man read the statement, which we have just transcribed, without feeling its justice and acknowledging its fidelity. It is not, indeed, an imaginary representation, it is copied from real life, and is clearly the result of much attention and personal observation. We shall now present to our readers another portrait, drawn by the same masterly hand, and coloured with a truth, which cannot but create the most fearful sensations of just alarm.

"The church is already in a state of blockade; the Arminian and Calvinistic methodists have thrown their lines of circumvallation about her; numerous desertions are daily taking place, and treachery is busy in the heart of the garrison. *There* the intern Calvinists, with the "gospel ministers" at their head, have taken their station. It is against these men, their cunning, their dexterity, their professions of attachment, their plausible exterior, their unceasing activity, and masterly organization, that the vigilance of the Established Church should be principally directed. They have already got possession of many of our pulpits; and, wherever they obtain a footing, teach the people to despise the received explanations of the Church Catechism, the best commentators on scripture, the sermons of our ablest divines; and exhort them to read no book whatever, except their own religious tracts, and "the Bible, without note or comment." Against human learning they are perpetually

tually exclaiming as the worst species of ignorance, and the greatest obstacle to religious knowledge. Rejecting the Articles of the Church, as explained by her own divines, understood by her constituted authorities, and by her general congregation, they affix to them their own interpretation, and call *themselves*, exclusively, the Established Church. Accordingly, they consider the great body of the clergy, nobility, and gentry of the United Kingdom, as downright heathens; talk of them, quite familiarly, as "outcasts and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel;" and, in the "private assemblies of the faithful," pray for their conversion with the bitterest devotion. Arrogating to themselves every venerable epithet, which can give authority to intrusion, or the appearance of sanctity to religious extravagance, they style themselves "evangelical ministers, gospel preachers, servants of Jehovah, sons of God." By frequent conferences, or, when these are impracticable, by a regular epistolary correspondence, they preserve an unity of sentiment and conduct. Hence, though scattered over every part of the empire, and indeed of the world, their movements are always simultaneous, systematical, and uniform. To one great leader they seem to be under strict subordination. Regularly organized, each member performs the part assigned him, he advances or retreats, he masks his movements, or ostentatiously displays them. As an important part of their discipline, they learn to disguise their sentiments, to soften down an obnoxious doctrine, to deny it in part, to abjure it in the whole, and afterwards to re-assert it, as time and place require. The opinion of the bishop they adopt, in his presence, with seeming cheerfulness, and reject, in his absence, with unfeigned abhorrence. Doctrines which may startle the meek and gentle convert, they carefully suppress; and, to the chosen few, alone, are revealed the higher mysteries of Calvinism. In the pulpit they are incessantly descanting on the persecution, which, from the beginning of the world, the "children of God" have suffered in various shapes from the "children of the devil," and "continue to endure at the present day, and *in the very country we live in.*" In the pulpit, also, nothing is so much the object of a sneer as "your moral man," whom they pronounce "to be as odious in the sight of God, as the murderer or the adulterer." With them every man who is not a Calvinist is "an enemy to the Saviour," his religion is "outward shew," and his morality "self-righteousness." Abandoned to this "self-righteousness, to lip service, and pharisaical pride," he is an abomination in the sight of Him, who came to save the chief of sinners,—*"the open and undisguised profligate."* To prelacy and prelates they harbour a rooted aversion, which they seldom fail to impart to their converts; and, by holy invective against their diocesan in private, they atone for the homage, which, with apparent cheerfulness, and real horror, they pay him in public." P. 40.

In this picture, we do not think, that Mr. O'Callaghan has overcharged or distorted one single feature. It is the most faithful

faithful, the most fearful resemblance of the Puritanical Clergy within the pale of the Establishment. They, who know the originals best, will bear testimony strongest to the fidelity of the portrait. We shall now introduce our readers to Mr. O'Callaghan's view of the constitution of this heterogeneous mass, which is given at once with vivacity and justice.

“ But the *constitution* of the Bible Society—as well as its operations and language—is objectionable on grounds both of piety and prudence. To the view of the honest and indignant churchman, it presents a motley and portentous confederacy, of bishops, socinians, deans, deists, archdeacons, quakers, ministers of state, jumpers, whigs, tradesmen, tories, methodists, lords, “gospel ministers,” ranters, magistrates, and antipedobaptists. If the ecclesiastical functionaries of other times—if the bishops and inferior clergy, who adorned the English and Irish churches in the reigns of William, Anne, and the two first Georges, were now permitted to visit the scenes of their pastoral labours, would they not gaze at this moral phenomenon with mute astonishment and intense apprehension? when informed that the object of this omnigenous combination of characters so contrasted, of opinions so discordant, of feelings so repulsive, is to circulate the Bible universally among the peasantry, withholding from them, at the same time, the means of understanding it, which alone could give value to the gift,—would they not suppose that the laity, and, still more, the clergy of the Established Church, are labouring under some epidemic frenzy—some preternatural obliquity of intellect? What! associate with the enemies of the church, to put the *whole* Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, deep, intricate, and voluminous as it is, into the hands of labouring peasants, who, at best, owe nothing to education but the mere technical operation of reading! “Tell me your company, and I'll tell you who you are,” an homely but judicious adage—is less inapplicable, on the present occasion, than may seem at first sight. The general meetings of the society—so favourable to the most familiar intercourse,—are held, it is true, but once a year. But the members of the committees, who represent, not only the persons, but the principles of their constituents, hold frequent meetings, and maintain a familiar and unbroken intercourse with each other. So that the clergy and laity of the Bible Societies, with the prelates and peers at their head, associate freely and familiarly, “by proxy” at least, with the rest of the party-coloured community. Also, in the list of subscribers and benefactors, ostentatiously annexed to the annual reports, the names of four sectaries and polished dignitaries are ranged together, without any other precedence than what alphabetical order confers. “This solemn league and covenant,”—this liberty and equality of the moral and religious world, fill the mind of the unbiassed observer of passing events with gloomy apprehensions of danger, which time only can reveal, in full maturity and distinct proportions.” P. 48.

We have made these long extracts, to give our readers a full idea of the eloquence, the vivacity, and the discrimination, which is so conspicuous throughout the whole. We hope and trust that very few will remain satisfied with the faint and feeble outline, which our limits will allow us to give of its excellencies, but will possess themselves immediately of the original. It is a short, but a most important pamphlet, and cannot be read without the warmest feelings of admiration for the talent, and of gratitude for the exertions of its eloquent, spirited, and most able author.

ART. XIII. *The Leper of the City of Aoste. A Narrative.*
Translated from the French by Helen Maria Williams.
 8vo. 54 pp. 3s. Cowie. 1817.

THE little tale, of which the above forms the title, though scarcely known to the French public, excited we are told by its fair translator, more than ordinary interest among the circles into which it had penetrated; and it was this circumstance which induced her to give it to the English public, in the dress of her native language. The story of it is extremely simple; near the town of Aoste are the ruins of an old castle, called, in consequence of some popular tradition, *Bramajure*.

“ This tower was repaired, about fifteen years since, by order of the government, and surrounded with an enclosure, to lodge a Leper, and thus separate him from society; procuring him, at the same time, all the comforts of which his melancholy situation was susceptible. St. Maurice’s Hospital was appointed to provide for his subsistence, and some furniture was given him, as well as the tools necessary to cultivate a garden. There he long lived, seeing no one but the priest, who at times consoled him by his ministry, and the person who every week carried him provisions from the hospital. During the war of the Alps, an officer, who was at Aoste, passing one day by chance, near the Leper’s garden, the door of which was half open, had the curiosity to enter: he found there a man, simply clad, leaning against a tree, in profound meditation. At the noise which the officer made in going in, the recluse, without turning or looking towards him, cried, in a mournful tone, ‘ *Who is there; and what do you want of me?*’ ‘ Excuse a stranger,’ answered the military man, ‘ whom the agreeable aspect of your garden has, perhaps, caused to commit an indiscretion; but who will in no way disturb you.’ ‘ Come no further!’ exclaimed the inhabitant of the tower, making him a repulsive sign with his hand; ‘ come no further! you are near an unfortunate man attacked with
 the

the leprosy.' 'Whatever be your misfortune,' replied the traveller, 'I shall not withdraw on that account; I have never shunned the unhappy. Nevertheless, if my presence disturbs you, I am ready to retire.'

" 'Be welcome then,' said the Leper, turning suddenly round, 'and remain if you dare, after having looked at me.' The Officer was for some time motionless with astonishment and terror, at the aspect of this unfortunate person, whom the leprosy had totally disfigured. 'I will willingly remain,' said he to him, 'if you approve the visit of a man, whom chance brought hither; but who is retained by a lively interest in your sorrows.' " P. 3.

Such is the foundation of the tale, if tale it can be called, for the remainder of the story consists in little more than the conversation, that passed between the unfortunate inhabitant of *Bramafure* and the benevolent stranger; we shall present our readers with a specimen. In reply to a remark of the "officer," that if he could make the leper comprehend the real nature of that world, from which the latter is shut out, he would feel but little regret at the banishment, to which he was subjected: the leper observes,

" THE LEPER.

" 'In vain have books instructed me in the perversity of men, and the evils inseparable from humanity; my heart refuses to believe them. I am for ever picturing to myself societies of sincere and virtuous friends, of congenial hearts, united in connubial happiness, with all the gifts of health, youth, and fortune. I think I see those favoured beings wandering together under greener and fresher foliage than that which lends me its shade; enlightened by a sun more brilliant than that which shines on me; and their destiny seems to me more happy, in proportion as mine is more miserable. In the beginning of spring, when the winds of Piedmont blow over our valley, I find myself penetrated by their vivifying heat, I feel an inexplicable desire, a confused sentiment of boundless felicity, which I might participate, and which is refused to me. I then fly from my cell, and stray into the country, to breathe more freely. I avoid being seen by those very men whom my heart burns to meet; and from the top of the hill, concealed like a wild beast in the underwood, I gaze upon the town of Aoste. I see at a distance, with eyes of envy, its happy inhabitants, who know me not; I stretch out my hands towards them, and, moaning, ask of them my portion of happiness. Shall I confess to you, that in my delirium, I have sometimes clasped in my arms the trees of the forest, praying God to animate them for me, and bestow on me a friend. But the trees are insensible; their cold bark repels me,—it has nothing in common with my heart, which palpitates and burns. Wasted with fatigue, weary of life, I drag myself back to my retreat, I pour out my anguish before God, and prayer restores some calm to my soul.'

“ THE OFFICER.

“ Alas! my poor unhappy friend, you suffer at once all the evils of soul and body.”

“ THE LEPER.

“ The last are not the most cruel.”

“ THE OFFICER.

“ They leave then some respite?”

“ THE LEPER.

“ Every month they augment, and diminish with the course of the moon; when it begins to shew itself my sufferings increase; the disease diminishes afterwards, and seems to change its nature; my skin dries and whitens, and I feel my pains no longer. They would indeed always be supportable, were it not for the frightful sleepless nights which they occasion.”

“ THE OFFICER.

“ What, does sleep abandon you?”

“ THE LEPER.

“ Ah, sir! the sleepless, sleepless nights! you can ill conceive how long and melancholy is a night which a wretch passes without closing his wearied eyes; his thoughts fixed on the horror of his present situation, and knowing that for him the future is without hope! No, none can comprehend it. My terrors augment as the night advances; and when it is near its close, my agitation is such, that I do not know what is to become of me; my ideas are confused, my heart throbs with a strange feeling, which I never experience but in these sad moments. Sometimes an irresistible force seems to drag me into an unfathomed gulph. Sometimes I see black spots before my eyes; but while I gaze upon them, they cross each other with the rapidity of lightning; they increase as they approach me, and soon become mountains which crush me beneath their weight. Sometimes I see clouds rising from the earth around me, like waves that swell, heap themselves together, and threaten to swallow me in their abyss. And when I endeavour to rise, and shake off those ideas, I feel as if retained by invisible ties, which deprive me of my strength. You will think, perhaps, that these are dreams; but, no: I am broad awake. I see again and again the same objects, and feel a sensation of horror, which surpasses all my other evils.” P. 20.

Now there is no doubt, that the above passages contains a description of circumstances pathetic enough, according to the usual acceptation of the word; just as the sight of the “leper” himself would have been a pathetic sight; but surely no painter would have selected such an object for painting. What moral is to be derived, what pleasurable feeling is to be excited, in short, what object, except that of exciting disagreeable sensations, is to be answered by the detailed delineation of all the miseries incident

cident to a situation so perfectly horrible as that of the poor being who forms the subject of this narrative, we profess not to understand; and till we do, we doubt whether we shall "catch the enthusiasm" which, Miss Williams describes herself to have caught, from the "distinguished literati," among whom she heard it read, and by whom it was so profoundly admired.

ART. XIV. *Correspondence between a Mother and her Daughter at School.* By Mrs. Taylor, Author of "*Maternal Solitude*," &c. and Jane Taylor, Author of "*Display*," &c. 12mo. 160 pp. 5s. Taylor and Hessey. 1817.

THERE is in our language, a word, which has not as yet found its way into our dictionaries, but which, nevertheless, we have always thought particularly expressive; we mean the word "prosy:" how to define it, would rather puzzle us; we could give instances of the thing signified by it in abundance; the conversation of learned ladies, for example, is very generally "prosy," as is that of professional men, for the most part; political economy is a very "prosy" subject, and so is most of the *poetry* that we meet with; it is very "prosy" to hear people speak in raptures of any thing; but if our readers wish to know what "prosy" means, by immediate experiment, we cannot perhaps do better, than desire them to read, from beginning to end, the following very edifying passage, which we have extracted from the correspondence between Mrs. Taylor and Miss Jane.

"But at length, Charlotte could brave it out no longer. Sickness had laid a powerful hand on her, and peremptorily confined her to her bed; and death stood at the door. Nor could all the skill of the physician, nor the assiduities of friendship, afford hope for some days, that the disorder would not finally prevail. Delirium ensued:—it was the delirium of a dissipated mind, betraying its habits and propensities by every incoherent expression. Alas! it was but a remove from the vain roving of her distempered imagination when she thought herself well and happy. But, with the return of her recollection and reasoning powers, a conviction of the vanity and insufficiency of those things, which heretofore had constituted her supreme felicity, seemed to penetrate her mind. She, at least, perceived that, however congenial they might be to her taste and wishes, she held them by a very precarious tenure; and that something more was necessary to constitute genuine happiness, than delights of which she might be deprived at a moment's warning. Her self-complacency, too, seemed to have received a considerable shock: she now *felt* herself to be a poor, dependent creature; depressed or elated by circumstances at which, a few weeks before, she would have spurned. When she had gained sufficient

sufficient strength to sit up in her bed, she requested a glass to be brought. I complied; and watching with interest the turn of her countenance, when she beheld her altered appearance. The shock was almost too much for her feeble frame. The pallid cheek, sunk eye, and languid expression, enforced a lesson, which, I hope, will not soon be forgotten. ‘Surely,’ I said, ‘all flesh is grass, and the beauty thereof as the flower of the field!’ She assented mournfully; and I added, ‘but although ‘the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, the word of the Lord endureth for ever:’ that word, which is not only able to raise the decayed body, even from the dust of death, but to renew the depraved soul, and make it fit for heaven.”

The above reflections are but too undeniable; but it is, we fear, this very circumstance that renders them so little likely, either to amuse or to improve those, for whose edification the work before us is intended. There is, however, a project enounced in the course of this sprightly correspondence, which we heartily admire: it is the formation of a “Young Ladies’ Branch Bible Association.” It is related of Addison, that whenever he met with a person who appeared to be incurably smitten with any absurdity, instead of wasting his breath in vain attempts to convince him of his mistake, he lent his hand to push him deeper into it: judging very properly, that although a person might not have understanding enough to recognize *truth*, when pointed out to him, he might still, by the *argumentum ex absurdo*, be made to perceive what was *not truth*. Upon this principle we were pleased with the ingenious idea contained in the following letter.

“Seven o’clock.—Now, my dear mama, for a little chat with you! I forget what I was going to write about this morning, so must only tell you, that since you heard last, we have raised a little contribution among ourselves for the Bible Society. This, I know, will please you; but you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear, that it was first proposed by those fine ladies, Jessy Cooke’s friends of whom I told you. They informed us how it used to be conducted in the school they have left; and inquired if we had not seen in the printed list, ‘Young ladies at Mrs. ——— seminary, 7l. 7s.’ It was soon agreed, that we should like very much to do something of the kind, if Mrs. W. had no objection. The ladies, however, advised, not to mention it to Mrs. W. till we had *organised* the society ourselves. We must form a committee, they said, and appoint a treasurer and secretary; and it was determined, that we should call it ‘*The Juvenile Ladies’ Branch Bible Association.*’ This gave general satisfaction, and we were proceeding very eagerly to business, when Grace interrupted us, for a moment, by saying, ‘There is a pretty little girl who calls here sometimes with water-cresses: I saw her this morning, as I was crossing the hall, and asked her if she could read; she said, ‘yes:’ I then asked her if she could read in the Bible; and she said, ‘O, yes; she

she was a very good scholar, but she had not got a Bible, nor her mother either.' 'Shall we give her one, then?' said Grace: 'Will you—(speaking to the elder of the sisters)—will you be half the expense with me?' 'I'll think of it,' said she: 'perhaps I may, though I don't know why I should, in particular: indeed, at present I have very little to spare; besides, we are just now talking of something quite different.' 'Not quite different, is it?' said Grace. 'If our object is to give poor people Bibles, it is, you know, exactly the same thing: but if we are only wishing for the fun, or the credit of having a '*Juvenile Ladies' Branch Bible Association*,' it is, certainly, as you say, *quite different*.' Little Phillis Parker jogged my elbow, as Grace said this; but no other notice was taken, I believe. They went on talking very fast about their plan, and Grace did not press it any further. I know, however, that the little girl had a new Bible given her the next time she called; and yet Grace was accused of want of zeal about the subscription. The next thing was a droll dispute between the two sisters, concerning the offices of treasurer and secretary; they both preferring the former. Words ran pretty high; till one of the little ones ventured to come forward, and say, 'She thought Miss Dacre deserved to be secretary, or treasurer, or something,' Grace smiled, and said, 'Thank you, my dear; I have no wish to be either.' The ladies, however, thought it safest, I suppose, after that, to defer their dispute; and they said, both at once, 'Well, at least, Miss Dacre, we must have you on the committee.' Just at that instant Mrs. W. entered the room. She looked rather surprised, and said, 'Committee! my dears, what committee? The two London ladies, and Jessy, and one or two others, began immediately, and altogether, to explain the affair; and to request her permission and *patronage*. Mrs. W. quite approved of our design; but she said, that as, if some one would undertake to receive the subscriptions, all the business would be done, she did not see the necessity for calling a committee, or for taking any further trouble about it. At that, although we had nothing to object, many looked disappointed; and I really believe the whole affair would have dropped then, if Mrs. W. had not taken it up herself, and fixed a time for us to pay our subscriptions.' P. 91.

The above extracts are not calculated to convey, into the minds of our readers, a very high opinion of the solid and practical utility of this supposed "Correspondence," nor any particular respect for the good sense and discrimination of its fair authors. The work itself, however, is manifestly written with really good intentions; the importance of religion is never lost sight of; and though the sentiments have often a *tone* that we cannot altogether admire, yet, separately considered, they are, with particular exceptions, free from all faults, except that which we first alluded to.

MONTHLY LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

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ERRATA in the Article on the Republication of the *Rheimish Testament*, in the Number for September 1817, of the British Critic.

P. 298. For "That a Christian is bound to BURN AND DEFACE all heretical books; i. e. Protestant Bibles and Prayer Books," read "That a Christian is bound to BURN AND DEFACE all heretical books; i. e. (according to the explanation in the Rheimish Testament) Protestant Bibles, Prayer Books, &c. &c." For "Preface," as the reference for the above quotation, read "Acts xix. 19."

THE
BRITISH CRITIC,

FOR DECEMBER, 1817.

ART. I. *The Nature and Tendency of Apostolical Preaching considered: A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Michael, Bath, on Sunday, June 8, 1817, for the Benefit of the Bath Infirmary and Dispensary. By William Dealtry, B.D. F.R.S. Rector of Clapham, Surry, and of Walton, Hertfordshire, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1817.*

WE are informed by Mr. Dealtry, in his preface, that this Sermon was committed to the press, in deference to the wishes of some of his hearers; who

“ Thought that, at the present moment, a distinct and simple statement of the great truths of the Gospel, uncontaminated by the spirit of party, and unmixed with the peculiarity of system, might tend to do away misconception, and render some service to the cause of truth.”

His hearers were doubtless right in the main: a distinct and simple statement of the great truths of the Gospel can scarcely fail, at any time, to render service to the cause of truth, which will be ever valued in proportion as it is understood; and the spirit of party, as it always tends to blind the judgment, will, of course, disqualify those whom it influences from comprehending the truths themselves, or enunciating it to others. Thus far we are willing to go with Mr. Dealtry's hearers; but when they would separate the truths of the Gospel from all peculiarity of system, we hesitate, because we know not where they mean to lead us. The doctrines by which the Christianity of Protestants is distinguishable from Popery, may, by some, be called the peculiarities of a system; and the faith of the Church of Eng-

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land,

land; as it is, in many respects, peculiar to those Protestants who are members of her communion, may, perhaps, be so designated by the Dissenter. We like not these concessions to the spurious liberality of the day: if they mean nothing, they are unworthy of the sincerity of a Christian minister; but, if they are intended to be understood as too many will understand them, they are wholly unbecoming those, who are solemnly bound to hold fast "the form of sound words" which they have received, and to maintain it, unmixed and unadulterated, in defiance of human cavil or opposition.

We are led to these remarks by a wish to deprive the lax notions of the day of any apparent support, which they may receive from an unguarded expression; not because we consider the Sermon before us, as at all calculated to give them circulation. On the contrary, it seems to us, that this expression in the preface, if it be intended to characterise the discourse to which it is prefixed, is particularly unfortunate; for it leads the reader to expect what he will not find; and what, if he found it, would be any thing rather than a recommendation to the work. Instead of the unmeaning generalities, to which a statement unmixed with any peculiarity of any system must be confined, the Sermon contains a clear and forcible statement of those leading doctrines, which Protestants, and the Church of England in particular, glory in maintaining; and it would receive our unmixed approbation, did we not perceive an occasional leaning also to the peculiarities of another system, which, however its advocates may labour to identify it with the tenets of our own Church, we shall ever consider to be injurious to their simplicity and truth. We should, however, pass over the instances in which these peculiarities appear, without much comment, did not the ability displayed in the Sermon, and the extended circulation which, on many accounts, it will probably obtain, entitle it to a more detailed examination than we generally feel justified in bestowing on a single Discourse.

Mr. Dealtry has taken his text from Titus iii. 8: "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men." In explaining the passage he proposes to consider, "the subjects to be taught; the manner of enforcing them; the end proposed; and the excellency of that end."

This division of his subject, affords him scope enough for expatiating upon "the nature and tendency of apostolical preaching;" and he has skilfully availed himself of the copiousness of his theme. The doctrines which he has brought forward are distinctly stated, and enforced by many sensible and useful ob-

servations;

servations; though, in some cases, we have perceived, that a desire of adding to the force of his language has led him to adopt a tone somewhat too dogmatical upon subjects, of which, as it is not within the power of the human intellect clearly to comprehend them, it becomes us to speak with caution and reserve. In other instances we find expressions which, as we have above hinted, seem to us scarcely to harmonize with the general doctrine of our Church; though some passages in the Homilies, when considered without due reference to the whole of her teaching, may perhaps appear to give them sanction. But as it is always an ungracious office to condemn, our readers must permit us, in the first place, to direct their attention to some parts of the Discourse, which are highly creditable to the ability and religious feeling of the author.

Speaking of the end proposed by the inculcation of Christian doctrine, namely, that those who are taught may be induced to improve in righteousness; Mr. Dealtry observes, in opposition to those who seem to make light of human efforts, and reduce man to the mere passive slave of supernatural impulses :

“ A state of grace is not a state of passiveness : it is not a state which we are ever to attain *by one great effort* at the outset, and in which every thing afterwards is purely a matter of course. No : it is a state of warfare ; a state of trial ; a state of danger ; a state in which negligence will at every moment expose us to failure. Not only is the gate, by which we are to enter, strait ; but the way, in which we are to walk, is narrow. At every step we require new incitement, new admonition, new warning ; lest, having begun well, we *fail of the grace of God* * ; lest having once *tasted of the heavenly gift, and the powers of the world to come*, we again *fall away, and crucify to ourselves the Son of God afresh* †.

“ It is true indeed that where a principle of lively faith is implanted, good works will follow. This is implied in the very term, *lively faith*. But let us remember, that it is among the very first fruits of such a faith to make us diligent in working out our salvation ; diligent therefore in watching over our hearts ; diligent in examining and establishing our principles ; diligent in stirring up our affections ; diligent in using all the means of grace, and enforcing on ourselves all the motives to Christian obedience. It may be difficult in theory to reconcile such a course of exertion with a pure ascription of the whole work of our salvation to the grace of God : but this kind of difficulty is not peculiar to religion ; it is the condition of human nature in general. Whenever we are called upon to act, we know, that, if we would act successfully, we must strive as if every thing depended upon ourselves ; while

* Heb. xii. 15.

† Ibid. vi. 4—6.

yet we are sensible that every thing in reality depends upon God. Thus, also, it is in matters of religion. Christianity, so far from *excluding* means, may be called a system of means. It is for this reason that the Sacred Writers are so earnest in their exhortations, not only to the worldly and profane, but to the sincere disciple of Christ. They do not labour merely to convert the Sinner, but to edify the Saint. They are not content with calling upon men to repent and believe; and then leaving them, as it were, to a sort of *natural process* of holiness and Christian virtue: on the contrary, they strongly and constantly stimulate them to cultivate the heavenly principle which they have received—to grow in grace*; to go on unto perfection†; to fight the good fight of faith‡; to put on the whole armour of God§; to forget their past attainments, the things that are behind, and to reach forward to those things that are before||; to strive after attainments of spiritual excellency, which are yet but in distant prospect. They admonish, they beseech, they provoke, they rebuke their followers: they urge them by every motive which has power to touch the springs of the soul: they conjure them by all their hopes and all their fears; by all their recollections and all their prospects; by the powers of the world to come, by the presence of the elect angels, by the example and the sufferings of Christ, by the mercies of God, by the terrors of everlasting torment, and the unutterable glories of an heavenly inheritance.” P. 20.

These are sound and useful observations: of a similar character is the following passage, in which the goodness and profitableness of works of obedience are ably insisted upon, and holiness is represented as essential to the Christian character.

“ Nothing can be more unscriptural than to describe holiness and obedience as something incidental, as a mere appendage to the Christian character, as a graceful embellishment, or even as a valuable addition. No: these things occupy a far higher place in that scheme of salvation, the very sum and substance of which is the sanctification of our corrupt nature. In what did the ruin of man, which followed Adam’s transgression, consist? Not in the *natural* evils and miseries which that fatal event introduced; not in the disorder and confusion which it spread over the face of the world; not in lightning, and tempest, and earthquake; not in plague, pestilence, and famine: not even in death itself, with all its bitterness. These, alas! were but the symptoms or the effects of the disease. The real sting of that calamity consisted in the moral depravation which it introduced, in the pollution of the soul, in the loss of the divine similitude. This it was that constituted the essence of the evil; and this it was which Christ came down to destroy. The fall

* 2 Pet. iii. 18.

† Heb. vi. 1.

‡ 1 Tim. vi. 12.

§ Eph. vi. 11.

|| Phil. iii. 13.

of man was a fall from holiness to sin: the restoration of man is a restoration from sin to holiness; a restoration which begins on earth, and is completed in heaven. The work of redemption is not merely the deliverance from punishment—it is the re-establishment of God's laws, against which sin had rebelled; the re-edification of his workmanship, which sin had overthrown; the restitution of his image, which sin had defaced." P. 31.

We now pass to a more unpleasant, though a necessary part of our duty. We have before observed, that Mr. Dealtry occasionally indulges in the use of language more bold and decisive than sound discretion will warrant. And this is the more to be lamented, because such expressions, whenever he employs them, seem calculated to recommend the peculiarities of a system, in itself a fearful instance of the mischief which may result from the dogmatical confidence of one highly-gifted, but presumptuous individual.

The first passage of this kind which we feel ourselves called upon to notice, occurs in pages 5 and 6; wherein, with a view of illustrating the doctrine of original sin, Mr. Dealtry speaks of "the state of Christians before their conversion." This expression is, in itself, ambiguous; but we conceive Mr. D. to refer to the situation of man in his natural state, before he is admitted to a share in the privileges of the Christian covenant; because he explains his meaning by appealing to Titus iii. 3; where the Apostle, describing the character of his brethren in the faith, previous to their conversion, says, *We ourselves were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another.* This, doubtless, was true of the persons to whom St. Paul alluded; but they were in a situation very different to that of any Christian in this country before his conversion; and what was highly descriptive of their character and conduct, would be wholly inapplicable to the unbaptized infants. The infant may be called *foolish*, but how can he be styled *disobedient*? He may, perhaps, be *deceived*, but how can it be said of him that he is *serving divers lusts and pleasures*; that he is *living in malice and envy*; that he is *hateful himself*, and a *hater of others*? It will, we conceive, be evident to every one who reflects upon the subject, that the Apostle is not here speaking of the original depravation of man's nature by the fall; but of the effects produced upon the minds and characters of those who had grown up to manhood in an unregenerate state; and contracted all the odious habits and propensities, which the influence of external temptation and example, acting upon the original frame of their nature, could engender. Yet, Mr. Dealtry, hastily concluding, that the Apostle is speaking of the nature of man,

man, as he is born into the world, feels himself justified in pronouncing upon that nature, the following sweeping condemnation.

“ We are chargeable, it seems, in our natural state, with folly, disobedience, and error; with sordid passions and degrading practice: malice and envy are the habitual dispositions of our minds; and however loud may be our pretensions to amiableness of character and suavity of temper, we are hateful in ourselves, and are inspired with hatred to others.” P. 5.

Had Mr. D. duly considered the distinction between *original* and *actual* sin; had he remembered that, in the present state of the Church, the former, generally speaking, is all that can be chargeable upon “ Christians before their conversion;” we think that he would not have put this forced construction upon the Apostle's words. He seems, indeed, to have felt the propriety of qualifying the harshness of the sentence which he had pronounced, for he adds:

“ The Apostle did not mean to say, that these marks of a fallen nature, are equally *visible* in all men: they may frequently, in a great measure, escape *our* observation. We look only at the outside of the sepulchre: the pollution is within. Neither is the corrupt principle equally *active* in all men: in society, and especially in Christian society, it acts under many restraints.” P. 6.

These admissions certainly bring us nearer to the truth; but it would have been far better, if, on a subject confessedly difficult, he had adhered to the moderate statements of the Church. She declares, that “ man is very far gone from original righteousness;” that he is, “ of his own nature, inclined to evil;” and that “ the flesh lusteth always contrary to the Spirit.” But she knows how to distinguish between original and actual sin; and while she charges the former upon all the children of Adam; instead of designating it by terms which necessarily imply actual transgression, she is contented with affirming, that this “ infection of our nature,” produces desires which have of themselves “ the nature of sin:” a singularly cautious expression, and guarded also by the assurance, that this “ infection” will entail “ no condemnation” on “ them that believe and are baptized.” (Article 1x.)

Such is her language. Mr. Dealtry, in a note assures us, that even those unqualified expressions, to which we have objected, contain her doctrine: but how justly this accusation (for such we deem it) is brought against her, let the Article itself, to which we both appeal, decide; for, from that Article, not from single unconnected sentences, extracted from the Homilies, is her authorized doctrine to be drawn. We charge Mr. Dealtry only
with

with the use of incautious language ; his own opinions may be correct, though his expressions are unfortunate : we may have misconceived their import ; but they certainly appear to us to favour that harsh, and we will add, unscriptural, view of the consequences of the fall, which is derived from the gloomy system of the Genevan Reformer.

Though we have before seen, that Mr. Dealtry strenuously maintains the necessity of good works ; when he endeavours to explain what the Apostle means by the term " good works," his statements seem to us wholly inadmissible. We give the whole passage, that our readers may judge how far we have ground for the objections which we mean to take against it.

" Here I would observe, that since the expression ' good works' is assuredly found in the New Testament, it is lawful for us also to adopt it. But let us use it in its correct and scriptural sense. Let it be carefully observed, that St. Paul is here speaking only of those that believe* ; of those that have been truly converted to God by faith in his Son. The works of those who are living in a worldly and unconverted state, however specious, *being done as our Church observes, before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of his Spirit, are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Christ: neither do they make men meet to receive grace ; yea, rather, for that they are not done as God has willed and commanded them to be done, we doubt not but they have the nature of sin.* Article XIII." P. 17.

Now, if Mr. Dealtry only intends to say, that, the works of heathens, "*forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Christ,*" are not properly to be denominated good works, he advances what no member of the Church will deny. Our only remark will then be, that such a position seems to have little reference to his argument. But if he intends to speak of the works of baptized Christians, we shall venture to bring forward two objections against his statement. The first will refer to the gloss which he has put upon the language of St. Paul ; the second, to his misapplication of the XIIIth Article of our Church. " Let it be carefully observed," says he, " that St. Paul is here speaking only of those that believe, of those that have been truly converted to God, by faith in his Son:" and then he refers his readers, in a note, to Macknight, as his authority for attaching the sense of continuance to the word in the original, translated in our Testament, " they which have believed." By the terms,

* " ΟΙ ΠΕΡΙΣΤΕΥΟΤΕΣ. ' They who have believed, and who continue to believe, according to the known use of the preterite tenses.' Macknight." Note i. p. 43.

οι πεπιστευκότες τῷ Θεῷ, St. Paul, as we are directed by an authority, certainly not inferior to Macknight's, to understand his language, means to designate generally the members of the Christian Church. Πιστεύειν, vel πιστεύειν εἰς τὸν Ἰησοῦν, vel τῷ Κυρίῳ, vel τῷ Θεῷ, says Schleusner, simpliciter et sine ulla emphasi, ponitur pro amplecti et admittere doctrinam Christi, esse vel fieri μαθητὴν, sectatorem, discipulum Jesu, nulla adjuncta notione constantiæ in sectanda hæc doctrina J. C. aut virtutis Christianæ vero studio in locis sequentibus. Among other texts, he brings forward Acts xvi. 34. where πεπιστευκὰς τῷ Θεῷ cannot convey the idea of continuance in the faith, since it is used of one, who had been just converted: and he interprets the very passage of Titus now before us, thus, qui religionem divinam, a Christo traditam, profitantur. We see no reason then for limiting the Apostle's language within narrower bounds than he himself probably intended; and, notwithstanding the authority of Macknight, we shall consider the precept as a general one, enjoining all who had been baptized into the faith of Christ, to maintain good works; and intimating, of course, that such persons are partakers of that grace, which will enable them to obey the command.

That many such neglect the Apostles' injunction, is a fact unhappily too notorious; and that they may be said to live in a worldly; and, in some sense, in an unconverted state, (that is, their lives are such, as they would have lived, had they never been made Christians) is also certain. But the Church, in her thirteenth Article, does not speak of these men, or of their conduct. That Article is entitled, "Of Works before Justification;" it describes the case of Heathens alone, who have not received "the grace of Christ;" and it declares, that their works "are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ." Members of the Christian Church, who "are living in a worldly unconverted state," must either be notorious sinners, or men who have no respect to the principles of the Christian Faith in the moral actions which they perform. To the first, no part of the Article can apply; for they have no works to shew, of which it can be predicated, that they are "good," or otherwise, in the scriptural sense: and however the moral actions of the second class may be unavailable to them as Christians, and unacceptable to God, because destitute of the only motive which can recommend them to his favour; still the Article does not refer to them, as they cannot be said to have been performed *before the grace of Christ, and inspiration of his Spirit*; of which all baptized persons are partakers, Mr. D. himself being one witness, who allows that "baptism is the sacramental sign of the new birth of the Spirit," p. 7. It is
certainly

certainly easy to conceive a case, in which nominal Christians, persons who have been baptized, but have never suffered their minds to be influenced by the faith of Christ, may perform moral actions, upon principles wholly separate from those which are essential to the character of Christian good works. And we must believe, that such works are *not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ*. If Mr. Dealtry meant no more than this, and if he had not endeavoured to support his position by a misinterpretation of St. Paul's language, and a misapplication of the thirteenth Article, we should readily have agreed with him : but the passage, as it stands, is highly objectionable ; for, in effect, it leads to this conclusion ; that many baptised persons in our Church, where all are baptised in infancy, have never received the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his Spirit ; and it thus nullifies the sacrament of baptism, by separating the spiritual grace from the outward sign, and makes room for those enthusiastic notions of conversion, which characterize modern fanaticism.

In page 24, after having described, in glowing and eloquent terms, the difficulties of our Christian warfare, Mr. Dealtry adds :

“ To suppose that we can do all this, or any part of it, by our own strength ; to imagine, that even if we come off *more than conquerors*, a *single particle* of the merits or the glory of that victory can belong to ourselves, would indeed be a fearful denial of the grace of God.”

And again he affirms, p. 32, that “ no works of ours can merit salvation, or can even assist in meriting it *in the smallest degree*.” Thus does Mr. Dealtry confidently decide upon the nicest questions in theology. The doctrine of merit is one of the worst errors of the Romish Church ; and our Reformers, as was to be expected, argued frequently and strongly against it ; decidedly teaching, that man of himself has “ no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will.” Article X. Believing therefore the ability of the Christian to perform good works to be the gift of God, they wholly denied them any efficacy as the *meritorious cause* of our salvation. Still, however, they allowed them to be “ pleasant and acceptable to God in Christ,” Article XII. And considering them in this highly favourable light, and regarding them also as one covenanted condition of our salvation through Christ, they abstained from such bold and sweeping assertions as Mr. Dealtry has employed. A wiser man than Mr. D. (we speak it without any desire of detracting

detracting from the character which he may deserve; for much commendation may be allowed to him, who yet must hold an inferior rank to Bishop Bull), considering the many striking passages in Scripture, in which we are taught, that we may so act as to become *worthy* of everlasting life; concluded that this proposition may be laid down as an undoubted truth; that "there is a certain worthiness required in those, who shall be partakers of the heavenly glory." And this, he conceived, might be maintained, without in the slightest degree assenting to the Romish doctrine of merit, which he declared to be "a horrid doctrine, and not to be endured in the Church of Christ." We earnestly recommend his excellent discourse on this subject, which is to be found in the first volume of his English works, to the perusal of Mr. Dealtry. Not that we conceive his opinion to be substantially different from that of the very learned bishop; but because it may induce him, in any future expression of it, to employ language less liable to misinterpretation. He is aware, that the truth lies equally removed from the two errors of Romish merit, and fanatical antinomianism; and he will, we doubt not, be as desirous as we can be, to steer carefully between them; and to correct any hastiness of expression, which, while it too eagerly aims at guarding his hearers against one extreme, may perhaps unintentionally prepare them for embracing the other. Mr. Dealtry thinks, that this doctrine, even as he has expressed it, "far from disparaging the importance of Christian virtue, peculiarly magnifies and enforces it," p. 32. We will allow, that the doctrine of divine grace, its necessity, its sufficiency, and its free grant to every Christian, in proportion as he will seek and employ it, has an evident tendency to magnify and enforce the importance of Christian virtue. For it teaches us, that we may be holy if we please; and that, if we are not so, our sin becomes exceeding sinful; because committed, not only in defiance of the divine authority which forbids it, but in desperate contempt and resistance of the Holy Spirit, who has taken up his abode within us, to "put into our hearts good desires," and to enable us to "bring the same to good effect." But when this doctrine is stated in the incautious and unqualified language which we have cited from this sermon, it may have a different effect. The unlettered hearer, who is incapable of nice and accurate distinctions, when he is taught, that not a *single particle* of the merit of his virtue belongs to himself; that no works of his own can assist in meriting his salvation in the smallest degree; may be too easily persuaded to lead to a conclusion insinuated by temptation, and sanctioned by his passions; that, as his good works are of so little value, they may be less important, less essential to his salvation, than he has hitherto conceived. We are convinced, that

no man would deprecate such a conclusion, more than Mr. Dealtry; but we hope that he will agree with us, that language which may lead to it, had better be avoided, especially in a popular discourse, addressed, not to the cool and discriminating judgment of the student in his closet, but to the casual, and often ignorant or prejudiced hearer, in a mixed congregation. We are convinced, that many have fallen into practical antinomianism, under a persuasion that it was taught by preachers who were as decidedly hostile to it as Mr. Dealtry can be; but whose language, from an ardent desire to magnify the divine mercy, and lower the pride and confidence of man, has been occasionally less guarded than the difficulty of the subject required.

Mr. Dealtry complains, that "the ignorance of foolish men impels them to revile the doctrine of the cross, as faith without works; as an airy speculation, with no practical results:" and this he calls, "the common slander of the day," p. 27. We hope he does not identify the doctrine of the cross, with the reveries of all who, without authority or commission from Christ, undertake to teach it: and, if so, we will venture to assert, that the doctrine of the cross, as taught by the Church of England, and by those who, within her pale, have learnt to handle the word of God discreetly, though possibly it may be disparaged by a very few, has never yet been the subject of any such general accusation, as he seems to apprehend. That it has ever been, in any respect, confounded with the antinomian heresy, must, we fear, be imputed to the hasty, and, in some instances, uninstructed zeal of some, who have undertaken to discourse in a popular way upon abstruse and difficult points of doctrine; and have carried the language of debate and controversy into those pulpits, which would have been more profitably used in announcing the great leading doctrines of "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."

We earnestly exhort Mr. Dealtry, should he in future undertake to "do away misconception," by giving "a distinct and simple statement of the great truths of the Gospel," to weigh well the force of his own expressions; and to consider, not only what he himself means by them, but also what the variously constructed minds of a congregation may understand them to mean. For though it may be impossible to prevent occasional misconception; still, any fame which may be acquired by an imaginary force of language, or by boldness of decision, will be well commuted for the conviction, that, if he has not always succeeded in guarding his hearers against error, he has never rashly led them into it by positions, which are more brilliant than solid; more calculated to catch the ear, than inform the mind; to excite the admiration of the weak, than to secure the suffrages of the wise and good.

ART. II. *A Description of the Characters, Manners, and Customs of the People of India, and of their Institutions, religious and civil. By the Abbe J. A. Dubois, Missionary in the Mysore. Translated from the French Manuscript. 4to. Longman and Co. 1817.*

ART. III. *A View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos: including a minute Description of their Manners and Customs, and Translations from their principal Works. By the Rev. W. Ward, one of the Baptist Missionaries at Serampore, Bengal. 2 vols. 8vo. Black, Parbury, and Allen. 1817.*

THE true character of the Hindoos, and the actual state of society in the extended regions which they occupy now, begin to be better understood in England. Owing to the recent exertions of the several provincial governments, as well as to the private enterprize of many spirited individuals, we are no longer left to remain ignorant either of the geographical properties of the great eastern continent, or of the manners which characterize those many millions of men scattered over it, who submit to the power, or court the alliance of the British name.

The first impression made on the minds of those who, in modern times, have undertaken to survey the present condition, and to explore the antiquities of India, was extremely deceitful and remote from the truth. Sir William Jones, to whom we are so much indebted for our knowledge, imperfect as it still is, of the Hindoo character and literature, imagined that he had discovered in their sacred books an antiquarian treasure of the very highest value, and at the same time led others to believe, that all which had theretofore been known of the history of the human race, and of the origin of the sciences, would sink into insignificance when compared with the records of Brahminical faith, and the tables of oriental astronomy. It cannot be necessary, after this remark, to recal to the memory of our readers, the magnificent expectations which were formed, both in England and France, by some natural philosophers of a certain order, relative to the overthrow of the narrow notions entertained among Christians about the age of this globe, and the antiquity of mankind. Already had their speculations carried back the student of chronology a thousand ages beyond the flood; and guided by the annals of the astronomer, who had recorded celestial phenomena from a date still more ancient, the mathematicians of Europe, with the well-known credulity of scepticism, had begun to talk of events supposed to have taken place, myriads of years before
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the creation of the world, and to commemorate the achievements of heroes and sages, who must have flourished a few hundred generations before the times of Adam and Eve. A closer view, however, and a more correct knowledge of parts have tended powerfully to undeceive our scientific enthusiasts; and we believe there are few of them who are not ashamed to speak of the reign of Brahma, as extending to 55,987,200,000,000 years, or to propose a new system of chronology founded on the incarnations of Vishnoo. Mr. Halhed himself, who first believed in Hindooism, and then in Richard Brothers, would, were he alive, be scandalized to reflect, that he had ever seriously calculated the four Yoojus; exclaiming with rapture, upon viewing his long string of figures, "to such antiquity the Mosaic creation is but as yesterday; and to such ages, the life of Methuselah is but a span!" And what must be the self contempt and humiliation with which Dr. Stiles, president of Yale College, North America, recollects his former enthusiasm, which led him actually to write to Sir William Jones, to request him to search among the Hindoos for the Adamic books! The grand structure of Indian knowledge and antiquity has now vanished away: and of all the learning, and wisdom, and science, which were anticipated from the researches of eastern scholars, nothing has been realized but a series of idolatrous legends too contemptible to be read, and a collection of stories surpassing in extravagance the adventures of Baron Munchausen. In short, if ever there was a temple amongst them for the adoration of true science and literature, it has been so completely swept away by the ravages of time, that there remains not one fragment of carved stone, nor fluted pillar, to enable us to judge of its architecture, or of the skill of the artists.

There is another point, too, in which we have been compelled to receive new light with considerable reluctance. The Hindoos have usually been regarded as a peculiarly mild, gentle, and passive people, suffering with the utmost patience, and incapable of revenge. Even their superstitions have been described as expressive of an innocent and affectionate turn of mind, involving in them no cruelty to man or beast, and even as being free from that grossness and indecency, which too frequently mingle with the rites of idolatrous worshippers. Mr. Maurice, whose *Indian Antiquities* have been so generally admired, has contributed in no small degree to this deception. He speaks of the Hindoo religion as being "a beautiful and radiant cherub from heaven, bearing on his persuasive lips the accents of pardon and mercy, and on his silken wings benevolence and blessing;" and at another time, upon the mere sight of a couple of bells which had been used in their heathenish orgies, he exclaims,

"I could

“ I could not avoid being deeply affected with the sound of an instrument, which had been usually employed to kindle the flame of that superstition, which I have attempted so extensively to unfold. My transported thoughts travelled back to the remote period when the brahman religion blazed forth in all its splendour in the caverns of Elephanta : I was for a moment entranced, and caught the ardour of enthusiasm. A tribe of venerable priests, arrayed in flowing stoles, and decorated with high tiaras, seemed assembled around me, the mystic song of initiation vibrated in my ear ; I breathed an air fragrant with the richest perfumes, and I contemplated the Deity in the fire, which symbolized him.”

In sooth, Mr. Maurice was by much too susceptible of enthusiasm, and too fond of fine words to be taken literally in all his descriptions ; and if it be true, as Mr. Ward asserts, that he never was present at the celebration of any of the Hindoo ceremonies, there was just so much the more room for the exercise of that elastic imagination which, in an instant, transported him from Staunmore-hill, where he saw the two bells, to Elephanta's caverns, where he snuffed up perfumes, and adored the venerable priests in flowing stoles and high tiaras. At all events, the Hindoo character, whether in private life or in public worship, has been very differently represented by the latest travellers in Hindostan ; and suspicious as we are of such writers as Mr. Ward, who go in search of every thing that is bad, without having eyes to mark what is good, we can no longer solace our fancies with images of an amiable superstition, practised by a decent and harmless people, and breathing benevolence and a catholic affection for the whole human race. On the contrary, every exhibition which we behold in recent publications, from the best informed and most impartial writers too, brings before our eyes those very things connected with idolatry, which are most to be deplored and detested, cruelty, vice, and systematic debauchery. There is, indeed, that degree of toleration and liberality in the Hindoo character, which has usually distinguished polytheists in all ages and nations ; and a people who acknowledge that religious service is due to three hundred and thirty millions of gods, cannot possibly have very restricted notions of either faith or practice. But we shall come to these matters more in detail hereafter ; meantime we must give some account of the works now before us, the latest, we believe, on this interesting subject.

M. Dubois, a native of France, was compelled to leave his country during the dreadful times which followed upon the revolution ; and, after making his way into the kingdom of the Mysore, commenced the labours of a missionary among the simple people, where he had thus found an asylum. To facilitate

tate his views, or to gratify his curiosity, he lost no time in throwing off the manners and dress of a European, and in assimilating himself as completely as possible to the outward appearance and modes of living which prevailed around him ; he became a Hindoo in every thing but religious belief ; for, as to his own external acts of piety, and his endeavours to make converts of others, he says so little, that on these points we are left almost entirely to conjecture. During eighteen years he maintained the closest intercourse with the worshippers of Brahma, living in their houses, partaking of their food, and even occasionally witnessing their religious solemnities. He made it, he assures us, his constant rule to live as they did, conforming exactly in all things to their manners, to their style of living and clothing, and even externally to most of their prejudices ; in consequence of which, we are farther told, he obtained their confidence and respect to such a degree, that whenever in the course of his travels, he was known to be approaching a village, the house of a Brahmin was uniformly cleared for his reception, as a spontaneous mark of deference and regard.

The opportunities acquired by such a sacrifice of his native habits, of learning the manners and customs of the Hindoos, was singularly advantageous ; and M. Dubois accordingly writes, on all occasions, like a man who has seen and become familiar with every thing he describes. His determination to become an author, however, seems not to have been the ruling motive of his actions in the outset of his romantic mission ; for it was not until certain advertisements had been circulated with the view of obtaining authentic documents for a History of India, meditated at one period by the Honourable Company, that Dubois directed his particular attention to the writings and customs of his adopted countrymen. From the circumstances in which he was placed, a literary work produced by the Abbé could not fail to be greatly prized ; and the Madras government accordingly, in pursuance of the object just stated, purchased his manuscript for two thousand pagodas. The volume at present under review is a translation of that manuscript, constituting the only form in which it has been communicated to the European reader.

Before the purchase was completed, the official persons at Madras used means to have the opinion of several orientalists, as to the faithfulness and general accuracy of Dubois's papers ; and as the report of Colonel Wilks himself, a distinguished author and elegant scholar, bears directly upon those points, concerning which the inquisitive reader will be most desirous to be informed, we give it in his own words.

“ The manuscript of the Abbé Dubois, on Indian casts, was put

put into my hands by himself early in the year 1806, and so far as my previous information and subsequent inquiry have enabled me to judge, it contains the most correct, comprehensive, and minute account extant in any European language, of the customs and manners of the Hindoos. Of the general ability of a work of this nature, I conclude that no doubt can be entertained. Every Englishman resident in India is interested in the knowledge of those peculiarities in the Indian casts, which may enable him to conduct with the natives the ordinary intercourse of civility or business, without offending their prejudices. These prejudices are chiefly known to Europeans as insulated facts; and a work which should enable us to generalize our knowledge, by unfolding the sources whence those prejudices are derived, would, as a manual for the younger servants of the Company in particular, be productive of public advantages, on which it seems to be quite superfluous to enlarge."

Lord William Bentinck expresses himself very much to the same effect, observing, that our countrymen in India are all acquainted with some prominent marks and facts, which all that run may read; but that the manner of thinking among the Hindoos, their domestic habits and ceremonies, in which a knowledge of every people consists, is in great part wanting.

"We understand very imperfectly their language; they perhaps know more of ours; but their knowledge is by no means sufficiently extensive to give a description of subjects not easily represented by the insulated words in daily use. We do not, we cannot associate with the natives. We cannot see them in their houses and with their families. We are necessarily very much confined to our houses with heat; all our wants and business, which would create a greater intercourse with the natives, is done for us; and we are, in fact, strangers in the land."

We have brought forward these circumstances, with the double view of shewing how limited is the intercourse with the native inhabitants, to which our countrymen resident in India are almost necessarily restricted, as also the value ascribed to the work of Dubois from the singular circumstance of his naturalization amongst them.

The volumes of Mr. Ward are of a less interesting nature, being confined to a sort of dictionary detail of idols, temples, and ceremonies, and containing absolutely nothing that might not have been written in England as well as at Serampore. He has, indeed, constructed a Hindoo Pantheon, giving the genealogy, the rank and offices of every individual god, named the locality of the principal seats of worship, and the hopes or fears of the several orders of devotees; but as to manners and customs, properly so called, history, literature, arts, sciences, amusements, distinction of ranks, laws, civil institutions, schools for learning, trade, and agriculture, Mr. Ward preserves a rigid
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and unbroken silence. He keeps to the gods, when we are anxious to know something of the men; and at the moment, when some favourable opportunity would naturally lead him to describe things, which he had seen, and could speak of without blushing, we are hurried away to midnight scenes of drunken lewdness, which he ever and anon shadows forth to our imaginations in broken sentences and expressive hints. For the honour of human nature we trust, the Hindoos are not as bad as Mr. Ward insinuates; and as he himself did not actually see the impurities to which he so frequently alludes, we would fondly cherish a hope, that the renegade Brahmins, from whose mouths he drew his most offensive details, indulged in a little exaggeration, in order to satiate the curiosity of their inquisitive visitor. We do not, we protest, wish in the slightest degree to call in question the good faith of Mr. Ward; we merely suggest the very obvious consideration, that as the direct object of his mission was to contribute, as far as he could, to the overthrow of the Hindoo superstition, he might not unnaturally begin by collecting facts, to shew how unworthy it is of protection, or even of toleration. In short, we cannot help remarking, that he has acted the part of the devil's advocate against the poor Hindoos; and instead of radiant cherubs with silken wings, bending down to listen to the meek petitions and pure praises of an unsophisticated people, we have nothing but furious demons, instigating to blood and debauchery, the most profligate wretches on the face of the earth.

Again, as to the mechanical part of authorship, we think the reverend missionary has dealt somewhat unfairly by the purchasers of his book; for, not content with endless repetitions in the body of his volumes, he has fallen upon a plan of giving the whole twice over: having first said all that he had to say, in the shape of preliminary remarks, and then saying the same things over again a little more at length, and with a few slight discrepancies, in type of a larger size. The title page, too, is a piece of deceit; for, whilst it professes to entertain the reader with history, literature, manners, and customs, there is not one chapter in the two volumes on any other subject than Hindoo mythology. It is Hindoo mythology from the beginning to the end—gods, goddesses, cow-dung, and clarified butter. This, we confess, is an old fashioned way of reviewing a book, by telling what it contains, and what it does not contain: still we cannot help recurring occasionally to our antiquated method, which seems, after all, to do more justice both to authors and to readers, than a jejune essay hastily made up of borrowed, unacknowledged materials.

Of the 330,000,000 of Indian gods, it is universally known, that Brahma, Vishnoo, and Shiva—the creator, the preserver, and destroyer—are the chief and source. As the circumstances and accommodation of the second seem better known than those of the two others, we shall give a short account of his place of residence and family comforts. The heaven of Vishnoo, called Voikoont'hu, is entirely of gold, and is eighty thousand miles in circumference. All its edifices are composed of jewels. The pillars of this heaven, and all the ornaments of the building are of precious stones. The crystal waters of the Ganges fall, from the higher heavens, on the head of Droovu, and from thence on the bunches of hair on the heads of seven Rishces in this heaven, and from thence they fall, and form a river in Voikoont'hu. Here are also fine pools of water, containing blue, red, and white water lilies. On a seat as glorious as the meridian sun, sitting on water lilies is Vishnoo, and on his right hand the goddess Lukshmu. This goddess shines like a continued blaze of lightning, and from her body the fragrance of the *lotus* extends eight hundred miles. But splendour in this case, as in many others, is no proof of domestic bliss; and the troubles and anxieties of Vishnoo's mind have turned him into wood. In the first place, this god has two wives, Lukshmu, the goddess of prosperity, and Suruswutu, the goddess of learning; and all Hindoos acknowledge, that it is a great misfortune for a man to have two wives, particularly if both live in one house. The learned goddess, as might be apprehended, torments him with constant talking; whilst the other divinity, the prosperous Lukshmu, is incessantly moving from place to place; on which account, the lord of Voikoont'hu, to save his ears, on the one hand, and his honour on the other, has metamorphosed himself into a piece of wood.

We give the following picture as a specimen of a goddess, who holds in Hindoo mythology, the place which corresponds to that of Minerva, in the pantheons of ancient Greece and Rome. Her name is KALEE, and is represented as a very black female with four arms; having in one hand a scymitar, and in another the head of a giant, which she holds by the hair. She wears two dead bodies for ear-rings, and a necklace of skulls; and her tongue hangs down to her chin. The hands of several giants are hung as a girdle round her loins, and her tresses reach down to her heels. Having drunk the blood of the giants she has slain in combat, her eye-brows are bloody, and the blood is falling in a stream down her breast; her eyes are red like those of a drunkard. She stands with one foot on the breast of her husband Shiva, and rests the other on his thigh.

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'This is one of the most ferocious of Hindoo divinities, and is represented as taking much delight in bloody sacrifice. It is said in the Kalika Poorana, that the blood of a tiger pleases the goddess for one hundred years, and the blood of a lion, a rein-deer, or a man, a thousand: but by the sacrifice of three men she is gratified a hundred thousand years. So fond, indeed, is KALEE of flesh and blood, that her votaries are occasionally seen draining their veins, and cutting slices out of their bodies to present at her shrine; saying, "Hail! supreme delusion! Hail, goddess of the universe! Hail! thou who fulfillest the desires of all! May I presume to offer thee the blood of my body, and wilt thou deign to accept of it, and to be propitious to me. Grant me, oh goddess! bliss, in proportion to the fervency with which I present thee with my own flesh, invoking thee to be propitious to me. Salutation to thee again and again, under the mysterious syllables *ung, ung!*"

But the most singular office of this cannibal idol is the protection of thieves and robbers, who regularly pay their devotions to her, under the hope of carrying on their mischievous designs, with safety and success. Connected with this superstitious notion, Mr. Ward tells the following anecdote, the circumstances of which seem to have fallen under his own personal observation.

"Some time ago, two Hindoos were executed at Calcutta for robbery. Before they entered upon their work of plunder, they worshipped KALEE, and offered prayers before her image that they might be protected by the goddess in the act of thieving. It so happened, that the goddess left these disciples in the lurch; they were detected, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. While under sentence of death, a native catholic, in the same place and circumstances, was visited by a Roman Catholic priest to prepare him for death. These Hindoos now reflected, that as Kalee had not protected them, notwithstanding they had paid their devotions to her, there could be no hope that she would save them after death; they might as well therefore renounce their cast: which resolution they communicated to their fellow prisoner, who procured for them a prayer from the catholic priest, translated into the Bengalee language. I saw a copy of this prayer in the hands of the native catholic, who gave me the account. These men at last, out of pure revenge upon Kalee, died in the faith of the Virgin Mary, and the Catholics, after the execution, made a grand funeral for them; as these persons, they said, embraced the Catholic faith, and renounced their cast from conviction."

Every one knows that the worship of a Hindoo is extended to every object which meets his eyes in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; to the sun, the moon, and the stars, to cattle, and all creeping things, to

dogs, cats, and monkeys, to serpents, to jackals, to eagles, cormorants, and bats, to rivers, and standing pools of water, to vegetables, shrubs, and trees; to which last only, in our opinion, their cow-dung oblations can be of any avail. Nay, they even proceed farther than this; for we are told by M. Dubois, that the several orders of mechanics and tradesmen offer religious respect to their tools and implements. The joiner does homage to his hatchet, the mason to his trowel, and the farmer to his plough. Women are seen worshipping the basket in which they convey their goods to market, performing a stated service to the rice-mill or the wash-tub, and adoring, with lowly reverence, their pots and pans. The Brahmin repeats a prayer over the stylus with which he writes; the soldier says *benedicto* to his sword, and the milk-maid chaunts praises to her pails. To crown all, they very good naturedly worship one another. The wives and unmarried daughters of Brahmins are very particularly noticed, and are said to receive their share of incense and adulation with a very becoming grace. Women worship their husbands, on some occasions, with great formality, and on others, it is alleged, make no scruple to set up unto themselves gods after their own heart's desire; being in this respect the rankest polytheists and will-worshippers in the whole world.

The fundamental principle of Brahmanism, viewed as a matter of theory, is, that there exists but one spirit in the universe which pervades and animates all things, and that the souls of men, being portions of the great spirit will, ultimately, after having inhabited various bodies, and undergone due purification, be completely absorbed in it, and consequently partake of the immortality and happiness which belong to the parent and source of all intelligence. Proceeding upon these views, which the learned reader knows entered deeply into some of the more refined systems of pagan philosophy, the Brahmin naturally regards the passions and appetites connected with the flesh, as obstacles to the accomplishment of that purity of mind, and abstraction from sensual objects, which alone can qualify the soul for the blessing of absorption. To secure a victory, therefore, for the spiritual over the material part of the constitution, employs the chief study of the several orders of anchorites and mendicants, who crowd the forests or infest the streets in every part of Hindostan: but in the prosecution of this object, two very different systems are followed, according either as the enthusiast wishes to destroy his appetites by depletion or inanition. There is a class of men called Vamacharees, who, despising the pusillanimity which drives the regular ascetic to the wilderness, boast of being able to resist temptation, in the midst of its most powerful enticements, and to have subdued their passions by excess of indul-

indulgence. The rite of initiation into this detestable order, exhibits a practical instance of their system, in a scene of studied debauchery. The ceremonies which accompany it are performed in the dead of the night, in the presence of an equal number of men and women; during which, the presiding Vaniacharue informs the novice, that

“Henceforth he is not to indulge shame nor dislike to any thing, nor regard ceremonial cleanness or uncleanness; that he may freely enjoy all the pleasures of sense, his mind being fixed all the while on his guardian deity; that he is neither to be an epicure nor an ascetic, but to blend both in his character, and to make the pleasures of sense, that is wine and women, the medium of obtaining absorption into Brahma; since women are the representatives of the wife of Cupid, and wine prevents the senses from going astray.” “During his initiation, however, the novice is not to drink so as to appear intoxicated; but having habituated himself to a small quantity, he may take more till he falls down in a state of intoxication, still, however, so as to be able to rise again after a short interval; after which he may continue drinking the nectar till he falls down completely overcome, and remains in this state of joy, thinking upon his guardian deity. He is now known as an Ugudhoot’hu, one who has renounced all secular affairs, and receives a new name, An undu-nat, hu, or the joyous. He is to drink spirits with all of the same profession; to sleep constantly in a house of ill fame; and to eat of every thing he pleases, and with all casts indiscriminately. The next thing is, to offer a burnt sacrifice; after which the spiritual guide and the guests are dismissed with presents, and the new disciple spends the night with an infamous female.”

And all this done, forsooth, in pursuit of a pure blessedness, and with the view of subjecting the flesh to the spirit; just as an invalid would qualify himself to observe a restricted regimen by stuffing himself with a hearty dinner.

Of those, who undertake to subdue the passions by abstinence and suffering, the following, may be regarded as a fair specimen, taken from one of the classes of mendicant devotees.

“We found,” says Mr. Ward, “two mendicants from the upper provinces, one of them a young man, an Oordhuvahoo, who had held up his left arm till it was become stiff. They were both covered with ashes; their hair clotted with dirt, and tied in a bunch at the top of the head; and were without any covering, except the bark of some tree, and a shred of cloth drawn up betwixt the legs. At a distance they could scarcely be distinguished as men; and it appeared almost impossible for human beings to manifest a greater disregard of the body. We asked the young man how long he had held up his arm in this manner? He said, for three years. To the question

question whether it produced any pain, he replied, that as far as his body was concerned, it did so for the first six months. The nails of this hand were grown long like the claws of a bird of prey. The other pilgrim was less communicative, but more intent on his devotions: he had a separate hut, and, as though all desire of human society and friendship was extinguished, these persons, the only human beings in this part of the forest, seemed to have no connection with each other. At a distance from the temple we saw a wild hog, and on the sand, in several places, the fresh marks of the feet of a large tyger. The young men informed us with perfect indifference, that during the three preceding months, six persons had been taken away by tigers; and added, in the same tone, that the human body was the natural food of the tiger, and that such a death was no mark of the divine displeasure. We asked him, whether he did not think it a fortunate circumstance, however, that while so many of his companions had been devoured by tigers, he was spared. He did not appear to feel this sentiment, but said that they would take him also."

"The next instance of these half-alive devotees, who sigh for absorption, is related by the author on hear-say evidence.

"Some years ago, an European of Calcutta, with his Hindoo clerk, was passing through the Sunderbunds, when he saw an object, which appeared to be a human being, standing in a hole in the ground. He asked the clerk what this could be, who affirmed that it was a man. The European went up and beat this lump of animated clay till the blood came, but the person did not appear conscious of the least pain; he uttered no cries, nor manifested the smallest sensibility. The European was overwhelmed with astonishment, and asked what it could mean. The clerk said, he had learned from his Shastras, that there existed such men called *Yogees*, who were destitute of passions, and were incapable of pain. After hearing this account, the merchant ordered his clerk to take the man home. He did so, and kept the man some time at his house. When fed he would eat, and at proper times he would sleep, and attend to the necessary functions of life: but he took no interest in any thing. At length, the clerk, wearied with keeping him, sent him to his spiritual teacher at *Khurdu*. Here some lewd fellows put fire into his hands, placed a prostitute by his side, and played a number of other tricks with him, but without producing the least impression. The teacher, too, soon became tired of his guest, and sent him to Benares. On the way, when the boat one evening lay to for the night, this Yogee went on shore; and while he was walking by the river side, another religious mendicant, with a smiling countenance, met him; they embraced each other, and were seen no more."

Mr. Ward calculates, that the number of mendicants, self-tormentors, and the torments of society, exceeds two millions, deriving

deriving a subsistence, miserable and precarious, from the industry of their countrymen, and propagating, by example and precept, every species of immorality.

But the rage for absorption, and the superstitious hope of purchasing future happiness by present pain, induce many not only to relinquish social life, but even to meet death by a deliberate act of suicide. A young man, of the order of Dandēes, who lived at Kakshalēē, upon finding himself growing a little too fat and wanton, and recollecting that a person of his profession was bound to lead a life of mortification and self-denial, resolved to renounce his life in the waters of the Ganges. He requested his friends to assist him in this act of self-murder, and they accordingly supplied him with a boat, some cord, and two water-pans. He then proceeded in the boat into the middle of the stream, and, filling the pans with water, fastened one to his neck, and the other round his loins, and in this manner descended into the water, to rise no more, in the presence of a great number of applauding spectators. A Brahmin informed Mr Ward, that in the year 1806, whilst on a visit at Pruyaga, he saw thirty persons drown themselves, in the course of two months, nearly in the manner just described. It is very common too, when those miserable fanatics find themselves attacked by disease, to relinquish life in hope of a speedy and permanent cure. One of our author's friends witnessed the drowning of a leper who had despaired of recovery; and another was present at the burning of an individual, at Cutwa, who was afflicted with the same distemper. The circumstances attending the latter case of religion, are thus described, in a letter bearing date 1812.

“ A pit about ten cubits in depth was dug, and a fire placed at the bottom of it. The poor man rolled himself into it; but instantly, on feeling the fire, begged to be taken out, and struggled hard for that purpose. His mother and sister, however, thrust him in again; and thus a man, who to all appearance might have survived several years, was cruelly burnt to death. I find that the practice is not uncommon in these parts.”

The notion entertained by the Hindoos, that a person who dies a natural death, under a loathsome or incurable disease, shall, after four births, appear once more on earth, a victim to the same malady, induces many to undergo a violent dissolution; whilst, at the same time, the purifying effects of fire are imagined to be so extremely powerful, as to prepare the soul for an immediate transmigration into a healthy body, and afterwards, in due time, for a complete absorption into Brahma.

So much has been said and written on the practice, still in some degree prevalent in India, of women being burnt alive with
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the corpses of their husbands, that it might seem almost superfluous to take notice of it here. Mr. Ward, however, has not only entered into a minute detail of these immolations, but he has also brought forward some authorities from the sacred books or Shastras, upon which the horrible usage seems to be founded. It is said, for example, in the *Rig-Veda*,

“ O Fire, let these women, with bodies anointed with clarified butter, eyes coloured with stebium, and void of tears, enter thee, the parent of water, that they may not be separated from their husbands, but may be in union with excellent husbands, be sinless, and jewels among women.”

In other works it is written as follows :

“ There are 35,000,000 of hairs upon the human body. The woman who ascends the pile with her husband, will remain so many years in heaven. The woman who expires on the funeral pile of her husband, purifies the family of her mother, her father, and her husband. If the husband be a brahmanicide, an ungrateful person, or a murderer of his friend, his wife, by burning with him, purges away his sins. Though he have sunk to the region of torment, be restrained in dreadful bonds, have reached the place of anguish, be seized by the imps of *Yuma*, be exhausted of strength, and tortured for his crimes ; still, as a serpent-catcher unerringly drags a serpent from his hole, so does she draw her husband from hell, and ascend with him to heaven, by the power of devotion.”—“ If the wife be within one day’s journey of the place where the husband died, and signify her wish to burn with him, the burning of his corpse shall be delayed till her arrival : and if the husband be out of the country when he dies, let the good wife take his slippers (or any thing else which belongs to his dress) and binding them or it on her breast, purify herself, and then enter a separate fire.”

The marriage state being highly respected among the people of Hindostan, it frequently happens that a person of property has fifty, eighty, or a hundred wives ; and in such a case, the burning of the poor women after his death is truly horrible. Mr. Ward mentions, on the authority of a Brahmin employed in the Serampore printing office, that on one occasion no fewer than thirty seven females were consumed with the body of their dead husband, near a place called Nudēya. On the first kindling of the fire, only three out of his hundred widows were present ; but the fire was kept burning three days, and as one or more of them arrived, the ceremonies were performed, and they threw themselves on the blazing pile. On the first day, three were burnt ; on the second, fifteen ; and on the third, nineteen. Among these, some were forty years old, and others as young as sixteen.

Instances

Instances are said to have occurred of jealous husbands, who suspecting the love or firmness of their wives, have had their deaths announced to the ladies, in order to ascertain whether their affection was of the true burning kind; and it is added, that in numerous cases, the fears of the superstitious tyrant have been amply confirmed. If, however, a woman gives a promise that she will burn, in the hearing of her relations, and particularly after the actual demise of her husband, she has no power to retract. A poor creature, who had appeared at the funeral pile, which was very large, and burning fiercely, felt her resolution give way during the recitation of the formulas, and positively refused to throw herself upon it. Her son, however, upon perceiving her wish to escape, pushed her into the fire; and the miserable woman, in her last efforts to save herself, laid hold of another female who was standing near her, and pulled her into the fire, where they both perished.

Mr. Ward calculates, that the number of women who fall victims to this superstitious phrenzy every year, within thirty miles of Calcutta, exceeds four hundred. Dubois informs us, however, that the practice is greatly on the decline; that the Brahmins have entirely discontinued it in their own order, although they are still found to preside at all such tragical proceedings. We shall give a description of one of these inhuman orgies in the words of the latter author; as he happened to be present, and has noted all the circumstances with great accuracy and exactness.

“The first instance that fell under my observation,” says the Abbe, “was in the year 1794, in a village of *Tanjore*, called *Podupetta*. A man of some note there, of the tribe of *Komati*, or merchants, having died, his wife, then about thirty years of age, resolved to accompany him to the pile, to be consumed together. The news having quickly spread around, a large concourse of people collected from all quarters to witness this extraordinary spectacle. When she, who occupied the most conspicuous part, had got ready, bearers arrived to bring away the corpse and the living victim. The body of the deceased was placed upon a sort of triumphal car, highly ornamented with costly stuffs, garlands of flowers, and the like. There he was seated like a living man, elegantly set out with all his jewels, and clothed in rich attire. The corpse taking procession, the wife immediately followed, borne on a rich palanquin. She was covered over with ornaments, in the highest style of Indian taste and magnificence. As the procession moved, the surrounding multitude stretched out their hands toward her in token of their admiration. They beheld her as already translated in the paradise of Vishnoo, and seemed to envy her happy lot. During the whole procession, which was very long, she preserved a steady aspect. Her countenance was serene, and even cheerful, until they came to the fatal pile, where she was

soon to yield up her life; she then turned her eyes to the spot where she was to undergo the flames, and she became suddenly pensive. She no longer attended to what was passing around her. Her looks were wildly fixed upon the pile. Her features were altered; her face grew pale; she trembled with fear, and seemed ready to faint away. The Brahmins, who directed the ceremony, and her relations, perceiving the sudden effect which the near approach of her fate had occasioned, ran to her assistance, and endeavoured to restore her spirits; but her senses were bewildered: she seemed unconscious of what was said to her, and replied not a word to any one. They made her quit the palanquin; and her nearest relation supported her to a pond that was near the pile, and having there washed her, without taking off her clothes or ornaments, they soon reconducted her to the pyramid on which the body of her husband was already laid. It was surrounded by the Brahmins, each with a lighted torch in one hand, and a bowl of melted butter in the other, all ready, as soon as the innocent victim was placed on the pyramid, to envelope her in fire. The relatives, all armed with muskets, sabres, and other weapons, stood closely round in a double line, and seemed to wait with impatience for the awful signal. This armed force, I understood, was meant to intimidate the unhappy victim, in case the dreadful preparations should incline her to retract; or to overawe any other person who, out of false compassion, should endeavour to rescue her. At length the auspicious time for firing the pile being announced by the Purcheta Brahmin, the young widow was instantly divested of all her jewels, and led on, more dead than alive, to the fatal pyramid. She was then commanded, according to the universal practice, to walk round it three times, two of her nearest relations supporting her by the arms. The first round she accomplished with tottering steps; but in the second, her strength wholly forsook her, and she fainted away in the arms of her conductors, who were obliged to complete the ceremony, by dragging her between them for the third round. Then, senseless and unconscious, she was cast upon the carcase of her husband. At that instant the multitude making the air resound with acclamations and shouts of gladness, retired a short space, whilst the Brahmins, pouring the butter on the dry wood, applied their torches, and instantly the whole pile was in a blaze. As soon as the flames had taken effect, the living sacrifice now in the midst of them, was invoked by name from all sides, but as insensible as the carcase on which she lay, she made no answer. Suffocated at once, most probably by the fire, she lost her life without perceiving it."

On these occasions, as one of our authors observes, the conduct of the Brahmins appears to be very unfeeling. They stand by with their torches and bowls, as if about to commemorate an event of the most joyous nature, shutting their eyes to all the revulsions of shuddering humanity, and prompting in the miserable

rable wretches, whom they bind hard and fast to a putrid corpse to be burned alive, all the enthusiasm of their hateful superstition.

We have it in our power to state, on the safe authority of Dubois, that one reason for the prevalence of this singular species of suicide, is the contempt and neglect which is manifested over all Hindostan, towards the condition of widowhood.

“ The very name of widow is a reproach, and the greatest possible calamity that can befall a woman is to survive her husband; although to marry with another, is an event a thousand times more to be deprecated. From that moment she would be hunted out of society; and no decent person, at any time, would venture to have the slightest intercourse with her.”

With the grossest inconsistency too, they have so constructed the fabric of society, that it is almost certain that three-fourths of their women must be widows; for it is usual with the Hindoos, particularly with the Braminial order, to espouse children of six or seven years of age; and such is the absurd bigotry of all classes of the people, that nothing would be regarded as a greater insult, than a proposal to marry these girls, become widows by the death of a man, whom perhaps they never saw, when they have arrived at the marriageable period of life. Celibacy in the other sex is not more respected than in women; and a widower is, for the time, viewed in the light of a person, who has fallen from his natural rank in the community; but whilst the male is encouraged to repair this loss, by a speedy nuptial, the female is not permitted to re-enter the estate of matrimony; although she may have been, as very frequently happens, only nominally a wife.

The Abbe gives a very interesting account of the several casts into which the Hindoos are divided, as well as of the occupations and prejudices which characterize each; and we shall now present to our readers an abridged statement of the various particulars which make up the life of a Brahmin, whether as a public minister, or merely as a member of his own order. The life of a Brahmin, then, is divided into four parts. At the age of six or seven, he is invested with a kind of scarf, called the triple cord, and is denominated a *Brama Chari*; in which state he continues, until he becomes the head of a family, when he obtains the more dignified title of *Grihastha*. In the process of time, he feels satiated with the world; and retiring into the desert, in company with his wife, he bids it adieu, in order to devote himself to more refined pursuits. He is now a *Vanaprastha*, or inhabitant of the wilderness. The last stage of the Brahmin's existence is that of the *Sanyasi*; which demands of him a complete and permanent abstraction from the world, the relinquishment of all society, even
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to that of his wife, and the total surrender of his thoughts and affections to the concerns of the world to come. Without attempting to follow our enlightened author through the insignificant minutiae of the Brahmacharian, Vanaprasthian, and Sanniasian ritual, suffice it to exhibit the daily employment of that class of human beings in his most useful shape and character, a Grihastha, or head of a family.

“A Grihastha Brahmin,” says M. Dubois, “should rise in the morning an hour and a half before the sun. On getting up, his first thoughts should be directed to Vishnoo. About an hour before sun-rise, he walks out of the village, intent upon a business of great importance to a man of his cast, that of attending to the calls of nature. The place is chosen with great circumspection, and decency requires of him to put off his clothes and slippers. The demands of nature being discharged, he washes himself with his left hand; which on account of this impure use of it, is never employed in eating, nor allowed to touch the food. The number of times they must wash, and what particular parts of the body, with the kind of water and earth they must use in purifying, and many other observances which decency prevents me from enumerating, are detailed in the ritual of the Brahmins. After having attended to this business, the next care of the Grihastha, is to wash his mouth. This to him is no trifling matter. The care with which he must select the small bit of wood with which he rubs his teeth; the choice of the tree he must cut it from; the prayer he must address to the deities of the wood for permission, and many other ceremonies prescribed for the occasion, make a part of the education of the Brahmins, and are explained at great length in their books of ceremonies. The scrupulous attention with which they perform this operation every morning, with a piece of wood, always cut fresh from the tree, leads them to make a comparison very unfavorable to Europeans, many of whom altogether neglect the practice; and those who most regularly adopt it, add to the horror of the Hindoo, when he sees them rubbing their teeth and gums with brushes made of the hair of animals, after being soiled with the pollution of the mouth and saliva. Happy is he, who after cleansing his mouth, can wash himself in a running stream. It is more salutary to the soul and the body, than any water he could find at home, or in a standing pool. An affair of so much importance, is necessarily accompanied with many rites, as frivolous in our eyes as they are indispensable in theirs. One of the most essential is to think at that moment of the Ganges, the Indus, the Krishna, the Caverēē, or any other of those sacred rivers, whose streams possess the virtue of effacing sin; and then to implore the gods that the bath they use may be no less available to their souls, than one of those nobler floods would be. While in the water, it is necessary to keep their thoughts stedfastly fixed upon Brahma and Vishnoo; and the bathing ends with the ceremonial of taking up handfuls of water
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three several times, and with their faces towards the sun, pouring it out in libations to that luminary.

“ When he comes out of the water, the Grihastha Brahmin puts on his clothing; which consists of one piece of cloth uncut, of about a yard in width, and three yards in length. It has been already soaked in the water, and thus made pure from all the stains it had contracted. He then completes his dress by rubbing his forehead with a little of the ashes of cow dung, or with the paste made of sandal wood. He then drinks a small quantity of the water which he has taken out of the river; and the remainder he sprinkles around three times, in honour of all the Gods, mentioning several of them by name, with the addition of the earth, the fire, and the deities which preside over the eight cardinal points; and he concludes the whole with a profound reverence to the whole circle of the gods. It would be tedious to describe the variety of gestures and movements which the Brahmin exhibits in such cases; but we may select one particular, the signs of the cross which he distinctly makes as a salutation to his head, his belly, his right and left shoulders. For after saluting all external things, he commences with the particular salutation of himself in detail. Every member has its particular salutation. Even his fingers are not forgotten as he touches them all round with his thumb. All these actions are accompanied with prayers or mantras, solemnly appropriated to the occasion.

“ It would now seem time for the Brahmin to go home, after his leisure has been so long occupied with ceremonies; but he has still a prayer to offer to the tree *Ravi*, consecrated to Vishnoo. He implores the tree to grant him remission of his sins; and then walks round it seven, or fourteen, or twenty-one times, always increasing by seven. He orders dinner about mid-day; this is provided by the women; though the ordinary Brahmins value themselves on their skill in cookery. The great object here is absolute cleanliness in the preparation. Many precautions are necessary for this. The clothes of the women employed must be newly washed, and their vessels fresh scoured. The place must be neat and free from dust, and the eyes of strangers must not pervade it. While dinner is preparing, the Brahmin returns a second time to the river. He bathes again, repeating almost all the ceremonies in the same order as in the morning. But the anxious care is in returning home, lest he should happen to touch any thing on the way that might defile him; such as, by treading on a bone, on a bit of leather or skin, on an old rag, broken dish, or any thing of that nature. Upon these points, however, it must be allowed that they are not all equally scrupulous.

“ The Brahmin being seated on the ground, his wife lays before him a banana leaf, or some other leaves sewed together, and sprinkling them with a few drops of water, she serves the rice upon this simple cover; and close by it on the same leaf the different things which have been provided, consisting of the simple productions

tions of nature, or of cakes. The rice is seasoned with a little clarified butter, or a kind of sauce so highly spiced, that no European palate could endure its pungency. The manner of serving up all this would appear very disgusting to us, as it is entirely performed by the hand; unless where the woman, to save her fingers, is obliged to take a wooden spoon. But this rarely happens, as the Hindoos generally have their meat cold, and their drink hot. The viands being laid before him, the Brahmin, before he touches them, sprinkles some drops of water round his plate; but whether to attract the dust that might blow over his rice, or as a sacrificial libation to the gods, I know not. But before he puts a morsel into his mouth, he lays upon the ground a little of the rice, and the other things set before him; and this is an offering to his progenitors, and their portion of the meal. The repast is quickly finished, as in swallowing, they have neither the bones of fish nor of flesh to dread. He rises immediately, and washes both hands, although one only has been used; for the left being reserved for other purposes, as we have already mentioned, cannot even be employed in washing the right; and the lawful wife of the Brahmin can alone pour water over it for that purpose. After washing his hands, he rinses his mouth twelve times. He never uses a tooth-pick; at least he never uses one twice, thinking that none but such as are inured to filth and beastliness, could put up for another occasion, a thing that had once touched their mouths, and been polluted with saliva. When the man has finished his repast, the wife begins hers, on the same leaf which had served him. As a mark of his attention and kindness, he is expected to leave her some fragments of his food; and she on the other hand, must shew no repugnance to eat his leavings.

“About half an hour before sun-set, he returns a third time to the river, and goes through nearly the same ceremonies as on the two preceding occasions of that day. He then goes home, offers the sacrifice of Homam, and reads the *Bhagavata*, (a book written in honour of Vishnoo, metamorphosed into the person of Krishna,) and other books of that nature.”

We are not a little disappointed, that Mr. Ward, whose exertions have been so long directed to the conversion of the Hindoos, has made no mention, either of the means employed by the various classes of Missionaries for accomplishing that important object, or of the success which has hitherto attended their endeavours. Indeed he has not devoted one page to the consideration of the Hindoo character, as it is connected with the probability or improbability of introducing our holy religion into Hindostan; and thus are we left entirely to conjecture, both as to what has been already done, and as to what we may still expect to be achieved. For ourselves, we are very little inclined to be sanguine in our hopes of an extensive or radical change for the better, until a more unrestricted intercourse with Europeans

shall have removed the numerous prejudices of the natives, and eradicated from their minds that pernicious bigotry which chokes the natural growth of their understandings. The principal obstacle, however, to the reception of the Gospel, or indeed of any new religion whatsoever, arises from the very close connection which subsists between their present system of belief, and the practical details of ordinary life. From every fact stated by the Abbe Dubois, and from every feature which he delineates of the Hindoo character, we perceive clearly that religion, in that part of the world is strictly identified with the customs and manners of the people, in the minutest transactions in which they engage; in their eatings, drinkings, dressings, outgoings and incomings, in the cleaning of their teeth, the shaving of their heads, and the paring of their nails. Religion interferes, and regulates whenever a Hindoo opens his eyes, or raises his hand. There is a prayer for mending his pen; another for sharpening his knife, and a third for preparing his whet-stone. In short, the superstitions of India manifest themselves entirely in practice, and not at all in theory; or, at least, the speculative notions of a Brahmin are so excessively vague and extravagant, that it is impossible to know where to commence a refutation of them; and, what is more, it is impossible to discover those particular dogmas upon which his observances are founded; so that when he has yielded all that is demanded, and surrendered all that may be assailed, his antagonist has not gained one step towards demolishing his idolatry, or preparing his mind for conviction. The initiated Hindoo may have 330,000,000 gods; or which is nearly the same thing, he may have none at all; his actions, his gestures, his mode of sitting on his mat, of bathing in the river, of masticating his rice, and of washing his hands, constitute the only part of his religion, which is tangible, either for attack or defence; and the first step in his conversion, accordingly, must proceed upon a new fashion in the cut of his clothes, in his manner of walking in the street, or of placing himself at table. The missionary who shall first prevail on a Brahmin to eat with a knife and fork; to wear a pair of gloves, or to dine on roast-beef, will do more towards the propagation of Christianity, than he who shall argue out of the Hindoo calendar, Brahma, Vishnoo, and Shiva. There is no difficulty in silencing a disputatious Hindoo on points of abstract belief; on the contrary, he yields as his antagonist advances, and gives up his gods, male and female without regret, and apparently without apprehending that their absence from the pantheon of his mythology, will be at all either felt or perceived; but as to his every day usages, the tuft on his head, and the paint on his face, the metal of the pot in which he boils his rice, and the company in which he consumes it, his
bigotry

bigotry is of the most determined and unrelenting nature. Here he has nothing to concede; and reasoning of course is thrown away. We are told by M. Dubois, that many of the Brahmins with whom he conversed, shewed the utmost reverence for the doctrines of Christianity, and of Mahometanism, when properly explained to them, discovering, as they imagined, striking coincidences between certain parts of these systems, and the more refined tenets of their own faith. Their liberality of sentiment, however, was never found to extend to the trifling observances which distinguish their mode of living; to the wood of their tooth-picks, or to the substitution of a chair for a mat on the ground. In truth, from all that we know of the Hindoos, and particularly of the Brahminical order amongst them, we see more and more reason to be satisfied, that we shall never prevail on that people to think as we think, until we shall succeed in making them live as we live; for their religion consists not in exercises of the mind, but in mere outward observances; and in the most trivial acts performed by the hands.

We conclude with a short paragraph on the ceremonies observed by the Hindoos when they re-admit a member, who had been expelled or ejected from his cast. Every one knows, that of all the punishments which can be inflicted upon an unfortunate disciple of Brahma, expulsion from his cast, is by far the most dreadful. It is, according to our author, a kind of civil excommunication, which debars the unhappy object of it from all intercourse whatever with his fellow-creatures. He is a man, dead as it were, to the world; he is no longer in the society of human beings. By losing his cast, the Hindoo is bereft of friends and relations, and often of wife and children, who will rather forsake him, than share in his miserable lot. No one dares to eat with him, or even to pour him out a drop of water. If he has marriageable daughters they are shunned; and no other girls can be approached by his sons. Wherever he appears, he is scorned and pointed at, as an outcast; and if he sinks under the grievous curse, his body is suffered to rot on the place where he dies. This dreadful visitation too may be incurred unknowingly and unintentionally; for the Abbe mentions, that several Brahmins who had eaten with a Sudra, *disguised as a Brahmin*, were forthwith expelled from their cast, and not suffered to recover their privileges, without undergoing a number of painful and expensive ceremonies. One of these ceremonies we shall briefly detail, as a specimen of the rest; and certainly if the punishment of violating the rules of cast be great, the expiation is horribly disgusting. After burning the tongue of the culprit, if his offence has been aggravated, and applying to various parts of his body iron stamps, heated to redness, which impress indelible marks upon

upon the skin, they complete the purification, by making the poor wretch drink the *panchakargam*. This word literally signifies the *five things*; which are so many substances proceeding from the body of the cow; namely, milk, butter, curd, dung, and urine, all mixed together. The last of the five things, namely, the urine of the cow, is held to be the most efficacious of any, for purifying all imaginable uncleanness.

“I have often seen,” says M. Dubois, “the superstitious Hindoo accompanying these animals, when in the pasture, and watching the moment to receive the urine as it fell in vessels which he had for that purpose, to carry it home in a fresh state; or catching it in the hollow of his hand, to bedew his face and all his body. When so used, it removes all external impurity; and when taken inwardly, which is very common, it cleanses all within.”

As a literary composition, the work of the Frenchman does not put forth very high pretensions. It is, however, very clearly expressed, and bears throughout the strongest marks of authenticity and good faith. The translator has done his part too, with a competent knowledge of both languages; and, in very few instances, do we find him departing from the simplicity of the original, or introducing unsuitable decoration. Were we, indeed, to hazard a conjecture, we should say that he has been, as well as his author, accustomed for some time to a foreign idiom. Be this as it may, the public of Great Britain are indebted to him for this valuable “Description of the People of India.”

ART. IV. *Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China; comprising a correct Narrative of the Public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, and of the Journey from the Mouth of the Pei-ho to the Return to Canton. Interspersed with Observations upon the Face of the Country, the Polity, Moral Character, and Manners of the Chinese Nation. The whole illustrated by Maps and Drawings. By Henry Ellis, third Commissioner of the Embassy.* 4to. pp. 526. 2l. 2s. Murray. 1817.

WE cannot say that we opened this account of the late unsuccessful Embassy to China, with much expectation, either in the way of entertainment or instruction. Not that we look upon China to be a country, respecting which, our curiosity has been satiated, but we have already before us, the accounts of one Embassy, and we did not think it very probable, that the details

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of a second, undertaken under pretty nearly the same circumstances, would add much to the information detailed in the former. Human nature seems to be almost as little subject to variation in the East, as the face of nature itself; and a description of Oriental customs and manners will keep for a very considerable time. In India, political revolutions have been so frequent and important, as to keep up a certain degree of excitement in our curiosity; and in a philosophical point of view, one of the most remarkable things attending them, is the surprisingly small alteration, which they have operated upon the moral condition of the people. But in China, from the date of the present dynasty, no changes of any sort or kind, political or moral, have taken place; what has been, is, and what is, has been for centuries; its history is a mere dial plate; the finger of time makes its stationary progress round and round; one generation follows upon another, and a third upon that; but the springs and wheels by which it is put in motion, remain the same—the opinions, morals, religious principles, both of the people and the government, continue, like the course of its rivers, to run on in the same channels, worn deeper by time, but with no change of direction. In the present Embassy, the barbarous vocabulary of the names of the attendant mandarins, is different from that which occurs in Lord Macartney's Embassy; the route of it deviated from that of the latter, by having followed the course of the great river, Yang-tse-kiang, for the distance of nearly three hundred miles. Instead of finding an account of the great ceremony with which the court of Peking receive ambassadors, we here meet with a much more entertaining and characteristic account, of the little ceremony with which they can also dismiss them. These are the only novelties of importance contained in the present publication. For the rest, we meet with the same detail of ridiculous and unmeaning ceremonies; the same absurd pretensions to national pre-eminence and superiority; the same deplorable deficiency in all the points of intellectual civilization rendered more striking, as contrasted with the proficiency displayed in all the mechanical arts of life. The instruction conveyed by the present account, is in no respect more full or more valuable than that which is to be found in the volumes of Sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow; in neither do we meet with much information respecting the domestic habits and character of the Chinese, or the internal state and economy of the empire—its riches, forces, population, the collection of the revenue, the administration of justice, religious establishments, and so on; nearly all that we learn in either, is the general face of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants towards strangers. We do not mean to impute

any blame either to the author before us, or to his predecessors, on account of the very imperfect knowledge which their respective works convey, of the country, and of the people, whom they describe; the fault lies in the circumstances in which they were placed, and not in any negligence of theirs; on the contrary, we are rather surprized, (considering the difficulties which they had to encounter, and the many obstructions which were thrown in the way of their gaining any more information than could be helped,) at the quantity of facts and observations which they have contrived to bring together. Not that we mean to place the publication before us, in the same rank with those of Sir G. Staunton, and of the present Under Secretary to the Admiralty. This production of Mr. Ellis seems to be the result of much less care, of much less pains and trouble, and we may add, of somewhat less ability than those of his predecessors. It is written in a very indifferent taste; he has none of the peculiar qualifications and accomplishments of a traveller; being not only ignorant of the language of the country which he describes, but apparently, unacquainted both with mineralogy and botany. Moreover, he seems to be more under the influence of prejudices and prepossessions, than a traveller ought to be.

He commences his journey with a predisposition to be displeased at every thing Chinese; if he is assailed with an offensive smell, it is a national fault; if the people happen to be noisy, it is the character of the nation; if on any occasion he is cheated or deceived, or in any way incommoded, it is by a fate peculiar to travellers in China. Now, we can easily believe the Chinese not to be the most agreeable people in the world, but really as far as may be inferred from the *facts* related in the volume before us, they would appear to possess a national character much less exceptionable than might have been expected from the amphibious state, between civilization and barbarism, which they have attained. Our author, indeed, applies to them a great variety of severe epithets; but so little does he think it necessary to state the reasons upon which his judgment is founded, that by far the greater number of the incidents and circumstances which he narrates, lead to a directly contrary conclusion from that at which he appears to have arrived. This no doubt is an argument in favour of our author's candour and veracity, even if it be not a very convincing proof of his discretion; we are inclined to believe, that the charges, which he makes, are substantially true enough, but it is difficult to refrain from smiling at the unexpected manner in which he sometimes leaves off the subject he is talking about, merely in order to remind us, as it were in a parenthesis, of the sadly degraded state of the people, whose country he is describing. Thus on quitting the Yang-tse-kiang,

our author stops his description to lament the want of friendship, patriotism, and love, among those who inhabit its beautiful banks.

“ On our right the river branched off at a small village, called Pa-li-kiang (eight lees river), and here we quitted the mighty Yang-tze-kiang, having travelled upon its waters nine hundred and fifty lees, or two hundred and eighty-five miles. The average breadth may be considered at least two miles. The country it flows through is highly picturesque, and, with the exception of the sides of the mountains, capable of and obtaining careful cultivation. The islands are numerous, large and fertile in a high degree: the cities, towns, and villages, not unfrequent, and populous; the body is perfect, but the soul is wanting. In vain will the patriot look for kindred feelings, in vain will the man of honour look for a friend, and still more in vain would amiable woman look for a companion on the banks of the Yang-tze-kiang; what is not mere manner is barbarism, and what is not barbarism is deceit: the merest rivulet that flows by the British peasant's hut may be prouder of its moral situation than the great river of China.” P. 334.

In a similar vein, our author having to complain of the noise with which the Chinese perform the work they are employed about, takes the opportunity of the word noisy, beginning with the letter *n*, to add, that they are also a nasty and nefarious people; after which, he coolly goes on with the narrative.

“ I was more annoyed this morning by the noise of the boats getting under weigh than I have before allowed myself to feel; nothing is done in China without noise and rout, and it is so completely national, that their Mandarins, on public occasions, so far from attempting to maintain tranquillity, scarcely appear to notice the invariable confusion and clamour around them. The Chinese are certainly a noisy and nasty people; one may, perhaps, add to the alliteration, and, without exaggeration, say nefarious. Our course has wound so much, that I was surprised at our reaching Nan-gan-hien as early as we did in the evening, the distance being forty lees.” P. 384.

Instances of this loose way of speaking are very frequent in the volume before us; and we notice it, not so much because we apprehend the Chinese to be undeserving of the censure which our author so profusely passes upon them, as because we think such a manner of writing to indicate bad taste. A writer should always use some caution in dealing out general charges against the character of a nation, or he will soon lose the confidence of his reader; if they are to be preferred, it should be when the occasion calls for them, and when he is relating some particular instance of the fault which he finds;
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even then, the charges should be made with gravity, and not with an appearance of flippancy, as if the author made them merely in the absence of something to say. But, however, it is time to introduce our readers to the book itself.

The Embassy to China, of which Mr. Ellis has here presented us with an account, was undertaken at the suggestion of the East India Company, and altogether for commercial purposes. So early as the year 1815, the local authorities at Canton began to throw difficulties in the way of our trade; the occasion of this arose, partly from incidents connected with the municipal regulations of the Chinese government, but chiefly from the seizure of an American vessel within the undisputed limits of the Chinese jurisdiction. The government of China applied for redress to the factory at Canton, and demanded that the vessel which had committed the outrage should be sent to Europe. In vain did the members of the factory urge, that they possessed no authority which would enable them to comply with the request of the viceroy: the latter still insisted, and in order to enforce compliance, resorted to a variety of measures, which greatly embarrassed the supercargoes; until perceiving the inflexible determination of the viceroy to persevere in the acts complained of, they at length came to a resolution of stopping the trade. A steady adherence to this resolution, produced the desired effect; a negotiation was set on foot, between Mandarins named, by the government, and persons deputed by the factory, (among whom was Sir George Staunton,) and the result was, the removal and satisfactory explanation of the measures that formed the subject of complaint. Here the disagreeable altercation might have rested; but subsequently, it was discovered by the factory, that in the reports made to the emperor of the transactions that had taken place, the viceroy continued to make use of language, exactly in the very spirit of that which had been complained of, and which he had formally retracted. Fearing, lest this might occasion a recurrence of the same disagreeable scenes, and desirous that the matter might be represented to the emperor in its true light, the India Company petitioned the Board of Control to represent to his Majesty's Ministers the expediency of sending an embassy to Peking, of which the object proposed was two fold; 1st, that the Company might be permitted to employ such Chinese merchants as the supercargoes might think fit; and 2nd, the establishment of a direct intercourse with Peking, either by means of a resident minister, or by written addresses to some tribunal; other subordinate points were also included in the views entertained by the Company, but they disclaimed all intention to demand additional privileges, and agreed to pay all the expences attendant upon

upon the mission. In conformity with this request, Lord Amherst set out in February, 1816. Mr. Ellis, the writer of the volume before us, was appointed third commissioner of the Embassy; Sir G. Staunton, who was to join at Canton, being appointed second.

On the 25th of July, the Embassy entered the Gulf of Petchelee, in the Yellow Sea; immediately, a letter was sent on shore, announcing the arrival of the Embassy, and stating the number and quality of the persons belonging to it, as well as of the presents intended for the Emperor. In consequence of this, some mandarins appointed to escort the Embassy, came on board; on which, Mr. Ellis takes occasion to remark, "that we had all reason to concur with Mr. Barrow's description of the Chinese, as a frowzy people; the stench, arising from the numbers on board, was not only sensible, but oppressive; it was the repose of putrifying garlic on a much used blanket." p. 74. This is a compound smell, of which we have not a very accurate conception: be this, however, what it may, our countrymen were under the necessity of bearing with it till the 8th of August, when they finally quitted the *Alceste*, and landed at the small fort of Tongchoo, from whence they set off, almost immediately, to Peking. The chin-chae, or envoy, as we should translate the word, appointed to accompany the Embassy, was a Tartar, of the name of Kwang; he was a person of consequence, being connected with the imperial family; he seems to have been a man of sense, and of easy and agreeable manners; and during the whole course of the Embassy, appears never to have forfeited the favorable opinion of the ambassador and his suite. On the morning of their departure, they witnessed the infliction of a peculiar mode of punishment, by slapping the face of the culprit with a short piece of hide, half an inch thick. The hair is twisted on the hand of the executioner, until the eyes appear to be almost starting from their sockets, and the blows are applied to the cheeks, which in this state of distension, must necessarily create extreme pain; the crime which the criminal had committed, was robbing the baggage-boats, and both the spectators and executioner seem to have derived much entertainment from seeing his sufferings. Mr. Ellis praises both the country and the people at this place; the former, from the number of enclosures, and the neatness of the cultivation, reminded him of England; and the latter he describes as being orderly and good-humoured, both to each other and to strangers. The Embassy proceeded from the Tung-jun-koo, by water; the number of trackers attached to the boats, were about five hundred, receiving about a shilling per day, for hire; as the trackers are a very low class of people, and decidedly inferior, both in condition and appearance,

to the general population, we may infer, that the rate of wages in China is high, and indicative of prosperity. Mr. Ellis, whose acquaintance with the state of manners in the East, from a residence in India, renders him a better judge than any ordinary European, seems to have formed a similar judgment from the general appearance of the people; whose dress and looks by no means exhibited that squalidness which was to be expected in the appearance of an exuberant population. On the thirteenth of August, they arrived at Tien-sing, a town of the first class; and as first impressions are commonly most lively, we shall here extract our author's description of the impression produced upon his mind, by a view of the first great city (if we except Canton,) visited by him in China.

“ It is very difficult to describe the exact impression produced on the mind by the approach to Tien-sing. If fine buildings and striking localities are required to give interest to a scene, this has no claims; but on the other hand, if the gradual crowding of junks till they become innumerable, a vast population, buildings though not elegant yet regular and peculiar, careful and successful cultivation, can supply those deficiencies, the entrance to Tien-sing will not be without attractions to the traveller. The pyramids of salt, covered with mats, the dimensions and extent of which have been so ingeniously estimated by Mr. Barrow, are the most striking objects. We were two hours and a half passing from the beginning of the line of houses on the right bank of the river to our anchorage. A salute was fired from a small fort; and nearly opposite, troops were drawn up. Among them were matchlock men, wearing black caps. We observed some companies dressed in long yellow and black striped garments, covering them literally from head to foot; they are intended to represent tigers, but certainly are more likely to excite ridicule than terror; defence, from the spread of their shields, would seem their great object. A short distance from our anchorage, we passed on our left the branch of the river leading to the canal, and thence to Canton. The excess of population was here most striking. I counted two hundred spectators upon one junk, and these vessels were innumerable. The pyramids of salt were so covered with them, that they actually became pyramids of men. Some crowds of boys remained standing above their knees in the water for near an hour to satiate their curiosity. A more orderly assemblage could not, however, I believe, be presented in any other country; and the soldiers had but seldom occasion to use even threatening gestures to maintain order. I had not before conceived that human heads could be so closely packed; they might have been by screws squeezed into each other, but there was often no possible vacancy to be observed. All these Chinese spectators were exposed, bareheaded, to the rays of the mid-day sun, when the thermometer in the shade stood at eighty-eight. Females were not numerous in the crowd, and these generally old, and al-

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ways of the lower orders. The Chinese are, to judge from the inhabitants of Tien-sing, neither well-looking nor strongly made; they are rather slight, but straight, and of the middle height.' P. 85.

Lord Amherst had no sooner landed at Tien-sing, than a message was brought him by two mandarins, announcing an intended visit from Soo-ta-jin, an officer of high rank, and the Chin-chae. The interview passed in the discussion of various topics relating to the Embassy, and Lord Amherst was given to understand, that he would probably not be allowed to remain at Pekin above six days. At this town, a grand entertainment was given to the Embassy, in a summer palace of the Emperor. On reaching the hall in which the entertainment was to take place, Soo-ta-jin informed Lord Amherst, that, as it was given to them at the expense, and agreeably to the express direction, of the Emperor, it was expected, that the members of the Embassy would perform the same ceremonies, as would be required, if the Emperor were present at it in person. It is needless to detail all the discussions which ensued; it appeared, that the entertainment was projected merely with a view to ascertain clearly what line Lord Amherst intended to follow with respect to the ceremonial of prostration before the Emperor; the result, however, was, that our ambassador firmly resisted all arguments and persuasions on the part of the Chinese envoys, to prostrate himself on the present occasion, as was proposed, and at length, the point was conceded. Lord Amherst agreed to bow profoundly before the table in the banqueting hall, in unison with the prostrations of the mandarins, and when actually in the presence of the Emperor, to make his obeisance kneeling on one knee. With these promises the mandarins appeared to be satisfied, but they held out no hopes of the Emperor's being induced to content himself with the proposed compromise. On the way to, and back from the palace, our author was struck with the silence and regularity of the crowds assembled to see the procession pass by; although curiosity was painted in every countenance, yet there was no pointing with the fingers, and the soldiers assembled to preserve tranquillity, appeared to have no difficulty whatever in maintaining silence and order. There was no sign of poverty in the streets; on the contrary, the great mass of the people were clean and decently dressed, and some of the younger, not ill-looking. On the 14th of August, at day-light, the Embassy left Tien-sing, and continued their voyage up the Peiho. Our author was much struck with the countless multitude of junks at anchor, which covered the river for miles; as they proceeded, the country improved in appearance, and the morning of the
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15th, brought them to Yur-tsin. The time occupied by the remainder of the voyage, which did not proceed at the rate of much more than twenty miles a day, was occupied with tedious discussions relative to ceremonies which Lord Amherst was to perform at his presentation. Little occurred worthy of notice on the voyage; a halt of the boats opposite to a party of soldiers, who were drawn out to do honour to the ambassador, afforded our author an opportunity of examining their appearance and accoutrements. They were of all arms; some had matchlocks, others bows; some shields, and others gilded breast-plates. The bow made use of, is similar to the Persian bow, and required but slight strength to draw it. The matchlocks were extremely bad; bad in their original construction, and such little care taken of them, as to render them nearly useless. The swords were short and well-shaped; the dress of the soldiers, who were here seen, our author describes as being ludicrous in a high degree.

On the 21st of August, the Embassy arrived at Tong-chow. Lord Amherst found quarters appointed for him and his attendants, and that two mandarins of great dignity, Ho and Moo, had been ordered to negotiate with him. On arriving at his quarters, Hung, the mandarin secretary, announced the mission of Ho, a Koong-yay or Duke, and Moo, the president of the Lipou, or tribunal of ceremonies. The Koong-yay was described by Hung, as a young man of few words, and remarkable for the inflexibility of his character. The president was an old man, and of great experience.

The arrival of an Embassy appears to have excited so much curiosity at Tong-chow, which may be called the port of Pekin, that scaffolding, divided after the manner of pit, boxes, and galleries, was erected opposite to the quarters appointed for Lord Amherst, and were crowded with spectators from morning till night. The next day, Lord Amherst left his quarters, in order to have an interview with Ho and Moo, in a public building prepared for the purpose. After various discussions respecting the transmission of a letter to the Emperor, and other matters, which, on account of ceremonials, it was found impossible to bring to any sort of conclusion, the ambassador considered the objects of his mission as being at an end, and requested that the necessary preparations might be made for his return. The interview which had taken place with the Koong-yay and the opportunities which occurred during the few days intervening before the final departure of the Embassy on its way back, afforded our author the means of making a few observations concerning the internal appearance of a Chinese city. The shops, highly decorated with gilding and carved work; and the signs so fantastical as
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to afford no idea of the merchandize to be found within. On a tavern was inscribed, "here come persons from a thousand lees distance." The butchers' shops were well supplied: those of pawn-brokers, almost as numerous as in London; but the most frequent trades seem to have been those of furriers and eating-houses. The business of these last appear to have been principally carried on in the streets; tea, soups, and different preparations of meat, were divided into small portions, ready for immediate consumption. Our author was particularly struck with the neatness displayed by the Chinese, in their tubs, baskets, and boxes. The front yard of the houses are ornamented with flowering shrubs; and frequently bowers of treillage work, with beautiful creeping plants, adds convenience to ornament. The people were usually civil, and instead of appearing displeased at the inquisitiveness displayed by our people, frequently invited them to set down. Matters were once more, after many interviews with the imperial commissioners, again brought to something that promised a more favourable result, and the ambassador continued his journey on the 28th. All were much struck by the extreme regularity with which the Chinese conducted the transport of the numerous packages which belonged to the baggage of the Embassy; each packet was marked and numbered by them. The carts for personal accommodation, being without springs, were extremely inconvenient; the mules remarkably fine, and the better sort of horses resembling the smaller-sized Turkomans. On the same day of their departure from Tongchow, the Embassy arrived at Peking. The ambassador, however, was not allowed to enter Peking; he was carried through the suburbs to the village of Hai-teen, and, next morning, he proceeded to Yuen-nun-yuen, the residence of the Emperor. The scene which now took place, and which concluded in the final dismissal of the Embassy, is so curious that we shall give it at length, in our author's own words.

"The carriage stopped under some trees, and we ourselves were conducted to a small apartment belonging to a range of buildings in a square; Mandarin of all buttons were in waiting; several Princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them: the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the Sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), informing him that the Emperor wished to see the Ambassador, his Son, and the Commissioners, immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period

a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of his Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. Chang was very unwilling to be the bearer of this answer, but was finally obliged to consent. During this time the room had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than mere strangers of the same species with themselves. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the Emperor merely wished to see the Ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business *. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting, through the Koong-yay, an humble request to his Imperial Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another Mandarin finally proposed that his Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the Emperor. Lord Amherst having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw, that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea, which, to the Chinese (though now scarcely admitted), was in general the most forcible, would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance: this produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the Emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words "ne-muntihlee," your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another Mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring, that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding, that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness, as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful Sovereign: at all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his Imperial Majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-

* It is remarkable, that a proposal not very dissimilar was made to Ismailoff."

yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private: this Lord Amherst declined, saying that he was totally unfit for any place but his own residence. The Koong-yay having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the Emperor's pleasure upon the subject.

“ During his absence an elderly man, whose dress and ornaments bespoke him a Prince *, was particularly inquisitive in his inspection of our persons and inquiries; his chief object seemed to be to communicate with Sir George Staunton, as the person who had been with the former Embassy; but Sir George very prudently avoided any intercourse with him. It is not easy to describe the feelings of annoyance produced by the conduct of the Chinese, both public and individual: of the former I shall speak hereafter, of the latter I can only say, that nothing could be more disagreeable and indecorous.

“ A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the Emperor dispensed with the Ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford his Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and his Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be, for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands. There were colossal figures of lions in the court, which appeared to me not ill executed, and in bronze.

“ We returned, by the same road, to Hai-teen, where we found the remainder of the party, who, we conjecture, had been intentionally separated from us by the Chinese; indeed we have reason to believe it was their design to have carried only the four persons who were to have been admitted to the Imperial presence to Yuen-min-yuen; and that, consequently, Messrs. Morrison, Abel, Griffith, Cooke, Somerset, and Abbot, owed their being with Lord Amherst to accident. The house of Sung-ta-jin, selected for our residence, was exceedingly commodious, and pleasantly situated, with flowers and trees near the principal apartments. Its aspect was so agreeable, that we could not but look forward with some satisfaction to remaining there a few days. Such, however, was not to be our fate; before two hours had elapsed a report was brought, that opposition was made by the Chinese to unloading the carts; and soon after the Mandarins announced, that the Emperor, incensed by the Ambassador's refusal to attend him according to his commands, had given orders for our immediate departure. The order was so peremptory, that no alteration was proposed: in vain was the fatigue of every individual of the embassy pleaded; no con-

“ * They are distinguished by round badges.”

sideration was allowed to weigh against the positive commands of the Emperor. Chang at one time said, that even compliance with the Tartar ceremony would now be unavailing; in the course of the day, however, he somewhat altered his language, saying all his annoyance had arisen from our pertinacity upon the point at issue, and hinted, that submission might still be of use: he had the audacity to deny that the Emperor had ever signified his consent to receive us on our own terms." P. 177.

We shall not anticipate the reader by suggesting any reflections on the above transactions; what the consequences of a more favourable reception might have been, we have no means of determining; but, in a merely historical point of view, the foregoing narrative contains circumstances infinitely more characteristic of the Chinese government, than would possibly have been displayed upon the supposition of a more successful result. To talk of keeping up relations between the court of London and such a court as that of Pekin is manifestly idle; and we are very doubtful whether any more effectual method could have been hit upon of impressing the Chinese people with a conviction of the power and dignity of this country, than that followed by Lord Amherst. As to any indignities put upon our ambassador by the Chinese government, to these it is quite obvious that Lord Amherst had no means of resistance; but by shewing that he was prepared to incur any personal affront and danger, rather than compromise the dignity of the Sovereign whom he represented; he gave the strongest possible proof of the view taken of the subject by the Sovereign himself.

Our ambassador, as before stated, was not allowed to enter Pekin; our author is therefore compelled to content himself with describing its outward appearance. The walls are built of brick, with a foundation of stone; the thickness of them is considerable, and as the body of them consists of mud, the masonry may be considered as a mere facing. They are, however, so high, in proportion to their thickness, as not to admit of guns of any considerable calibre, being planted on the tops of them; in lieu of which, the embrasures are filled with imitations of guns in wood. The town is situated on a lofty plain; its high walls, and numerous bastions, give it, at a distance, a very imposing aspect. On the side near the village of Hai-teen, is a large common, wholly uncultivated; this, our author notices as a remarkable sight; but he does not state whether the land was fit for cultivation; if it was otherwise, the wonder must surely cease. The Tartarian mountains, with their blue and lofty summits, form the great feature of the view in the country near Pekin. The Embassy was dismissed at night, and hurried away immediately, back to Tong-chow, which they reached

reached by three o'clock in the morning, after a journey in which our author describes himself as having been jolted almost into a "phrensy." The journey back commenced under circumstances by no means flattering. To say nothing of the mortification which Lord Amherst may be supposed to have felt, at returning without his errand, after so much time and fatigue, and expence: a very sensible difference was perceived in the care taken for his accommodation, and in the honours paid to his official character, now that he was returning in disgrace, compared to that which he met with on his journey to the capital; no soldiers attended to clear the way; no men with lights to point out the road; they were abandoned to themselves, and the flags announcing them as tribute bearers, taken from the boats. Our author, however, had here an opportunity of witnessing a battle, (pugilistic, we cannot call it,) between two Chinese. They seize hold of each others tails, and twist them till both combatants often fall to the ground; mutually inflicting and enduring this torture, till their eyes actually seem to be bursting from their sockets; our author expresses his conviction that pugilists of the best bottom would find it impossible to endure the suffering of such a contest. As a mark of the altered feelings with which the Embassy was now regarded, it is noticed, that on occasion of a beggar standing up, as Lord Amherst passed by, he was ordered by a mandarin to sit down; the British ambassador "not being any longer considered deserving of respect even from the lowest class of society."

On the second of September, the Embassy left Tong-chow on their voyage home; the place to which they were to proceed was Canton. Our author seems to disclaim all expectation of being able to relate any thing worthy of commemoration, in the course of the journey homewards. "Millet fields, willow groves, pinks, half-clothed inhabitants, with little eyes, and long tails, women with prettily dressed hair, but ugly faces: these are the daily and unchanging objects, and from these I cannot eke out any thing like interesting description." P. 197. This is not a very prudent declaration on the part of our author, seeing that he makes it before the reader has arrived at the middle of the volume. Our author, however, keeps his word, or at least his prophesy is fulfilled; for there really does occur but little worthy of notice during the remainder of the volume. We shall accordingly note down miscellaneous any little occurrences that may seem interesting, without troubling ourselves with the order of dates in our author's diary. At Tien-sing some military were drawn out in honour (not of the Embassy, for it was shorn of its beams, but) of Ching-ta-gin, the Rajah-chatze. The soldiers knelt as the boats passed: on firing their salutes much caution was used;

as soon as the gunners had applied their matches, they immediately retreated, squatting themselves down at a respectful distance, with their backs turned, to avoid the possibility of being hurt even by the wadding. Our author says, that his companions were much struck with the wretched appearance of the Chinese; but that, compared with the same class in other Asiatic countries, he should feel disposed to say, that China presents an aspect of great prosperity. At the village of Sang-yuem, where the Embassy halted for a day, they had the pleasure of hearing a band of blind musicians. An old man was the principal performer; the instrument upon which he played consisted of a box, with two bridges, over which some strings were stretched, whilst others passed underneath: there were two circular apertures in the middle of the box, which was rather more than two feet long: the performer struck the strings with two small rods, producing the best harmony, which our author heard in China: the other instruments were a guitar and fiddle. As the Embassy receded from Peking, the respect with which it was received increased. On one occasion some soldiers were drawn up to salute, whose badges signified "robust citizens;" from which our author inferred that they were militia. In China the troops of each province are levied within it: the enrolment is voluntary, and the pay so good as to render the service an object of desire. Mounted soldiers again accompanied the trackers, who worked sixteen hours a day, notwithstanding that a large proportion of them consisted of old men and boys. They are impressed into the service, and every individual, when summoned, must either attend himself, or find a substitute. On arriving at Tsing, all the boats immediately began their preparation for celebrating the autumnal full moon. Provisions and wine were set before the deity, and the libation having been made, the ceremony concluded with fire-works. At Tsing-kiang-poo, the population again began to assume a superabundant character; and a military Mandarin observed, that wars were absolutely necessary, in order to maintain the due proportion between the supply and the consumers. "It is something singular," says our author, "to meet a disciple of Malthus on the Imperial canal."

On the 11th of October, the Embassy reached Kao-ming-sze, where they found a large temple, under the especial protection of the Emperor, and dedicated to Fo. The number of priests maintained upon the establishment were 200, and the charge upon the Imperial treasury 10,000 dollars. Our author, and those who accompanied him, were received very courteously by the principal priest, and his dress reminded them of that worn by the Catholic priesthood: the accommodation prepared for the priests was clean and comfortable. Mr. Morrison (who

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accompanied the Embassy in the character of interpreter) endeavoured to collect some information about the Jews in Honan. The person from whom he sought information was a Mussulman, and the only person whom Mr. Morrison met with, who appeared to be acquainted with their existence. His knowledge of them, however, was very confined. Their numbers are much diminished. Their entrance into China took place about 200 years before the Christian æra, and their sacred books consist only of the Pentateuch. They were, however, acquainted with the names of David, Solomon, Ezekiel, and Jesus, the son of Sirach. Our author visited the gardens of Woo-yuen, which were formerly the favourite resort of Kien-lung; they were much neglected, but still interesting as a specimen of Chinese gardening. The object aimed at seems to be the making grounds appear more extensive than they really are: the buildings contained in them are constructed merely in subordination to picturesque effect, and without any attempt at abstract beauty of architecture. The piles of works were so large as really to imitate nature; being not merely rough and jagged, but at the same time extremely large. The trees in the garden were chiefly the *olea fragrans* and some planes.

On the 22d of October the Embassy reached Nankin, once the capital of China, but now declined both in size and in importance. The sight of this city is almost the only novelty (if we except the mortifying reception, or rather dismissal, which our ambassador met with) of the present volume. It is not, however, a very important one; for none of the party were permitted to enter within the walls (properly so called) of the city. It appears that there is an outer wall to the city, distant 20 lees, or about seven miles from the inner wall, which enclosed the inhabited part of the city. Within this outer wall the members of the Embassy were permitted to enter. They ascended a temple, and from that point of view, they were able to form some tolerable idea of the city. It contained four principal streets, intersected by smaller ones at right angles; through the largest a canal flows, over which, at various intervals, bridges of a single arch are thrown; the streets seemed not to be spacious, but appeared remarkably clean. Our author was not allowed to approach sufficiently near to the porcelain-tower, to enable him to describe it with exactness. It is octagonal, and of nine stories; of considerable height in proportion to its base, and with a ball, said to be of gold, placed on its summit, and resting immediately upon a pinnacle. Its Chinese name is Lew-lee-paou-ta, or Pao-ling-tzu, and is said to have cost 800,000*l.* of our money in building. The whole scene, as viewed from the tower of Lintsin, was extremely striking; the area, enclosed within the outer walls, could not

not be less than thirty miles, diversified throughout with groves, houses, cultivation, and hills. It was generally found, that the military Mandarins were much more disposed to intimacy than the civil. Lord Amherst met with two of the former, who seem to have been sensible of the achievements of Wellington; and to one of these, our author says, that Lord Amherst "gave one of the medals containing a series of drawings representing his battles." A valuable medal this!

On the 30th of October, the Embassy arrived at Woo-hoo-shien. It contained shops which would not disgrace Oxford-street; they were spacious, and consisted of an outward and inner apartment, and were filled with articles of every kind. The main street was not less than a mile in length, but did not appear to be populous, considering its extent, and the great accumulation of goods and merchandize which it contained. Our author remarks, that this part of the country was not populous, but the inhabitants gave no signs of poverty; on the contrary, he was much struck, in all the Chinese towns and villages which he visited, with the number of persons apparently of the middling classes of society; and from this he justly inferred a wide diffusion of the substantial comforts of life, and the consequent financial capacity of the country. "However absurd the pretensions of the Emperor of China may be to universal supremacy, it is impossible to travel through his dominions without feeling that he has the finest country, within an Imperial ring-fence, in the world." P. 323.

On the fifth of November, at the village of Tatung, near Tung-ling-shien, our countrymen first met with the tea-plant; it is a very beautiful shrub, and resembles the myrtle both in its appearance and its fragrancy. The views in this part of the country were highly picturesque: rock above rock in endless and sublime variety, while the wildness of the natural features of the landscape was softened by the white cottages and farm-houses with which it was speckled. On descending from the high grounds, our author's party was followed by peasants, whose shouts might have been mistaken for violence, had not the civility with which they afterwards offered tea and other refreshments, proved that their noise was merely the rude expression of astonishment. In the course of their ramble through an island in the Yang-tse-keang, a party was attracted to a house by the noise of cymbals, and other musical instruments: the ceremony proved to be the solemnization of a funeral; a procession was moving round and round the yard of a house; the priests, in their ordinary dresses, being the musicians, and the mourners dressed in white robes. On the approach of our countrymen, old and young, male and female, (with the exception of one old

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lady) all forgot their grief to examine their unexpected visitors.

On the 12th of November, while nearly 200 miles distant from the sea, porpoises were observed: this gives us a very striking idea of the magnitude and importance of the Yang-tse-keang. The following account of a walk to the Lee-shan mountains we shall give in our author's own words: it will afford a very favourable specimen of his powers of description, and is marked by incidents of a more interesting nature than one is accustomed to associate with Chinese scenery.

"I had a most interesting walk to the mountains: a stream, fed from the waterfall, wound through the valley, and was crossed by three bridges, one of which was of twelve piers; the bed was nearly dry, but the length of the bridges marked, that at certain seasons, either of heavy rain or melting snow, the streams must swell into a considerable torrent. The clearness of the water was truly gratifying to the eye, so long obscured by the muddy waters of the Pei-ho, Eu-ho, Yellow, and Yang-tse-kiang rivers. Leaving to our right a large temple beautifully situated at the termination of the ravine, down which the cascade tumbles; we wound round a hill, and soon fell into a stony path leading to a small ta overlooking the waterfall. At this distance the building appeared like a child's plaything. Here I had an opportunity of witnessing the truth of the descriptions I had read of the features of a granitic range. The rocks rose in rude spiculated summits, survivors of the extensive degrading process, marked by the debris at the bottom. As we ascended by the path of stone steps which wound considerably to escape the steepness of the ascent, we passed several blocks of pure quartz, many of three feet in depth, and a few nearly five; midway a vein of quartz, two and a half feet thick, seemed to cross the mountain horizontally. The ground glittered with mica, so as to give the surface an appearance of being strewed with spangles of the precious metals. One stream falling over masses of rock, gave out the sound so sublimely applied in Scripture to the voice of the Almighty, 'the rush of many waters.' Thus the pauses which the steepness of the ascent required were amply filled by a contemplation of the magnificence above and around, finely contrasted with the smiling neatness of the cultivated vale below us. An hour and a half brought us to the pagoda, which proved to be of seven stories, built of the neighbouring granite, and fifty feet in height; a small idol riding on a cow was placed in an aperture on the basement story. We stood upon an insulated pinnacle, separated by a deep ravine from the rocks, over whose surface the cascade tumbled in a perpendicular fall of four hundred feet. While resting ourselves, some priests were observed standing on an opposite cliff, belonging to the college or temple near the pagoda, the existence of which we had already conjectured from the cultivated patches near the summit: we had no hesitation in applying to them for tea, which they readily supplied us with. Their habitation was very beautifully situated in a small hollow sheltered by a few trees from the wind, that

was even thus early in the season extremely piercing. The abstemious habits of their order, excluding meat, did not enable the priests to offer those solid refreshments required by so long a walk. Salted ginger and parings of dried fruit were all their stores afforded; the repast was truly that of an anchorite, and the whole scene well adapted to devout meditation. A plantation of bamboos*, which I now have no doubt of being considered a sacred tree, overhung the cascade. Some large plants of the camellia were growing on the top and sides of a cultivated hill near the temple. Our descent only occupied three quarters of an hour: towards the bottom I observed some schistus, which, I could almost venture to assert, was below the granite: it was micaceous, with small embedded garnets. On our return we followed the great road, and near the city passed a temple of the Tao-tze, remarkable for some drawings descriptive of a future state, in which the rewards and punishments were represented by corresponding situations belonging to this life." P. 339.

From this place to their arrival at Canton, very little worthy of remark occurred. This city is so well known from other channels of information, that we shall forbear repeating our author's remarks upon its appearance. The Embassy reached it on the 1st of January, and after a few interchanges of civility with the Viceroy, set off on its return to England. In consequence of the misfortune which happened to the *Alceste* on its way homewards, the account of the voyage to England furnishes some interesting particulars; but as these have been related more fully by Mr. McLeod, the surgeon of the *Alceste*, we shall reserve this part of the history of the Embassy for our next number.

ART. V. *An Address to the Church Missionary Society, holden at the Town Hall in the City of Bath, under the Presidency of the Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Gloucester, on Monday the 1st Day of December, 1817, Word for Word, as delivered from Writing; with a Protest against the Establishment of such a Society in Bath. By the Rev. Josiah Thomas, M.A. Archdeacon of Bath.* 6d. Rivingtons. 1817.

IF the importance of a publication be estimated by its size, a pamphlet consisting of a single sheet widely printed, might, perhaps, seem scarcely to require our attention; but if the value of a work depend upon the nature of the facts which it discloses, and the consequences they involve, many folios would sink into insignificance, when weighed against this little tract. The facts which it communicates we shall give, in the first place, without comment; and we shall then say a few words on the conduct

* "*Bambusa arundinacea.*"

which they detail, the defence which has been set up on its behalf, and the consequences which may result from the whole transaction.

It appears then, that a meeting was held in the Town Hall of the City of Bath, on the 1st of December, for the purpose of forming an association in aid of the Church Missionary Society. The Lord Bishop of Gloucester, who had preached in recommendation of the Society, on the previous Sunday, at the Octagon Chapel in that city, presided at this meeting.

The Archdeacon of Bath attended to deliver a solemn

“Protest against the formation of any such Society in Bath; in the name of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese; in his own name; in the name of the Rectors of Bath; and in the name of nineteen-twentieths of the Clergy in his jurisdiction.” P. 16.

While delivering his Protest, and the reasons on which it was founded, the Archdeacon states, that he was “hooted, hissed, and insulted in the grossest manner;” and that he was obliged to declare, that, if the meeting proceeded to further outrage, he should appeal to the civil authorities in his defence. (*Advertisement to Second Edition.*) The Archdeacon left the room, as soon as he had finished his address; because, as he says, “I did not go to that meeting for debate; but to PROTEST against the purpose of that meeting. And, I apprehend, it is not usual for a person to wait for an answer to his own PROTEST.” (*Advertisement.*) The meeting, it seems, then proceeded to the business for which it had been convened; and the society, which the regular ecclesiastical authorities had thus disclaimed, was immediately formed, and styled an Auxiliary to the CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY!!! an apparently uncalled for profession of “*decided attachment* to the doctrines and episcopal government of the Established Church” having been made in the primary resolution.

The committee of this newly formed auxiliary body, have since published a statement, in which they deny the Archdeacon's right to interfere with the proceedings of the meeting, and even assume, that the Archdeacon, though professing to come there in support of a presumed ecclesiastical authority, was himself violating all ecclesiastical discipline, by insulting a Bishop of his own Church, and a superior in his own diocese*. The question of right must be decided by the canon law, and a reference to it will inform the Committee that the Archdeacon is there stiled the *Bishop's eye*, and that he has power to supply the Bishop's room, and in all things to be the Bishop's Vicegerent†, and so far was fully upheld in his interference. The ques-

* See the advertisement of the Bath Church Missionary Society in the Bath Chronicle, December 11.

† Barn's Ecclesiastical Law.

tion of propriety will resolve itself, when the Committee's specious statement of it is corrected. It is true, that in the censure passed upon the meeting, a Bishop of the Church of England was included, but it was a Bishop unhappily betrayed into the "stretching himself beyond his measure," and seduced into this irregularity in the diocese in which, as the Archdeacon stated, "he was as much under canonical rule as any other clergyman." It is further admitted, that, within the precincts of Wells Cathedral, he would take precedence of the Archdeacon, but not within the Archdeaconry of Bath, nor either within one or the other would have ecclesiastical jurisdiction or authority. The charge of insult remains to be considered, and if any was offered, it could only be in one of these two ways; either by protesting at all against a meeting at which a Bishop presided; or by the matter and tone of the Protest itself; on these points we shall have some observations to make before we conclude.

But it is asserted by the committee, that the Archdeacon of Bath had *no right* to interfere; because, as it should seem, the meeting was "convened by public advertisement, and assembled under the protection of the civil law, and at the Guildhall, with the permission of the chief magistrate of the city." And, moreover, that he "was not entitled to speak, unless in conformity to the advertisement, by which friends only were invited *." The committee doubtless considered that they were here standing upon strong ground; but though the lay members of the Church have "a power to assemble for charitable purposes without the direct sanction of ecclesiastical power†," they surely are not warranted in assembling for a purpose, which, under the guise of charity, subverts that discipline which the rulers of the Church are bound to support. It was upon this ground, we conceive, that the Archdeacon interfered; because the lay members of the Church were about to form themselves into a society, which assumes a power of sending Missionaries to officiate in a foreign Diocese, without the consent of its Bishop, and under the management of a self-appointed lay corresponding committee at home. The Archdeacon's appeal was to the conscientious obligation of members of the Church of England to defer to those who have the spiritual charge over them, and not merely to "lament the want of their concurrence," but to abstain from acting without it.

If the Archdeacon had no right to interfere, to prevent the discipline of the Church of England from being so grievously violated, in a district where that discipline was committed to his immediate superintendence; then, indeed, we have wholly mistaken the ground on which the Church of England stands: nor can we see how she is long to stand at all, if any of her lay members are thus entitled to invade the province of their ecclesiastical

* See the Bath Chronicle as above.

† Ibid.

superiors; and the injured parties are not even entitled to attend their meetings, and protest against the invasion, because the advertisement summons only the friends to so flagrant an act of injustice. Let it be considered, that this rule, if once established, may be enforced in civil as well as ecclesiastical affairs: the Committee may feel little interest in the rights of the Clergy, or in the spiritual authority of the Church; it may be a matter of indifference to them, whether a Bishop be allowed to regulate the ecclesiastical concerns of his own diocese, or be permitted to exercise canonical authority over the clergy officiating within the limits of his superintendence; but should some zealous reformers of state affairs, take upon them to convene meetings by public advertisement, for purposes injurious to their civil rights as Britons, or prejudicial to that lawful authority which they may chance to possess as officers of the state; will they then feel bound to allow such meetings to discuss their object, and frame their resolutions without a protest, because the advertisement under which they were called, invited none but friends to attend?

As our ideas of the office and authority of an Archdeacon have probably been derived from different sources, it is not surprising that they should not entirely coincide with those, which these gentlemen seem to entertain. We shall however venture to assume, that the archdeacon had a full right to pursue the course he adopted; and if they wish for further information on the subject, we think we may safely refer them to the honourable and right reverend prelate who presided at the meeting; for we are convinced he would have no hesitation in allowing, that the Archdeacon did not exceed the limits of his authority, in entering his protest against a meeting, which he considered liable to such objections.

What we have thus said upon the question of right, has been drawn from us by the bold denial of the Archdeacon's authority, which the committee of this intrusive Society have ventured to publish. We will now consider the matter in another point of view, and inquire whether the Archdeacon was not bound by the imperious claims of duty to act as he did. The exercise of a right may be optional; and a dignified forbearance on the part of those in authority may sometimes be expedient, where interference would have no other effect than that of proving the extent of their power. But the call of duty admits of no hesitation; and little would it become a minister of the Gospel, still less one, to whose dignified station a peculiar responsibility attaches, to balance between duty and expediency; or to stand inactive, because personal difficulties or danger must attend his progress.

We scruple not to say, that, in this case, the path of duty was too plain to be mistaken; and had the Archdeacon neglected to follow

follow it, he would have found it much less easy to answer the reproaches of his conscience, than he now will to meet the popular clamour which his firmness has excited. He considered the Society to be not only unnecessary, but dangerous; calculated only to promote the views and interests of a party, unfriendly to the Church, though fostered in its bosom; and likely to perpetuate religious feuds, in that district especially entrusted to his superintendence. Under such convictions was he to remain silent? Was he to suffer such an institution to be formed without a protest? Was he to consult his own ease, to the injury of his sacred charge? Was he to seek the good-will of a party, or avoid the hostility of its misguided instruments, by a dereliction of the solemn duties of his office? If the former champions of truth and orthodoxy, whom the good providence of God has raised up in our Church, have been justly rewarded by the praises of their contemporaries, and the admiration of posterity, these questions admit of but one answer. The Archdeacon's conception of his duty was as correct, as his discharge of it was exemplary. And let it be further observed, for surely it is an important feature in the case, that the meeting in question was unauthorized by all that can give a regular sanction to an assembly for church purposes. The venerable Bishop of the Diocese declined it: he refused, temperately and politely indeed as became him, but still firmly and positively refused to have any connection with the proposed institution. The Rectors of Bath, and we may say *almost all* the clergy of the city, and the Archdeaconry, withheld their support from the Society, their attendance from the meeting; for though some clergymen indeed were present, they were drawn, with very few exceptions, from other dioceses. The Archdeacon was on the spot, a witness of the intrusion; and felt it his duty publicly to declare his sentiments, and if he could not prevent, at least to protest against so irregular, and, what he considered, injurious a proceeding; and surely, from the very shewing of the parties themselves, the mildest censure that can be passed upon it is, that it was irregular in the extreme, for what is to be inferred from the application admitted to have been made to all the ecclesiastical authorities, both supreme and subordinate; but that it was felt by the Committee that the measure in contemplation was one subject to their cognizance, and needing their countenance and support; and yet it was proceeded in, not merely without the sanction, but in the very face of an unanimous refusal to grant it—delivered, indeed, according to the Committee's statement, in the mildest terms, and qualified as much as possible with urbanity; and, therefore, we add, more binding upon generous minds than the most imperative prohibition, for, we trust, the Committee will not have the hardihood even to surmise, that the refusal of a venerable Bi-

shop and four exemplary Clergyman to join the association, proceeded from indifference to the object in view ; there is, therefore, no escape for them from the alternative proposition, that they must have known it proceeded from conscientious disapprobation.

The grounds upon which the Archdeacon's Protest were founded, he states as follows :

“ I scruple not to express my convictions: 1st. That this Church Missionary Society was originally unnecessary; because the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, was, and is, in existence, and in action. II. That several of the rules and regulations of this Church Missionary Society, and especially the means which it employs to increase its funds, are utterly unworthy of the name which it *would assume*—that of a Church of England Society. III. That this Church Missionary Society tends to the subversion of ecclesiastical order, and to promote and augment divisions among the Members, and especially the Clergy of the Church of England; being plainly supported in conformity to the view of a NEW SECT in the Church: a sect, of which the adherents distinguish themselves by the names of SERIOUS CHRISTIANS, and EVANGELICAL MINISTERS. IV. That the formation of a branch of this Church Missionary Society, in this city, will be pernicious; because it will promote religious fruds *here*, as similar speculations have done in other places.” P. 4.

We shall not follow him through the reasoning by which he establishes these positions, because this would oblige us to insert the whole pamphlet. To us they are conclusive; and if our readers will weigh them well, they may perhaps hesitate before they are seduced by a specious name, and a benevolent object, into the support of an association, against which such things can be alleged.

But it is said, that the Archdeacon himself violated all ecclesiastical discipline, by insulting a bishop of his own Church, and a superior in his own diocese.

After what we have already observed respecting the Archdeacon's right of interference, and the sense of duty under which he may be supposed to have acted, we think it scarcely necessary to say, that, if any insult was offered, it must have been by the *tone* or *matter* of the Protest itself, and not by the act of making it. We shall readily allow, that, though fully justified in the latter, if the Archdeacon in his *manner* violated the respect always due to the office and station of a bishop, even when a bishop may be acting irregularly; he certainly was guilty, not of a breach of discipline, which nothing but a strange confusion of ideas could have imputed to him; but of an offence against propriety and decorum; which, we should be as unwilling to vindicate as we are indisposed to believe, until the charge be better established than by a mere *ex parte* statement.

How far his language may be justly considered as insulting, our readers will judge for themselves: and in order to form a correct judgment, they should read the whole Protest; for thus alone can they fully enter into the situation in which the Archdeacon was placed, and the duty he had to perform. We may add also, that, when we consider the singular importance of the transaction, and the attention which it ought to excite, we may safely conclude, that such a protest as this, which may be procured for sixpence, will be in the possession of every one who feels interested for the welfare and stability of our Church.

There is undoubtedly a tone of severity in some of the remarks, which it was probably as painful to the Archdeacon to adopt, as disagreeable to that meeting to hear. But it is not the least evil of these perilous times, that the enemies of the Church have reduced her to such a dilemma, that if her officers do their duty, they will sometimes have to question the conduct of persons, of whom, delicacy to their situation, and respect for their office and their character, would incline them to speak only with reverence: or if, restrained by these feelings, they hesitate in the discharge of their duty, the very foundations of that building, which they are solemnly set apart to guard, will be overthrown. We most earnestly intreat the right reverend prelate, to whose amiable manners and well-intentioned zeal we gladly offer our tribute of respect, to consider this. We are convinced, that, had he anticipated this consequence of lending his name and his sanction to an establishment, which was to be formed without the sanction of the bishop of the diocese, and in direct opposition to the wishes of the principal clergy of the district, he would not have placed himself in the situation which he held. We consider the whole transaction as one of the most deplorable, both in its immediate effects, and in its more *remote* perhaps, but too *probable* consequences, which has occurred within our remembrance. Its immediate effects on the spot are irritated feelings, and bitter contention among those who should walk as brethren; the destruction of that mild and gentle influence, which is no less essential to the beneficial exertions, than to the comfort and respectability of the clergy; the diminution of respect towards that authority, on the proper maintenance of which depends the very existence of the Church. Its remote consequences (remote, we trust, they still are, and yet possible to be avoided) are not difficult to be anticipated by those, who remember, that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.

Long have we regarded with dismay the progress of institutions, which appear to us incompatible with the peace and safety of our venerable Church; and when we have seen them supported by names of authority, when we have heard of bishops leaving their own important stations, to act as the patrons and
founders

founders of these associations in other dioceses ; we have anticipated the evil which we now lament : for it has appeared clear to us, that the progress of the mischief must soon be checked by such local resistance, as the pamphlet before us records ; or that the mine would be laid under the very corner-stone of our sacred edifice, to be exploded with surer and more destructive operation at a convenient season.

We trust that that restless party, who cannot curb their zeal within their legitimate spheres of professional duty, and who have involved a bishop in the censure which belongs unto themselves, have now received a salutary warning ; and though we deeply and sincerely deplore the event, for which they, and they only, are responsible, and though we are alive to all the evil which may result from it, to the Episcopal authority, by lowering in public estimation the respect due to it ; yet if what has occurred should give a check to these disorganizing irregularities, or (what indeed it cannot fail to do) if it should withdraw from them the imposing countenance which they have recently received ; and if it awaken us to all the mischief of a system, which, if long suffered to continue, will, by utterly prostrating the discipline of the Church, leave it defenceless to its enemies ; the evil may yet be counterbalanced by the good. But assuredly the day of trial is approaching ; and if the Church of England endure the conflict, it will be because her friends are as active, as persevering, and as *united*, as her enemies.

Earnestly do we caution those, whose waywardness has called forth that ecclesiastical authority, which would gladly have reposed in silence, to pause yet awhile ere they persist in their mistaken conduct. Let them turn to the history of their own country, and ask what has been the bitter fruit of that division in the Church, which a blind and insatuated zeal once produced. Let them read *their own reward* in that of their puritan forefathers ; for too surely will it be the same. They may triumph for a time ; they may drive out our ecclesiastical heads, to substitute in their stead their own leaders ; they may push the Clergy from their stools, and seat themselves in the inheritance they have invaded ; but the triumph will be short, the enjoyment momentary. There is an enemy active, and on the watch : he says indeed but little, for their orators speak for him ; he does nothing openly, for they are accomplishing his work : but he is collecting his strength, and arranging his forces ; and when they have broken down the fences, and destroyed the bulwarks, he will arise, and be stirring. In a word, the sin of Ahab will be divided between the disobedient within the Church, and the enemy without. The guilt of *killing Naboth* may, perhaps, be theirs, but he will *take possession of the vineyard*.

ART. VI. *Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America; or an Account of the Origin, Progress, and actual State of the War, carried on between Spain and Spanish America; containing the principal Facts which have marked the Struggle. By a South-American.* 8vo. 370 pp. 9s. Longman and Co. 1817.

WHOEVER the author of this volume may be, he is deeply acquainted with the subject upon which he writes, in all its diversified bearings. He professes himself a native of South America, and such we should conceive him to be, not only from his thorough knowledge of the country, but also from the frequent introduction of Spanish terms into the body of his work.

From the most accurate calculations, it appears, that the continental part of Spanish South America, contains thirteen millions of inhabitants, without including the Indian nations, which still preserve their independence. It appears to have been the policy of the Spanish government, to keep their trans-atlantic subjects both in seclusion and in ignorance, and it was not until 1797, that the court of Madrid was under the necessity of opening the ports for the advantages of commerce. The mother country, by these and other arts, contrived to keep their colonies in tolerable subjection, till the year 1780, when an insurrection took place in Peru. It is indeed astonishing, when we consider the oppression of the viceroys, and the tyrannical acts of the various captains-general, placed over these immense provinces, that the spirit of resistance did not shew itself at an earlier period. The revolutionary party received considerable encouragement from the British government, who paid the expences of Miranda, in 1806, and took other steps to further the views of independence, which had then become more general. The mother country would still, however, have retained her influence unimpaired, had it not been for the seizure of the government and the royal family of Spain, and by thus removing the great magnet of attachment, loosening the bonds which held together Spain and her colonies. This arbitrary measure produced equal confusion both at home and abroad. The Spanish Americans, though loyal in the extreme, were still at a loss how to act. The dispersion of the central junta in Spain, and the unconstitutional establishment of a regency, determined many of the American provinces to form distinct governments for themselves. Upon this, war was declared against the American government by the regency.

“ Under these unfavourable auspices began the war in Spanish America; and its long continuance, and the savage manner in which

which it is carried on, prove the irreconcilable animosity of the contending parties. The Spaniards are fighting to reconquer their once-possessioned territories, the Spanish Americans to obtain independence. The first are cruel in the hour of triumph, and with adversity their enmity increases; the latter are courageous in attack, and, when defeated, still ready to place confidence in their leaders, and again to rally under their banners. The first possess greater military skill, the latter superiority of number. Both have uniformly shown a firmness and decision in action suited to the high objects they have in view, and to the great obstacles they have to overcome. In these contests the blood of thousands has already inundated an extent of country of more than sixteen hundred leagues, which comprise the Spanish settlements in the new continent; and, as if the mortality in the field of battle were not sufficient, numbers are daily murdered in cold blood.

“ The Spanish chiefs and rulers gave the first example of violating capitulations, of shooting prisoners, and of refusing all means for accommodation, in that cruel war carried on in the new continent by the authority of the cortes of Spain, and by Ferdinand the seventh. I may indeed defy the old Spaniards of either world to find an excuse, or even a palliation, for their want of humanity, and breaches of faith, since the beginning of the revolution. The following are instances :

“ When Hidalgo approached the Mexican capital at the head of 80,000 men, he sent his envoys to Venegas with proposals of peace, which the viceroy refused to answer. The junta of Sultepec made similar proposals in 1812, and the result was the same. General Miranda delivered up the fort of La Guayra, the town of Caraccas, and the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona to the Spanish general Monteverde by capitulation, who promised to bury in oblivion every thing militating against the Spanish government, and granting the liberty of emigration from Venezuela. Notwithstanding this treaty and solemn engagement, General Miranda was shortly after made a prisoner, thrown into a dungeon at Puerto Cabello, afterwards sent to Puerto Rico, and from thence to the prison of La Cartaca in Cadiz, where he lately died. During a truce between the armies of Peru commanded by General Goyeneche, and that of Buenos Ayres under the command of General Valcarce, an attack was made while the army of Buenos Ayres considered itself secure, confiding in the existing treaty. Belgrano, general of the patriots, who in 1812 had taken General Tristan prisoner, and the division he commanded of the army of Peru, generously gave them liberty to return home, having received their pledged honour that they would not fight against Buenos Ayres. They, however, violated this sacred engagement a few days after. General Bolivar, having repeatedly defeated the royalists commanded by Monteverde in Venezuela, accepted terms of capitulation, which were never ratified. General Truxillo, in a despatch to Venegas, boasts of his having admitted a flag of truce, he being himself at the head of his troops, drawn up in battle array. The bearers of the flag of truce wore a banner

banner of the Virgin Mary ; this Truxillo asked for, and having obtained it, he gave orders for firing on these envoys. ‘ By this means,’ he said, ‘ I free myself of them and their proposals.’ General Calleja, informing the viceroy of Mexico that in the battle of Aculco he had only one man killed and two wounded, adds, that he put to the sword five thousand Indians, and that the loss of the insurgents amounted to ten thousand. General Calleja likewise entered Guanajuato with fire and sword, where he sacrificed 14,000 old men, women, and children. These and many more of General Calleja’s achievements were well known in Spain when the regency appointed him successor to the viceroy Venegas. The conduct of Monteverde was likewise approved when he was appointed captain-general of Venezuela, after breaking the terms of capitulation with Miranda ; and what formed his excuse for this breach of faith was, that he was not empowered to capitulate with the insurgents.

“ Acts of cruelty on the part of the Spanish chiefs, and of approbation in the regency and cortes, exasperated the newly-formed governments in Spanish America, and gave strength to their decisions. The revolutionary spirit was confined at first to very few persons ; it soon spread, however, through the whole continent. The conduct of the central junta, and of the cortes of Spain, extended the same spirit, by irritating the minds of the people, who were now resolved to avail themselves of existing circumstances, and declare themselves independent of the mother country.” P. 60.

Declarations were now drawn up by the Caraccas, by Mexico, by Cartagena, and by the other provinces. The American members of the cortes, in the mean time, attempted, in vain, to gain redress for those grievances, of which the colonies had such just reason to complain. In the midst of this confusion, Joseph Bonaparte, to forward his interests with the party who supported him in Old Spain, sends emissaries to America, offering independence. The English, on the contrary, employed their influence in mediating between the colonies, and the mother country ; this mediation, however, after a very long debate, was, most ungraciously, rejected by the cortes. On the return of Ferdinand, a decree appeared, that his American subjects should lay down their arms, and General Morillo was sent at the head of ten thousand men, to enforce submission.

“ King Ferdinand, in his decree of the 4th of June 1814, announced to the South Americans his return to his country, and ordered that they should *lay down their arms*. Soon after an army was equipped in Cadiz, and Morillo appointed its commander, Ten thousand men chosen from the best troops in Spain—an armament such as had never before been seen on the coast of Venezuela—appeared before Carupano in the middle of April 1815. Alarm was now spread among those who had been fighting for the cause of independence. All hopes of reconciliation were abandoned, and a revolt

revolt in Spanish America against the authority of Ferdinand the seventh, dates from this period.

“ From Carupano General Morillo proceeded to Margarita, from thence to Caraccas, and in the following August he besieged Carthagena. The dissensions between Bolivar and Castillo, both commanders of the South American forces, had lessened the means of defence which Carthagena possessed, and even deprived it of supplies of provisions. The inhabitants nevertheless, supported by near two thousand regular troops, prepared themselves for a vigorous resistance. The only attack upon the town, or rather upon the fort of San Felipe, which commands the town, was made the 11th of November, when the assailants were repulsed. Provisions however began to fail, and the vessels which approached the harbour were taken by the Spanish ships of war which blockaded the port. More than three thousand persons died actually of famine. To attempt a longer resistance was vain. The 5th of December 1815, the governor and garrison of Carthagena evacuated the place, and the following morning the king's troops entered.

“ In possession of Carthagena, general Morillo was enabled to conquer New Grenada, which his army did in the following manner. Calzada, with part of Morillo's forces left at Caraccas, invaded the provinces of Pamplona and Tunja; another division penetrated through the provinces of Antioquia and Popayan; and the commander in chief went up the river Magdalena, nearly as far as Sanbartolomè. Part of his troops proceeded up the river as far as the town of Hondo; but Morillo took the road towards Ocana and Sangil, in the province of Socorro. The royal troops had many skirmishes with the independents, in which the advantage was always on the side of the king's forces. At last the battle of Cachiri was fought, and in it fell the best of the troops and officers who had supported the congress of New Grenada. In consequence of this defeat the congress separated, and the few remaining troops, having abandoned the scene of action, took the road of Los Llanos, commanded by the generals Cerviez and Ricaute.

“ General Morillo entered Santa Fè de Bogota in the month of June 1816, and remained there till November. More than six hundred persons of those who had composed the congress and the provincial governments, as well as the chiefs of the independent army, were shot, hanged, or exiled; and the prisons remained full of others who were yet waiting their fate.” P. 97.

In the second part of the volume the history goes back, and gives us a more particular account of the events which, in the first part, had been only slightly touched upon. The revolution of Venezuela, the establishment of a supreme junta, the declaration of independence, the conquest of the country by Monteverde the royalist, and its subsequent occupation by Bolivar the insurgent, are given in accurate detail. This latter general, though

though at first successful, was latterly abandoned by his good fortune, and his army cut to pieces and dispersed by the royalists.

Our author then proceeds to give us the history of the revolutions at Carthagená, at Buenos Ayres, and at Chili. But the most interesting part of the volume, is the narrative of the revolution in Mexico, which commenced at the town of Dolores, instigated by Hidalgo, a priest, whose military, seems to have superseded his sacerdotal character. He, himself, led the insurgent army, and conducted the whole enterprise.

“Hidalgo commenced the exercise of his new power by repeating the tax called *tributos*, which the Indians had paid ever since the conquest; and this measure fixed their decision to join Hidalgo, to whose army crowds of Indians flocked from every part of Mechoacan. Venegas formed corps of guerrillas composed of Spaniards, and likewise a militia, but the militia was not composed solely of Spaniards. To the militia he gave the name of *patriotas*. The guerrillas were, however, more injurious than were even the independents to the royal cause; and the viceroy, having received innumerable complaints of their conduct, disbanded them.

“The insurrection gained ground rapidly. Lagos, a town in the intendencia of Guadalupe, rendered famous for a great fair which was held in the town every five years; Zacatecas, in the vicinity of which are many of the richest mines in Mexico; and other towns situate north of Queretaro, eagerly embraced the opportunity of declaring against the Spaniards.

“During Hidalgo's stay in Goanaxoato, he introduced a degree of discipline into the crowd which had followed him, appointing officers to command these newly-formed military corps. He established likewise a mint; made wooden cannon, and one of brass, on which was engraved *El Libertador Americano*. Hidalgo's troops, which might more properly be called a caravan, were armed with pikes, knives, hatchets, slings, blunderbusses, and a few muskets. From Goanaxoato Hidalgo marched to Valladolid, which he entered on the 20th of October, amidst shouts of joy from the Indians and Creoles. The most exalted honours were conferred upon Hidalgo, both by the ecclesiastics and civil officers in the town, and in his military chest they put one million two hundred thousand dollars: two regiments of militia, one of which was called the regiment of Patzcuaro, here joined him. On the 24th of October Hidalgo fell back on Indaparapeo, and having called a council of the principal captains of the army, many promotions took place; Hidalgo was proclaimed generalissimo of the Mexican armies; Allende captain-general; Balleza, Ximenes, Arias, and Aldama, lieutenant-generals; Abasolo, Ocon, and the Martines, two brothers, field-marsals. A mass was said on the occasion, and a solemn *Te Deum* sung; the generalissimo reviewed the army, dividing it into regiments of one thousand men each; eighty regiments were thus formed; three Spanish dollars per day were assigned for the

the pay of each colonel, and captain of cavalry; one dollar for each cavalry soldier, and half a dollar for each foot soldier. Hidalgo appeared at the review dressed in his uniform as generalissimo, which was blue with red facings, embroidered with gold and silver, and a black sash likewise embroidered. On his breast he wore a medal, on which was the image of the virgin de Guadalupe, which is held in great veneration in Mexico. The colours of the army were white and blue, resembling the banners of the ancient emperors of Anahuac or Mexico.

“Hidalgo's troops marched from Indaparapeo to Mexico, taking the road of Marabatio, Tepetongo, Jordana, and Istlahuaca, and entered Toluca, twelve leagues west of the capital, on the 27th of October. Mexico was now in imminent danger; the populace, and even a considerable number of the higher orders, hated the Spaniards. The royal forces were divided into different corps, which were stationed at considerable distances from each other. Don F. Calleja, who commanded one brigade, was at San Luis de Potosi, more than one hundred leagues from Mexico; the Count de la Cadena, who commanded three thousand troops, was at Queretaro, and Venegas had but a handful of men, which were encamped in the environs of Mexico, rather to keep in awe the inhabitants, than to oppose Hidalgo. At this crisis Venegas resorted to an expedient which saved him: he applied to the archbishop of Mexico, and to the inquisition, for a sentence of excommunication against Hidalgo and his abettors, and against all his troops. Solemn excommunications were accordingly denounced against the independents; and the inquisition published an edict declaring Hidalgo a heretick. The inquisitors supported these declarations by observing that Hidalgo had been accused ten years ago before the inquisition; at that time he had had the good fortune, or had possessed art sufficient, to remove their jealousy. Hidalgo answered this edict by a manifesto, in which he acknowledges the principles of his belief, and pointed out the contradictions of the inquisitors in their accusations against him, observing that he is accused of denying the existence of hell, and of maintaining at the same time that a canonized pope was in hell; that he denied the authority of the sacred scriptures, and was considered nevertheless a Lutheran.

These excommunications made no impression on the independent troops, for Hidalgo, himself a priest, easily persuaded his Indians that those who had pronounced the dreadful sentence against him, being his enemies, were by no means legal judges in his cause, and that the excommunication would undoubtedly fall on those who had pronounced it. The inhabitants, however, of Mexico, and of the provinces where the insurrection had not yet reached, remained tranquil, deeply impressed with terror.” P. 296.

This gallant son of the church, however, met in the end with a sad reverse, and with his whole staff were made prisoners by the victorious royalists. The loss of Morelos, another leader of
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the insurgents, damped the rising spirit of independence, and all but the inner provinces were, at one time, reduced to subjection.

What may be the final success of the revolutionists, it is not for us to say. It is a subject of too intricate, and too important a nature, to be lightly discussed, and, at present, we would confine our attention to the volume before us. It presents to the reader, a most accurate, and satisfactory account, of the commencement of a revolution, in which, we fear, much blood will hereafter be spilt. The author, though somewhat leaning to the side of the insurgents, is, upon the whole, as impartial as could be expected. To those who may desire to acquaint themselves with the first movements of an insurrection, which in its consequences may, hereafter, be so important to the whole continent of Southern America, we cannot recommend a better work than the volume before us.

ART. VII. *The Knight of St. John, a Romance.* By Miss Anne Maria Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Longman and Co. 1817.

THE productions of the fair writer, to whom we are indebted for this romance, are so familiar, we apprehend, to most of our readers, at least to that portion of them who deign to amuse their leisure hours with novel reading, that it would be superfluous to say any thing respecting the literary merits of her works, the distinguishing character of her genius, her peculiar faults, and so forth. And to speak the truth, we are not sorry of so good an excuse for not attempting, what it would be no easy task to perform; for though it is generally not difficult to distinguish one novel from another, yet were it not for the assistance afforded by the title page, it would commonly require a very penetrating critic indeed, to distinguish the writer of them. The authoress of the *Knight of St. John*, belongs to the common class of romance writers, but if not foremost, she is quite in the foremost rank. Her stories are always well invented; her heroes are always every thing which the most fastidious admirers of perfect virtue could desire; her language is always strewed with flowers, and very considerably raised above the level of mere ordinary prose. Those who have read one of her novels, can, without any violent effort of self-denial, refrain from taking up another; but having once taken one of her productions up,

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and fairly embarked in the story, it is any thing but easy to lay it down.

The story opens with the arrival of a vessel at Genoa, from which a young man lands, and is proceeding to his home, when his progress is interrupted, by a crowd assembled in the streets; upon enquiring into the reason, he finds that a very interesting cause is being pleaded before the judges, between the Adimari and Cigali families, respecting the right of the latter, to the estates of the former. Suddenly Cesario, (for that is the name of our young gentleman,) hears that the decision is given against the Adimari, upon which he faints away. It now appears that he is son of the old Adimari, whose property thus devolves upon the Cigali family, and who, in consequence of the vexation occasioned by the trial, had died during the process of it. Cesario's desolation may be imagined; fatherless, pennyless, and involved in debt incurred by his father, his case excites the commiseration of Giovanni, the representative of the Cigali family, and hero of the tale. But Cesario proudly repels all the advances, and offers of assistance, which the latter generously makes. The persevering friendship of Giovanni, and the equally persevering obstinacy of Cesario, in declining all intimacy with a person, by whose family he conceives himself so greatly injured, constitutes the principal interest of the tale. In the course of it, Cesario's mistress (a finished coquette called Beatrice,) falls in love with Giovanni, in spite of all that the latter could do or say. The former runs mad; the latter is taken prisoner by the Turks at the siege of Malta; the latter follows in disguise to Zante; where we now find that not only, Giovanni, but also Giovanni's sister, Adamea, are in a state of slavery; Cesario releases both, marries the former, (the latter being Knight of St. John, cannot marry,) and all three settle in Italy, where they continue in perfect harmony together, for the remainder of their lives. We shall now present our readers, with a specimen or two of the manner in which the above tale is told; and we think they will impress our readers with no unfavourable impression of Miss Porter's powers.

The following description of Beatrice is really very prettily touched:

"With youth, laughing from the blue heaven of her eyes; a complexion, indeed, like the sunny side of a peach; and clustering hair, of ardent brown; Beatrice Brignoletti was charming in defiance of rule. Her springing steps was marked by a volatile grace, something between walking and dancing; in another person it might have been mistaken for affectation, but in her, it was the natural expression of that jocund spirit which looked forth from her eyes, her lips, her cheek, her flying tresses, nay, at every act and motion of her body."

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"The same jocund spirit made her rash and fearless, and discourseful even in large societies; and more judicious men than Marco Doria might have agreed with him in asking for something more of timidity in an inexperienced girl. But at seventeen, with all her genius, Beatrice was as much of a child in her love of amusement, her eagerness in the pursuit of whatever tempted her whim or her heart, and her utter disregard of what other people thought of her conduct, as when she used to cry for a doll, or trample over a parterre in chase of a butterfly.

"As amusing, as caressing, as endearing as a child, she was usually judged with the same indulgence; and as neither the saddest humour could resist the flash of her smile, nor the coldest heart her glance of brief sensibility, there were not many persons courageous enough to tell her, nor wise enough to tell themselves, that her exuberant gaiety hovered on the verge of freedom." Vol. I. p. 124.

We shall now contrast the agreeable faultiness of the character of Beatrice with a portrait of a very different style.

"Giovanni's was, indeed, such a countenance as Raphael might have chosen for the favourite disciple of our Lord: a serene breadth of forehead, with 'heavenly hair,' parting from it in ample waves; large dove-like eyes; and that fair composure of complexion, which bespeaks the calm of goodness. To this countenance was joined a figure, of which the eminent gracefulness first caught attention; but, on second observation, its large proportions denoted power, the power of strength; and then the gentleness of his countenance seemed to be the more gracious." Vol. I. p. 17.

"But Giovanni might have passed for one of the Gods themselves. His were the sublime proportions, and sublimer grace of the matured Apollo: and if Cesario's countenance, interested by the incessant play of passions which appeared in its clouds and sunshine, expressing alternately the weakness, the struggles, and the hard-earned victories of humanity; Giovanni's, elevated by that divine expression of serenity and greatness which rose above every other, and proclaimed the immortal." Vol. I. p. 244.

Such were the bodily perfections of our hero; but as to his mental perfections, what tongue shall declare them?

One more extract, for the sake of infusing into our fair readers a desire of reading the novel before us, and we shall have done.

At Malta, Cesario met with a very kind friend in Toledo, the son of the viceroy of Sicily. The following is a very interesting description of his parting from his wife, previous to a battle:

"As he slowly entered the apartment which contained his friends, he could not help pausing a moment to contemplate the picture they formed.

"The light of a lamp fell directly upon the spot where they were placed.

"Camilla was sitting on a low cushion, supporting her husband's head on her lap, while he lay asleep. As she bent over him, his manly figure, half despoiled of its martial trappings, formed a picturesque contrast with the delicate grace and light drapery of her's.

"The contrast was yet greater between her fair face, all awake with fond and varying expression, and his bronzed features, fixed in tranquil sleep. Yet was there so soft and sweet a smile upon the lips of Toledo while he slept, that, like moonlight on the water, it seemed but the reflection of the smile of her that hung over him.

"At the sound of Cesario's step, she started, and a vivid blush shot into her cheek: she bashfully moved her knee a little, as if to shake the sleeper off, yet so gently, that she did not rouse him.

"'He was so tired!' she said, with an air of embarrassment and apology; and she continued to look down, ashamed of her unwillingness to sacrifice her husband's rest to her sense of propriety.

"Neither this beautiful shame, nor the tenderness which triumphed over it, were lost upon Cesario: he advanced with an air of respect, and, careful not to rouse her fears by any abruptness, instead of waking Toledo by the usual method, he took up her lute as if by chance, and making some courteous reply to her, passed his hand somewhat strongly over the strings.

"Toledo waked at the sound: as he opened his eyes, he saw Cesario sitting in seeming composure near him. Used to see him thus domesticated with them, and quite wearied with past exertion, Toledo just stretched out his hand to him, without otherwise altering his position, bidding his wife 'sing him that air again.'

"At his desire, Camilla took the lute, and, bending over it, sang with all the heart's pathos, the following song:—

" SONG.

"THE mellow'd strain of distant horn,
O'er some wide-spreading water borne
At set of sun, to wanderer lone,
Is like his voice of silver tone;
And heard amid the twilight pale,
When warbling sweet, the nightingale
Pours her fond soul to woods alone,
'Tis like his voice of silver tone!

"The darkly-rich, empurpled hue
Of violet beds when steep'd in dew,
And moonlight on their surface lies,
Is like his soft and lovely eyes!

And

And when eve's star, with humid light,
Just trembles on the verge of night,
That tender beam, those shaded skies,
Are like his soft and lovely eyes !

"The fond eye which opened again to raise themselves to Camilla's face, and the tender, whispering accent which thanked her, were faithfully described in the words of her song: Cesario felt their resemblance, and he could not stifle the involuntary sigh which escaped him.

"At that sound, for his sigh was fraught with his foreboding and pitying heart, Toledo turned on him an investigating glance, and reading his countenance started up :—' I see we are not to rest to night !' he cried ; ' where is the point threatened ? Camilla, sweetest, fetch me my lighter baldric.'

"His wife tremulously obeyed ; and in the rapid moment between her disappearance and return, Toledo enquired, and Cesario hastily named, the Spur of St. Michael.

"Toledo took the baldric from his wife with a bright look of ardour ; and while he eagerly armed himself, bade her be of good cheer, for the faster the infidels repeated their attacks, the sooner would the Christians get to the end of their work.

" ' And where is the assault now ?' asked Camilla, striving to diffuse a serene expression over her suddenly blanched and quivering features. ' At the Spur, dearest !' replied her husband ; ' they will not come on till day-break ; but I must be there directly, or perhaps ——'

"Camilla released the arm which she had instinctively seized in both her trembling hands ; and, looking on him through blinding tears, with an expression of love and submission, faltered out, ' O go—go, my Felix ! I know it is right—and I can pray for you !'

"Toledo caught her to his breast without speaking : again and again he relaxed that fond grasp, and as often clasped her to him anew. His heart, his eyes, his voice, all overflowed with tenderness.

"At length in a gayer tone, exclaiming against his own folly, he reminded her and himself how often he had thus gone, and returned from similar contests ; then bestowing on her another embrace, coupled with a fervent benediction, he tore himself away.

"Camilla, all pale and trembling and tearless now, caught Cesario's hand as he was passing her, whispering, ' Will it be a very dangerous service to-night ?'

" ' We can but guess at it,' replied Cesario hastily ; ' but I swear to you, the sword that reaches Toledo shall make its way through this body :' he kissed her hand as he spoke, looked on her, and disappeared." Vol. III. p. 102.

ART. VIII. *Sermons on Faith, Doctrines, and public Duties, by the Very Rev. William Vincent, D.D. late Dean of Westminster. With a Life of the Author, by the Rev. Robert Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford, &c.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1817.

IT has been invidiously objected against some very eminent scholars, that the charms of what has been fancifully termed carnal learning, have seduced them from the appropriate studies of their sacred profession; and that they have devoted those talents to the Muses, which should have been exclusively dedicated to a holier purpose, and a higher Master. Before such a charge can be considered worthy of a formal refutation, it should be supported by proof, that the pursuits of secular learning have been suffered to interfere with the discharge of professional duties; and that the literary labours of the author have superseded the cares of the pastor, or the instructions of the divine. If this be not the case, (and in few, very few instances, we are persuaded, can such an accusation be substantiated) such persons may pursue their honourable course, assured, that he who extends the sphere of general knowledge, or labours to improve the public taste, or even to increase the fund of innocent literary recreation, has not misemployed his talents or his leisure: and however envy may assail, or fanaticism condemn his labours, good men will respect, and wise men defend them; and his name will live in the memory of those whose praise is fame, when his accusers are forgotten. It would moreover be exceedingly unjust to conclude, that those divines, whose published works have principally tended to advance the interests of secular learning, have therefore been deficient in the proper attainments of the theologian. The unpublished papers of many, who have been known only to the literary world by works not strictly professional, would doubtless prove, that, had they chosen to descend into the arena of controversy, they were fully equal to maintain a contest with the most dextrous assailants.

These reflections have been suggested by the volume now before us, in itself an evidence in support of the positions we have advanced. Its learned and amiable author was too well known, and too highly appreciated, during a long and useful life, to require the meed of our praise. His literary character was sufficiently established, by the works which he himself committed to the press; but his strictly professional publications were limited to a few occasional sermons; which, though creditable to his talents and his principles, evinced no depth of theological study

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or attainments; nor indeed did the occasions on which they were preached, afford an opportunity for any such display. If, however, it had been hastily concluded, from the nature of his publications, that he was wholly devoted to the *idole carnalium studiorum*, or that his mind was engrossed by the labours of his official station in a great public seminary, or the questions which his more important works had illustrated, the decision would have been uncharitable and unjust. The recollection of those, who, in their youth, had been instructed by his lectures in divinity, or by his discourses from the pulpit, would have enabled them to repel the charge, even had this volume never been given to the world; for not a few, in the middle and higher ranks of society, have imbibed the orthodox principles of our holy faith, from his teaching, and still remember with gratitude the information he imparted. The editor of this posthumous volume speaks of him as continuing, even “to the latest period of his life, to dedicate a very large proportion of his time to the study of the sacred writings; either to elucidate their historical parts, or to explain or confirm their doctrines.” Pref. p. viii. And the volume before us affords sufficient evidence of the success, as well as the perseverance, with which these studies were pursued.

The editor has here given to the public sixteen of his author's sermons, and a *Concio ad Clerum*, preached before the Clergy at Sion College. Of the latter composition, the editor's own account is strictly just; it is “a specimen of Latinity, free from all affectation of recondite words and expressions; so clear and perspicuous in style, that, while the most learned will approve, the most moderate scholar cannot fail to comprehend it.” Pref. p. 8.

Of the English Sermons, five were printed during the author's life, and are already well known to the public. One of them, the last in the present volume, was preached at a moment big with danger to the country. It was widely circulated at that time, and it is believed with considerable effect: its clear and forcible statements contributed then to calm the heated minds of political enthusiasts; and had it been republished during the late commotions, it might have proved a useful antidote to the poisonous effusions of the present race of Reformists. But the republished discourses cannot with propriety be summoned before our tribunal, we shall therefore confine our observations to the remaining part of the volume. The five first Sermons are devoted to an explanation and defence of the three Creeds of our Church; the sixth is on the Divinity of Christ; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, illustrate the conversation of our Sa-

viour with the Woman of Samaria ; and the remaining discourse, which stands the twelfth in the volume, was preached before the Philanthropic Society, and contains an able statement of the evils which must result from neglecting the education of the poor ; and an interesting appeal on behalf of the unfortunate children, whose depravity, in general the consequence of gross ignorance, renders them objects of relief from that institution.

The first of the Sermons, on the Creed, inculcates the necessity of faith, as the foundation of all religion, which, whether true or false, can be influential only as far as it is believed. The blind heathen, the uncultivated savage, believe in the objects of their idolatry, and act as that belief directs them. The ancient philosophers were too acute to be deluded by the popular superstitions of their country, but they did not reject the idea of a superior intelligence ; and endeavouring, by the aid of reason, to acquire purer notions of that powerful agent, to whom all nature bore witness, they framed a system of belief for themselves : and though that system was far removed from the truth, still it was to them their faith ; and in proportion to its purity, so did it lead the wisest of them to virtue. In the same manner, christian morals flow from christian faith. Men may indeed endeavour to adopt the morality of the Gospel, while they reject its creed ; and, as far as they succeed, they may pass for good men in the estimation of the world ; but Christians they cannot be, unless they are believers in Christ, and obey his precepts, because they acknowledge the truth of his doctrines. To the question, how is faith to be acquired ? Dr. Vincent answers, “ by seeking for it, enquiring after it, desiring it, labouring for it.”

P. 3. Faith is produced by the influence of testimony on a mind capable of estimating its credibility ; and therefore faith is to be obtained by a careful investigation of the evidence contained in the Scriptures, and the arguments by which the truth of those Scriptures is supported : and as this evidence, and these arguments are within the reach of all who will use them, it follows, that all, who will, may acquire faith, by the same means that they may satisfy their minds upon any other subject within the reach of their investigation.

“ As to the faith,” says Dr. Vincent, “ that springs up instantaneously, that cometh we know not whence, and increaseth we know not how, we leave this to those that feel it. If warm imaginations really do perceive this sort of influence, let them act upon it ; let it become a real faith to them, and produce every effect of real faith. But if some have experienced this, as they assert, let not others hesitate about their own perception of faith, because they are sensible of no such emotion ; let them be content to learn the

the Christian Religion as they learned all they have learned; and such assistance as the Holy Spirit usually confers, doubtless, all that are pure in heart are allowed to expect." P. 4.

This is excellent advice, and much misconception, nay, much mischief and misery would be prevented, were it followed. The doctrine of impulses is fraught with evil in every point of view in which it can be considered. Its influence tends to results, directly opposite to those which the well instructed teacher of Christianity will endeavour to produce. The sanguine and aspiring mind, which he would reduce within the bounds of humility and soberness, this doctrine stimulates to presumption and spiritual pride; the weak, the doubting, the faint-hearted, whom he will seek to strengthen and console, it plunges into despair. It urges the latter to seek what they can never find; the former to glory in a self-delusion, which flatters and encourages his most besetting sin. Some undoubtedly there are, men of sincere and active piety, who think that their own experience bears testimony to the truth of such emotions. To them we feel inclined to say, if you have this faith, have it to yourselves before God; but beware lest the flattering conviction rob you of your humility; and, above all, take heed that you do not ensnare the consciences of your brethren, by exacting from them what some can never attain, and what is to none a divinely appointed test of their sincerity; lest you unwarily "make the heart of the righteous sad, and strengthen the hands of the wicked*."

In the remainder of the Sermon, Dr. Vincent traces modern infidelity to its sources, and shews that it arises "too frequently from negligence and ignorance; often from prejudice, perversion, hardness of heart, and impenitence; and even sometimes from interest." P. 8. However, therefore, involuntary unbelief may have some excuse to plead, he conceives that common unbelief, the unbelief of the present day, is of a very different complexion, and comes fully under the sentence pronounced by our Saviour upon those who reject the Gospel. He does not deny that some may lead moral lives, who yet are devoid of christian faith; but he maintains the utter inefficacy of all the motives to virtue which reason or philosophy can suggest, when proposed to mankind at large; and even where these motives are effectual, however they may render a man estimable in the opinion of the world, they must be of no avail in recommending him to the favour of God, to whom we can only have access by faith in his incarnate Son.

* Ezek. xiii. 22.

“ But let us not impute bad morals to all who reject the Gospel; let us believe them when they tell us, that they find sufficient motives in the beauty of virtue, their own happiness, and the good of society, to induce a moral conduct. However powerful these motives may be to a refined understanding, and a reasoning mind, they have little weight with mankind at large. It is impossible for the bulk of any people to be refined; and if the extremely vicious are not to be restrained by the denunciations of divine vengeance, or the fear of eternal punishment, what hope can be conceived of governing mankind by presenting the beauty of moral virtue, as an inducement to embrace it?”—“ After all that can be said of moral virtue in this sense, it does not necessarily imply any notion of religion at all. It is confined to our relative situation in regard to others, as members of society; and if we exclude the idea of God, as the rewarder or punisher of moral conduct, the influence upon mankind will be very insignificant. True it is that, in a moral sense, the reverence of our parents is a virtue; that murder, adultery, theft, perjury, and fraud, are vices. This was as discoverable by the light of reason as by the law of the two tables. Our conduct in regard to these, as reasonable creatures, is prompted by the weakness of our nature; since we account it dangerous to do that injury to another, which we are afraid to suffer; to sanction a law or custom against ourselves. But if a moral sense goes no farther than this, how poor a gift is life, in comparison with that view which is opened to us by revelation! Revelation tells us that we are born to immortality, that our present life is only a prelude to eternity; a state of trial and probation; that the good we do, and the evil we suffer, are ever in the contemplation of an Almighty Being; and that we are heirs of glory, if we claim it on the terms proposed. Besides enhancing the value of life, besides enlarging the dignity of our nature; I say, that this idea contains more power to induce a moral conduct, than any that reason ever had to offer. Every system founded on reason, every religion, every form of society, wishes to inculcate virtue, and eradicate vice. But if any one of them, in any shape, ever offered the motives to promote the one, or obviate the other, with any appearance of advantage equal to the Christian religion, bring them to the trial; assuredly they will be found light upon the balance.”—“ We believe that God *is*, and therefore we worship Him; we believe that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, and therefore fly to Him for refuge; we believe that there is a future judgment, and therefore prepare for our trial; we believe that Jesus is the Christ, and our Judge, and therefore we accept the Gospel he has left us; we believe that He is the Mediator to atone for our imperfections, and therefore we come before the throne of grace with confidence; and if all these motives have no efficacy in conducting us virtuously and happily through our present life, what can we hope from the speculations
of

of philosophy, which taught virtue without authority, religion without certainty, and a future state without proof?"

"I know well that there are some, even among Christians, who hold points of faith and doctrine in a secondary light, and think that no man who leads a good life, can have a wrong faith. But this is not the language of the Gospel; in that, no means of approaching God are offered, but through the mediation of his Son. If we reject his mediation, we stand upon our own merits, and if any man living has confidence to rely upon his merit, he ought to have more than an Apostle; for St. Paul declares, that all men have come short of the duties exacted from them, and can have no pardon but through the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ our blessed Saviour and Redeemer." P. 13.

The second Sermon is a defence and explanation of the Apostles' Creed. Dr. Vincent lays it down as his fundamental position, that this Creed, in its original form, which he conceives concluded at the article, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," contains nothing more than a repetition and explanation of the form of baptism; which, when baptised, all Christians solemnly adopt as their confession of faith. Thus, as he argues, without surrendering any vantage ground which may be furnished by proofs of its antiquity, or its universal reception, the substance and doctrine, though not the very words of the Creed, may be shewn to stand upon the authority of Christ himself.

"As to the authority of the Apostles' Creed, in regard to the identical words contained in it, doubtless it is a human composition, and not divine; neither will we build on its antiquity, though it is certainly antecedent to all regular Church history, and may be carried back into the age next to the Apostles*, an age in which few attribute any corruption to the Church. We will not, however, insist upon antiquity, because our adversaries allow us no ground but Scripture to stand on; but if we give up the identical words, we will not abate a syllable of the doctrine. We maintain that it asserts nothing more than we are all bound to assert, upon our admission to baptism; and therefore does not stand upon antiquity, nor the authority of the Church, but upon the authority of Christ himself; and that the profession of this faith is exacted from us, by Christ's positive command." P. 23.

It is with diffidence that we venture to object to any position, sanctioned by such a name as that of the late Dean of Westminster; but we see that some inconvenience may result from so broad and unqualified an assertion as this, that "the Creed contains nothing more than a repetition of our baptismal vow, with

* "See two forms supposed to be antecedent to the Creed, in Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History."

its explanation." It may indeed be usefully and justly argued against those, who object to the creeds of our Church, because they deny the doctrine of the Trinity, that, in this respect, they teach no more than is asserted in the form of baptism; and that they only repeat and explain the doctrine, which our Saviour laid down in that form. For the divinity of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is as expressly taught in the form of baptism, as it can be in so few words; and heretics themselves have rather attempted to evade, than to deny its force. But the articles of the Creed are not limited to a profession of belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, or to an explanation of that doctrine. Nor is their language explanatory, but declarative; by using them, we not only profess our belief in the existence of the three persons in the ever blessed Trinity; but also in the offices which they have undertaken to sustain in the gracious work of man's salvation, and especially in all that the Son of God has done and suffered for us.* It is therefore better to consider the Creed as comprising a series of fundamental truths, which we profess to believe, because we find them propounded to us in the Scriptures, as the distinctive doctrines of Christianity.

It is the learned Dean's opinion, that the Creed originally concluded with the article of belief in the Holy Ghost; and that the articles which now follow it were additions, though of an early date. The question is not, perhaps, of much consequence; for the doctrines which these articles contain are, as he observes, "as evident and plainly delivered in Scripture, as the existence of God, and the mediation of our Saviour:" p. 37, but it may, perhaps, be right to observe, that Bishop Bull has proved, that the antient creeds did not terminate with the article of belief in the Holy Ghost; and that his able commentator Grabe maintains, that all the articles of the Creed, as it now stands, with the exception of "the Communion of Saints," (he adds, *ac de ecclesia forte*) and "the descent into hell," were to be found in its most ancient form †.

We cannot conclude our remarks on this sermon, without observing, that Dr. Vincent appears to have laid rather too

* See Bishop Bull's *Judicium Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*. Cap. iv. s. 3. Cap. v. s. 9. where the advantages attempted to be made of this position are shewn, and the position itself is opposed. *Rev.*

† See Bull's *Judicium Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*. Cap. vi. and Grabe's *Annotations* on Chap. v. vi. vii. We do not enter upon the question which Grabe undertakes to discuss, respecting the Apostolic origin of the Creed in its present form; but we refer our readers to his disputation, for his reasons for believing that the Creed, in its most ancient form, concluded as it now does. *Rev.*

much stress upon the expression, "I believe *in*," which he conceives to be properly applied only to the three Persons, in whose names we are baptised. P. 19. On this subject, we would rather use the words of Bishop Pearson than our own.

"To *believe*," says he, "with an addition of the preposition *in*, is a phrase or expression ordinarily conceived fit to be given to none but to God himself, as always implying, beside a bare act of faith, an addition of hope, love, and affiance. An observation, as I conceive, prevailing especially in the Latin Church, grounded principally upon the authority of St. Augustin. Whereas, among the Greeks, in whose language the New Testament was penned, I perceive no such constant distinction in their deliveries of the creed; and in the Hebrew language of the Old, from which the Jewish and Christian Greeks received that phrase of *believing in*, it hath no such peculiar and accumulative signification. For it is sometimes attributed to God, the author and original cause; sometimes to the Prophets, the immediate revealers of the faith; sometimes it is spoken of miracles, the motives to believe; sometimes of the law of God, the material object of our faith. Among all which varieties of that phrase of speech, it is sufficiently apparent, that in this confession of faith it is most proper to admit it in the last acceptation, by which it is attributed to the material object of belief. For the creed being nothing else but a brief comprehension of the most necessary matters of faith, whatsoever is contained in it beside the first word *I believe*, by which we make confession of our faith, can be nothing else but part of those verities to be believed, and the act of belief in respect to them nothing but an assent unto them, as divinely credible and infallible truths. Neither can we conceive that the ancient Greek fathers of the Church could have any farther meaning in it, who make the whole body of the creed to be of the same nature, as so many truths to be believed, acknowledged, and confessed; inasmuch as sometimes they use not *believing in*, neither for the Father, Son, nor Holy Ghost; sometimes using it as to them, they continue the same to the following articles of, the *Catholic Church*, the *Communion of Saints*, &c. and generally speak of the creed as of nothing but mere matter of faith, without any intimation of hope, love, or any such notion included in it. So that *believing in*, by virtue of the phrase or manner of speech, whether we look upon the original use of it in the Hebrew, or the derivative in the Greek, or the sense of it in the first Christians in the Latin Church, can be of no farther real importance in the creed in respect of God, who immediately follows, than to acknowledge and assert his being or existence*."

We have introduced this passage, because we are anxious that, in maintaining fundamental doctrines, such for instance, as those of the Divinity of the Son, and the Personality of the

* Pearson on the Creed. Article 1st. *I believe in God.*

Holy Ghost, no weak or unsubstantial ground should be taken. The authority of Scripture, on which these doctrines stand, is irrefragable, and on this authority alone, we wish to see them always placed. Lest the crafty infidel, assuming proofs, which are in truth only collateral, and arguments which are only auxiliary, or illustrative, to constitute the main hinges of the controversy, make a shew of victory, by triumphing over an unimportant, and perhaps untenable position; and thus induce unwary persons to believe, that he has planted his standard in the citadel, when, in truth, he has been wasting his force upon an outpost, which was not worth defending.

The object of the third Sermon, which is on the Nicene Creed, may be best expressed in the words of the author.

“ It may not be amiss to premise, that in treating of the doctrines of this Creed, I shall not enter into the subtleties and intricacies of this question, or bewilder myself in reducing to reason, what is matter of faith. I shall set before you rather a history, than an argument; and having shewn the tendency of the doctrine professed in this Creed, which our own Church has adopted, confirm that profession by a few plain texts of Scripture; carefully avoiding the parade of science, and the babbling of philosophy.” P. 44.

In conformity to this plan, the Sermon first states, why these Articles were introduced into the Nicene Creed, which particularly distinguish it from that of the Apostles. It was “ not because the Church believed more in the year 300, than it had done in the year 50; but because the Arians believed less.” P. 47. The necessity of that amplification of the more simple Articles of the Apostles’ Creed, to which the Nicene Fathers resorted, is then shewn, by an enumeration of the different heresies which they had to combat. The Sabellian confusion of the Persons in the Trinity, made it necessary to say, I believe in *one* God the Father, and in *one* Lord Jesus Christ. The words, *being of one substance with the Father*, were introduced to prevent the evasions of the Arians; who had modes of reconciling every other expression relative to the nature of Christ, with their own heretical opinions; and, as the Dean observes,

“ The very word substance itself might have been spared, if the Arians had not pitched upon this very term*, to mark their dissent from the Catholic Church; but plain Christians having conceived that Christ, being stiled God, was really one God with the Father, and not understanding how the second person could be called God, unless his nature and substance were the same with

* Waterland’s 1st Vindication, P. 302.

the Father's, could not depart from the expression without giving up the very point in debate, and allowing the Arians to impute an opinion to them which they disowned."—"The only objection to the word *substance* is, that it occurs not in Scripture in this sense, as our adversaries assert; but that text in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is rendered in our version, *the express image of his person*, was formerly considered as signifying, that the *substance* of the Father was manifested in the form or character of the Son. The fluctuation in rendering the same word, *substance* by some, and *person* by others, made both parties interpret this Scripture to their own purpose; the Arians maintaining that the term *substance* did not appear in the Scriptures, while the Council adduced this very text in support of the expression which they had adopted. But supposing that we concede this text to the Arians *, still, if no other expression can be found to represent our idea, and shew what we really mean to say, when we profess to believe that Christ is Lord and God, it seems reasonable that we should use any term we please to mark our own sense; and that it is our duty to guard against the misrepresentations of our enemies. It is therefore, properly speaking, not an article of faith, but a declaration of the sense in which we understand the article: and it is well known from history, that the fathers assembled at Nice, had determined to use none but Scripture terms, if they had not been driven into the usage of this word by their adversaries, who perverted every expression that was proposed, till they came to this, which precluded subterfuge and evasion." P. 50.

Having shewn that the Creed contains no new doctrine, but an explanation of that which the Church had ever held; the Dean proceeds to bring forward some of the various passages in the sacred writings, in which Christ is called God, and described with all the attributes of divinity; and the proof of this being once established, the consequence he leaves to the authority of Scripture.

"Having all these texts before you, what must you think of the Arian teachers, who are forced to explain away the clear and obvious sense of every passage, and apply a meaning of their own, which they can only deduce by figurative, metaphorical, or me-

* "This text presents great difficulties; because, if we translate *Υπόστασις* by *substance*, we have no other mention of person; and if by *person* we take away from the phrase, being of one *substance*, it involves likewise the question between the Greek and Latin Church on the equivalence between *Υπόστασις* and *Persona*: but putting all this abstruseness aside, if we refer to the context, the whole first chapter is employed in giving the highest attributes to the Son, as Eternity, Creation, Deity, &c. &c."

taphysical interpretation. The Church abides by the written word, and without seeking to be wise above that which is written, adores, in pious reverence, a mystery which she pretends not to comprehend; but which she receives from the word of God, and acknowledges as an article of faith.

“ I now repeat the assertion, that there is not a single word in the Nicene Creed, respecting the point in question, which is not founded in the letter of Scripture, except the sentence, ‘ being of one substance with the Father.’ We have a right to affix our own sense of the unity of the Son with the Father to this expression; we can no more conceive two different substances in the Godhead, than two Gods. The latter is idolatry, the former is absurdity. If we are mistaken, we err through reverence for the Scriptures; if our opponents err, they detract from the honour of the Son, and disobey a positive command.” P. 59.

In the two next sermons the Athanasian Creed passes under review: the fourth being devoted to a brief history of the Creed itself, and an explanation of its doctrine; the fifth containing an answer to the objections which have been urged against its damatory clauses.

“ The doctrine,” says the learned author, “ I verily believe and think, as an individual, consists of no more than is implied in the Nicene, or even in the Apostles’ Creed. And if this doctrine is branched out into more particulars, and abounds in repetitions that offend the ear, and bewilder the understanding of plain men, let the fault lie where it ought to do; not with the Church, who meant to teach nothing new; but with the opposers of the Catholic doctrine, who attacked the Church with such a variety of opposite principles, such intricacy of argument, such metaphysical subtlety of disputation, such perplexity of contention, that it became impossible to express our own plain faith, without an explicit guard against all the aberrations which awaited us, on the one hand, or the other.” P. 70.

Upon this ground the language of the Creed is examined and defended: its minuteness is shewn to be requisite, its distinctions just, its repetitions necessary. The Church would fain have been silent on the mysterious subjects it discusses, had she been permitted. But when she could only prevent the fundamental doctrines of our holy faith from being corrupted, or explained away, by herself endeavouring to clothe them in language which would defeat the subtleties, and exclude the errors of her antagonists, she adopted the course which a sense of duty suggested. Not that she presumed to fathom mysteries beyond the line of human intellect; but that she hoped to guard the true interpretation of Scripture, by expressions all maintainable on Scriptural authority. She did not bring forward her own judgment, as available in this

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case arbitrarily to determine the important question : she appealed to the word of God for proof that the terms in which she had declared her meaning were neither distorted nor misapplied ; and unless that proof fail her, she may truly assert that the Creed contains that faith which the universal Church is bound to receive and defend. We could make many extracts from this sermon, but we must content ourselves with the following passage.

“ At present I wish only to remind you, that the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is here proposed, has been the doctrine of the Gospel ; the doctrine of the primitive Church ; the doctrine of almost every thing that can be called a Church in all ages ; that in the Greek and Roman Church, it survived in the midst of all the corruptions that arose ; that upon the Reformation there was not a Protestant Church but what received it in its fullest extent ; that Luther, Calvin, Beza, and all the wisest and best Reformers acknowledged the Athanasian Creed, and made it their profession of Faith ; that the Puritans in our own country, the parent stock of all our modern Dissenters, embraced it as readily as the Church of England herself ; and that if many of these reject it now, despise, contemn, and deride it, they are neither true Calvinists nor Presbyterians, but shelter themselves under the general name of Independants, among whom it is said at present that every man's private opinion is his Church. I do not know that this is fact, nor do I wish to deal in misrepresentation ; but I have no scruple to say that *Scripture is not of private interpretation* ; that whenever we go contrary to a stream, which has run in one channel for seventeen centuries, we ought to doubt our own opinions, and at least treat the general and concurring testimony of mankind with respect ; that the reason of individuals is not reason, but opinion : and that the standard of true reason is the well weighed decision of learned and good men, brought to a centre, and comprehending all the wisdom that their united abilities could collect.

“ If therefore any one has his doubts on the intricacies of this question, let him first search the Scriptures, and settle his principles from thence ; if he afterwards wishes to pursue his researches, let him not recur to the crude and hasty publications of the present day, in which assertions are rashly made without foundation in Scripture, antiquity, or the principles of any Church ; but to those learned writers who managed this controversy fifty years ago in our own country ; or if he has learning and leisure sufficient, to the primitive fathers themselves.” P. 84.

From the language and doctrine of the Athanasian Creed, Dr. Vincent proceeds in the 5th Sermon to consider the charge which represents it to be offensive to Christian charity, because it pronounces condemnation on all who do not believe the doctrine it contains. The plea of charity is not unfrequently urged by those, who know little of its meaning or its influence ; but if

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it be uncharitable to warn those who are in error of the consequences of heresy or unbelief, by declaring the sentence pronounced in Scripture upon such offenders; it is equally uncharitable to denounce the vengeance of eternal fire against impenitent sinners. It is undoubtedly the office, nay the duty of the Church, to call men from error to truth, as well as from sin to holiness; and if he who believes not is liable to condemnation, as well as he who obeys unrighteousness; surely want of charity may be imputed to those who encourage him in his dangerous mistake, rather than to those who set the terrors of the Lord in array before him, that he may turn from darkness to light, and live for ever. That there are occasions, on which "the mild spirit of Christianity is called upon to proclaim the anger of God, with the same energy as it displays the more admired attribute of his mercy:" P. 88. and that infidelity and heresy justify these denunciations, are truths which stand on the firm basis of Scriptural authority.

"Surely" then we may say, with Dr. Vincent, "you will not judge hardly of the ministers of the Gospel, when they set before you the danger of unbelief and the punishments attending it. It is the everlasting purpose of God to invite men on the one hand, by the hopes of reward; to alarm them on the other by the dread of punishment. Those who preach the Gospel must employ both, and are not more worthy of approbation when they paint the joys of heaven, than when they denounce the punishments attendant on condemnation." P. 89.

Having thus defended the Church and her ministers from the charge of uncharitableness on general ground, Dr. Vincent shews, that it was her practice from the council of Nice downwards, to conclude her declarations of the true faith with an anathema. What was done in the provincial councils, held prior to the council of Nice, cannot be so clearly ascertained; it is however well known that several of them did the same, and there is at least no evidence to prove that it was not the general practice.

"If, then, we believe the doctrines contained in the Athanasian Creed to be true, we are not to wonder at finding those clauses annexed to it, which declare that a man cannot be saved unless he believe them; the adversary must cease to reproach us till he has convicted the creed of fallacy, and we must cease to reproach ourselves for uncharitableness, till we yield to his arguments. There is indeed much to be said against annexing these clauses to a creed at all, and that shall be duly considered; but we of the Church of England have received this creed in its full form, more regularly and legitimately than any other Church, and it is no easy matter to resist or disallow the authority, no small consideration that should make us annul the declaration." P. 94.

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The authority upon which these clauses were annexed to the Creed being thus stated, and its exercise proved to be lawful, Dr. Vincent argues the question upon the grounds of expediency. He is of opinion, that as the anathema pronounced by the Nicene Council, against those who believed not the doctrines promulgated at that assembly, was never annexed to the Nicene Creed; so that subjoined to the Athanasian Creed might have been omitted, without taking from the value or force of the composition, when the Creed was made part of our Liturgy at the Reformation. We must refer our readers to the sermon for his reasoning on this subject. But though he thinks that the clauses might have been safely omitted at first, he by no means advocates any such measure now. It is one thing, by prudent anticipation, to avoid a possible misconception; and another to forego a fresh exertion of lawful authority, to appease the clamour of an unreasonable adversary. The one is caution, the other weakness: the former might, in this case, have prevented some misapprehension, and some scruple; but the latter would too surely afford a triumph to an enemy, who seeks nothing less than the overthrow of that doctrine which has ever distinguished the true Church of Christ.

“You will perhaps think,” says the Dean, “that it is wiser and safer to receive the Creed, as it now stands, with restrictions of this kind, than to abolish the clauses themselves, or impeach the doctrine of the Creed by unwarrantable concessions. For be assured, that those who clamour for these concessions, call likewise for the abolition of the Creed itself, for the discarding of all Creeds, for private interpretation of Scripture, and all the wildness and laxity that imagination can conceive.” P. 102.

The investigation which he had undertaken being thus completed, the Dean concludes with some very pertinent observations on the conduct of those, who, in our own times, have abetted the heresies which these Creeds were framed to exclude. When these Sermons were delivered, the Socinian heresy was supported by a writer, whose hardihood of mind no defeat could tame, whose confidence no exposure could abash. Against this heresiarch, and his assistants, the Church maintained the contest with success as marked, as the goodness of her cause was indisputable: and her enemies, dismayed at the rigour of her attacks, in more than one instance, proclaimed their own weakness, by deprecating the contention which their conduct had provoked. The Clergy were then accused of wasting that time in controversy, which should be devoted to the inculcation of practical duties; and of agitating the minds of the people with abstruse discussions and unprofitable niceties, in-

stead of preaching purity of heart and holiness of life. It is not unworthy of remark, that, while such were the accusations brought against the Church by the Socinian, she was assailed from an opposite quarter, by complaints that her preaching savoured more of moral philosophy than of the Gospel; and her Clergy were ridiculed as the apes of Epictetus, and the retailers of Seneca. One of these charges might perhaps have been left to refute the other; but her vigilant defenders were ready with an answer to them both; and that answer was, an appeal to her practice. To the Socinian they urged, that he who preaches the Gospel, must preach the faith of the Gospel; and that this faith, so far from superseding good works, is the only really influential motive which can be urged for their performance: the fanatic they reminded, that faith without works is dead; and that he who teaches the all-sufficiency of Christ's mediation, will but declare half the counsel of God, unless he also teach the necessity of complying with the conditions on which its advantages are promised. The Dean had to contend with the former class, and his observations are not without their use and application now, though some of those whose conduct called them forth, have passed from the scene.

“ When we are told to preach moral virtue and practical duties, rather than distract the people with points of doctrine, our answer is, that the Christian religion consists of both, and we preach both. The Gospel contains every motive to moral virtue; but if it contains nothing more than this, then is our preaching vain, and your faith also is vain. But who are they that would confine us to moral discourses? Are they not the very men who are combating every characteristic principle of our religion; who deny the Godhead of the Son, and the mediation of Christ. And if their writings are directed to the people, dispersed systematically at a low price, and professedly addressed to the ignorant, charging the Church of England with polytheism in the worship of three Gods *, and its Ministers with fraud and hypocrisy; have we not a right, and is it not our duty to defend ourselves, and to warn our flocks against delusion? And if we do not this respectively from our pulpits, where have we the opportunity? They perhaps will tell us, from the press. But though it is a duty to preach, it is not a duty to print; and God forbid that the cause should stand upon the efforts of any private individual. I profess, as one, thoroughly to believe the doctrine I have delivered. I have not trusted to private knowledge, but consulted the most pious and learned divines, in order to state this doctrine to you. Still the arguments here produced may be insufficient, and the reasoning inconclusive. It is such, however, as has convinced men of as

* See Friend's and Priestley's writings.

much learning and integrity, as any the present age can produce; and if it does not convince all, be assured, that conviction is still to be found in those writers. Search for yourselves; let not your faith stand upon a single evidence; let not any doubts arise from the insufficiency of an individual.

“The intricacies of this great question have been studiously avoided; and yet doubtless many difficulties have occurred, and much room for further disquisition is left. The question itself, as managed at the times when the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds were composed, was much involved. It has been made much more abstruse by modern disputation, but the ground is still the same, and if the ancient Arians have been defeated, be satisfied that their modern brethren, the Socinians, have much smaller foundation to stand on. All these contests have arisen from the mistake of applying reason to matters of faith; *we* cannot satisfy *their* reason; and *they* cannot, or ought not to elude the word of God, as they do, by figurative interpretation. It was not our first parents only, but all their descendants, who have preferred the tree of knowledge to the tree of life. Their desire of knowledge entailed misery upon their posterity, and their posterity is neither warned by their example, or alarmed at their punishment. *The secret things belong unto the Lord, but those which are revealed to us and to our children* *. If we would be content with this revelation, as it stands, and leave the secret things till the day of light, when all things shall be made manifest to our eyes, it would shew a better sense of the weakness of our nature, manifest a modesty suitable to our limited understanding, and teach us more charity to one another. Charity is due even to the enemies that revile us; if they err through ignorance, may God forgive them; if through perverseness, or an obdurate heart, God is their judge, and not man. To their own Master let them stand or fall. They charge us with hypocrisy, and tell the world we preach doctrines we do not believe, but what right have they to judge of our belief more than we of theirs? How can they venture to determine another man's faith? *We* stand upon the *letter* of the Gospel, and they upon a *figure*, or interpretation of their own. *We* have the authority and example of every thing which can be called a Church; *they* private opinion only. Railing and reviling cannot determine what is truth; and if we abstain, we ought to experience moderation in return.” P. 106.

The sixth Sermon contains a spirited and forcible appeal against the Socinian Heresy. The text is taken from Matthew xiii. 55. and the bold and arrogant question of the scoffing Nazarenes is satisfactorily answered, by producing the irrefragable evidence of the Scriptures. This done, the Preacher briefly reviews the character and conduct of those, who, in different ages of the Church, have maintained the monstrous position implied

* Deuteronomy xxix. 29.

in the question; and shews that they who have denied the divinity of Christ, are neither worthy of credit or attention. The four next Sermons are occupied by an illustration of several particulars in our Saviour's conversation with the woman of Samaria. We are not aware of any other series of Sermons in which this remarkable occurrence has been so fully examined. The first, reviews the whole history of the transaction, and of the Samaritan people: the next discusses the nature of our Saviour's condescension, in talking with a woman of such character as this Samaritan is represented to be; and the value of her acknowledgment that he was a Prophet. The object of the third Sermon is to shew, how completely the prediction of our Saviour, that the worship of the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim, and of the Jews in their Temple, should shortly cease together, was fulfilled in the common destruction of both nations by the Roman Power. The following reflections on the awful warning suggested by the crimes and punishment of the Jewish nation, are spirited and just.

“ Can we look at these things without exclaiming with the Psalmist, Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the world! And can we reflect on the punishments of such a nation, without considering that similar causes may produce the same effect? *We think that we should not have crucified the Lord of Life, that we should not have refused the salvation offered us, and yet we seem not to regard the ingratitude we are daily guilty of ourselves.* Some in this age have rejected Christ, and renounced the privileges of the Gospel, some have degraded the Gospel to a moral law, and denied the covenant of Grace; but, alas! all have fallen short of that righteousness which is required of us, and all have merited punishment at least, if not vengeance. Shall I not visit for these sins, saith the Lord? Doubtless *we are visited, but there is mercy for the penitent; and consolation for the contrite; corruption is not destructive unless it is general, and the measure of iniquity is not full while a sense of our duty remains; the Jews had many calamities before their final overthrow; and we may have our warnings to recal us to our religion.*

“ Do we think it nothing that the Sabbath is profaned; that vice stalks abroad in our streets; that the marriage bed is not undefiled; that the adulterer and adulteress can triumph in their shame; that wealth gotten by fraud can purchase respect; that duelling can be esteemed honourable; and the seduction of innocence be deemed a recommendation to the sex? Can we see the laws of decency violated in habits, manners, and demeanour? The lust of the eye, the pride of the heart, the intemperance of the tongue, without emotion? Can we see unhallowed marriages, and capricious dissolutions of the marriage vow, pass without censure, and yet think all is right in society? Many of these enormities were chargeable upon the Jews; and they were delivered into the power of their enemies, their country wasted, their fenced cities levelled,

levelled, their tribes carried into captivity. Yet these were sins of individuals, and admitted of repentance, and repentance purchased forgiveness; it was not till their rejection of a Mediator, it was not till their crucifixion of their Saviour, that they were utterly cast off, and abandoned to their fate.

“ If it be allowable to reason from their rejection by analogy, we shall have the same measure meted to us; as long as vice prevails among individuals, we may be punished more or less according to the proportion of it; but if we should ever throw off the Gospel, as our neighbours have done (1798); if we should ever declare, as a nation, that we are of no religion, or that all religions are indifferent; the scenes there acted, will be repeated here; blood will be shed like water on every side, and general corruption will prepare us for general destruction.” P. 191.

The next sermon on John iv. 24. discusses a subject so often chosen by the preacher, that much novelty either of thought, arrangement, or illustration, could not be expected. While arguing in favour of spiritual worship, the Dean does not forget to caution his hearers against that dangerous excess, in which some sects of Christians have indulged; and he shews how excellently the Church of England has adapted her ceremonial to the promotion of true devotional feeling, without favouring the natural inclination of man to rest in the outward form alone, as all sufficient. The errors of those, who have been led by their contempt of forms to reject even the external signs and form of the sacraments; the presumption of those enthusiasts, whom an imaginary election has raised above the institutions of all Churches; and the extravagancies of that spiritual refinement, which, under the specious name of illumination, inculcated impiety and atheism, are each marked with becoming censure. Having thus pointed out, in the former part of his discourse, the difficulty of calling men from ceremonial to spiritual worship; and in the latter the danger of converting spiritual worship into the extravagance of imagination; the Dean concludes by exhorting his hearers to adhere to the written word, as the only infallible guide, by which they will be enabled to avoid the two equally dangerous extremes of lukewarmness and enthusiasm.

Our readers will now be able to form their own opinion of the general merits of this certainly interesting and important volume. It is interesting as a record of the professional studies of one, whom the world has not forgotten to respect as an indefatigable and successful labourer in the vineyard of public instruction, as a respectable scholar, and an amiable man. His commentary on the Voyage of Nearchus, and his *Periplus of the Erythræan Sea*, have established his literary character: they

have

have "formed the basis of a reputation," which, as his Biographer justly observes, "is by no means confined to his own country, and is certain not to be limited to his own age." If the volume before us will not greatly add to that reputation, it surely will not diminish it. When all due allowances are made for the disadvantages under which posthumous works are ever given to the world, especially when not originally written with a view to publication, enough will remain to prove, that Dr. Vincent was neither negligent of theological learning, nor unsuccessful in its pursuit. A clear conception of the doctrines of our Church, and a full conviction of their truth; an earnest desire to communicate useful information, and a dignified contempt of all display of learning, or eloquence, which might confound the intellect, or mislead the judgment of his hearers, are every where conspicuous. His aim evidently was to instruct, and not amuse; not to preach himself, but his heavenly Master; to impress his congregation with the knowledge and the love of divine truth, rather than with admiration of his own abilities.

Though we by no means pledge ourselves to the approval of every position which this volume contains, we think that, upon the whole, it will claim a respectable place among the works of modern divines: the scholar will not think it undeserving of his attention, and the ordinary reader will derive gratification and improvement from its perusal.

ART. IX. *The Apostate, a Tragedy, in Five Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. By Richard Sheil, Esq.* 8vo. 83 pp. 3s. Murray. 1817.

WE have been informed, that a certain Reverend Brother of laughing notoriety, proposed to his Diocesan a very ingenious expedient for the use of superfluous machinery, during the late manufacturing distresses: it was no other than to supply all the Northern Curacies by means of the unemployed steam-engines: pistons and horsesheads, were to perform the work of Sermons and Homilies; and right Orthodox doctrine, was to be soundly inculcated from the Ecclesiastical machine, by the *Force of Condensation*. We very much wish the managers of our twin winter theatres would adopt somewhat of a similar plan with their dramatic artizans, and apply the gas pipes with which they have recently lighted their houses, to the occasional illumination of aspirant tragedians. What blasts of genius might be exhaled from the inspiration of this Corycian vapour! What flashes, what

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coruscations, what "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," might be aerated from this poetical furnace ! an adequate safety-valve would provide against unexpected explosions of bombast, and a constant supply of Cannel, or Walls-end, would always secure the flame from sinking too low.

We do not, by any means, profess to be *Ultra-Aristotelians* ; still, however, we think with the great Father of Critics, that a tragedy, to be a tragedy, ought to be tragic ; that it is better with a beginning, a middle, and an end, than without them ; that the characters should have some morals and sentiments ; and that the plot ought to be an imitation of some action ; in all these positions we clearly perceive that Mr. Sheil differs from Aristotle and ourselves ; and if we may judge from his versification, he is equally adverse to the principle, that poetry, in its mechanical constitution, requires rhythm, metre, and harmony. We will not extend our reverence for antiquity so far, as to pronounce this doughty modern to be wrong, but we are inclined to think that though his theory may be better, the fruits he has produced from it are not so good.

Four Moors, three Spaniards, and Miss O'Neill, form his *Dramatis Personæ* : and at first we were perplexed to determine which of the Christians had the privilege of naming the piece, by renouncing his Religion. But we were fearfully mistaken ; the Apostate is a "circumcised dog," whom the *beaux yeux* of his Mistress Florinda, seduce from the true worship of Alla and his prophet. Certain it is that we might have anticipated this circumstance from the Prologue, in which the author's friend tells us (for *this sin is not upon his own head*) that "Glory's bright beacon"

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"Has giv'n the world that *noblest chivalry*
Of reas'ning man, immortal Liberty ;"

therefore, addressing himself to the audience, he is

"Convinc'd, when man in virtue's light you view,
Alike the crescent, or the cross, to you."

We have been taught otherwise : but it matters little, for Hemeya, the descendant of the Moorish Kings, by this time is a Christian ; and Pescara, the governor of Grenada, is plotting against him for his betrothed. Besides this young Moor, there is an old Moor, Malec, whom the Inquisition very nearly succeeds in roasting ; and two middle aged Moors, who in the way of prologizing, (for they are of no use afterwards) good-naturedly let us into many a secret, anterior to the beginning. We will not affront the poet, by supposing that any of our readers have failed to see

his play performed at Covent-Garden : and taking this for granted, we are sure they know quite as much (perhaps more) about the plot, than we who have only perused it in our closets ; we may hasten therefore to the catastrophe, which the author shall deliver in his own words.

“ The executioners advance—Pescara drags her from them—voices without—Florinda listens for a moment, and a shout is heard—she shrieks, and rushes towards the front of the stage, and falls upon her knees—Pescara stands appalled—the alarm bell rings—he clenches his dagger—Hemeya struggles with the executioners—Pescara advances to stab Florinda—As he lifts the dagger, Hemeya, who has broken from his executioners, rushes up, tears it from his hand, and stabs him—The Moors rush in, with Malec at their head, while Florinda sinks into the arms of Hemeya—Pescara, after a vain attempt to speak, falls dead—Hemeya perceives Pescara’s dagger on the ground, and stabs himself—Florinda shrieks, and falls on her knees beside him—He dies—Florinda continues insensible—While Malec is speaking, Florinda staunches the blood of Hemeya with her hair—She dies.”

If this be not sufficiently tragic, what is Tom Thumb the Great !

We subjoin a few specimens of the peculiarities of Mr. Sheil’s style, in the shape of metaphor, simile, &c. &c.

“ Tears may fall

“ But none shall see the blushes *where they hang.*”

“ Act I. Scene 3.

“ *Enter Florinda, interrupting him.*

“ Hold ! what is it I see.”—(*Hemeya.*)—“ a wretch.”

“ Act II. Scene 1.

“ Philip if he could

“ Would *blot* the burning sunbeam from our faces,

“ And *wash us into white and pallid Christians.*”

“ Act III. Scene 1.

“ HEM. Why does the earth not burst ?—

Why do I live ?—Villain, abhorred villain !—

Caught in thy snares, and wrung within thy grasp :

Ingenious reptile, under friendship’s shade

Who spun his toils, and from his poison’d heart

Wrought out the thread to catch me.” P. 48.

“ FLOR. Pardon me,

But, rather than resign to other arms

A cold, reluctant, unconsenting form,

I’d fold a basilisk within my heart,

Bid its cold coil entwine my shudd’ring limbs,

And warm its icy flesh !”

“ PRE.

" **PES.** If you detest me as the serpent's coil,
Fear—fear me as its sting!—My lifted hand
Holds death above his head." P. 67.

" **PES.** Damnation! when the bow is bent,
And to the head the winged arrow drawn,
The string slips off." Act IV. Scene 3.

Where five acts are to be eked out, surely it is bad policy to throw away syllables enough to make at least ten lines which would scan upon the fingers. A foot or two is of some consequence in a long poem, and many a good verse has been marr'd for the want of them; yet Mr. Sheil luxuriates in elisions.

" Moor as I am *don't* blame me that I love her."
" What is it I behold, *don't* look upon me.
" *They'd* make a Christian of me; Philip proscribes.
—————" *don't* breathe these dreadful news,
" *Don't* leave me *don't* abandon me!—
" Oh heaven *don't* let me know it, leave me still.
" *Don't* gaze upon me with misdoubting fears.
—————" if without love
" I lov'd, I *did'nt* hate without revenge.
" *I'll* find the way to join thee."

Our "*catalogus brevium irregularium*," (as the grammarians say) might extend much farther, but we are weary of transcribing; and we must preserve some little space for the following elegant colloquialities.

" Speak it again, let me be sure of it,
" For I misdoubt my senses"—
—————" Count Pescara,
" What is it that you mean?
" I am guilty, I confess that I am guilty.
" O Malec!—Well!
—————" stay, Pescara,
" And take the recompence of cowardice.
" What will become of me!—
—————" Fury, despair,
" Love, rage and madness—(Τραγικότητος.)
" My Lord, I give you joy.
—————" Wedded as I am
" Death will excuse the passion of my soul."

But enough, and more than enough. We dared not trust ourselves to be serious on this most lamentable subject. In an age of many poets, and some good poetry, why is the stage alone neglected by genius? And why is national taste insulted by the re-appearance of such a play as this during a second season? It ought

ought to have been consigned long ago to the Green Room repository of damnation, or cast into their limbo of fools, to moulder in forgetfulness with many an emeritus Melo-Draine, and superannuated Pantomime.

ART. X. *The Expostulations of Moses against the Murmurings of Israel, a Warning to England. A Sermon preached at the Assizes held at Kingston upon Thames, on Friday, March 28, 1817, before the Hon. Sir Robert Dallas, Knt. and Mr. Serjeant Bosanquet. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Rector of St. Mary, Lambeth. Published at the Request of the High Sheriff, and the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1817.

TO warn the Christian against that evil spirit of ingratitude and unbelief, which prompts him in time of adversity to murmur and complain, is the peculiar province of those, who are emphatically called the Lord's Watchmen. When the wise and good among politicians are devising the means of temporal relief, and the ambitious intriguer is irritating the feelings of the distressed, to make them the instruments of his own sinister purposes; the Minister of Christ will feel himself called upon to counteract the evil working of the latter class, by preaching the duties of patience and resignation under the dispensations of Providence; and without interfering with the counsels of the former, to remind those, who bear the name of Christians, that they must be ready to receive evil at the hand of the Lord as well as good; and to humble themselves before him, not only when he showers down benefits upon them, but also when he visits them with affliction.

This office Dr. Wordsworth has well performed. He has availed himself of the opportunity presented by so public an occasion as an assize, to recommend those sentiments of resignation to the will of Providence, and grateful recollection of former mercies, which become us in the present hour of national trial. For this purpose he adopts the exhortation of Moses to the rebellious and dissatisfied Israelites, Deut. iv. 9. And after setting forth, in the strong language of Scripture, the whole guilt and baseness of their conduct, and the severe visitations which it brought upon them; he reminds his hearers that these things were all recorded as examples to us; and that they not only teach a lesson, applicable to the spiritual condition of Christians

in their individual capacity, but also hold up the glass of admonition and instruction to nations of every age.

“Would to God,” says he, “that we ourselves, at this moment, did not bear too many features of resemblance to the murmurings and ingratitude of unthankful Israel! Would to God, that the awful threatenings and judgments against *them*, may be so regarded by *us*, that no like tremendous retribution may fall upon our heads!” P. 9.

With a view of impressing this useful moral upon the consciences of his congregation, Dr. Wordsworth draws with a feeling and masterly pencil a sketch of the portentous events, which have marked the history of the last twenty-five years; he dwells upon the many reasons for gratitude and humble reliance on the merciful care of Providence, which those events have suggested; and concludes with a strong appeal against that coward and repining spirit, which forgetting the things that our eyes have seen, and all the wonderful instances of divine protection vouchsafed to us, can vent itself, during the present season of pressure and distress, in the language of impatience and complaint.

After describing the slavery and desolation of the Continent, when the military power of France, wielded by the skilful and un pitying arm of her ephemeral despot, had established its supremacy, he reverts with a glow of patriotic feeling to the great and glorious struggle, which this nation successfully sustained with the tyrant, even in the full vigour of his might, and insolence of his strength, in defence of those, who, fallen beneath his iron yoke, looked to Great Britain as their only mortal refuge.

“When the tyrant, who did not like to retain God in his knowledge, was, as is wont, given over to a reprobate mind; when intoxicated and self deluded, he overstepped all bounds, and became entangled in the net which himself had laid; when humanity insulted and outraged on every side, derived only fresh strength, and unconquerable purposes from every blow; when from, and by the very depths of contumely and misery into which Europe had been plunged, new gleams of hope began to dawn; when disgrace and wretchedness had accomplished their ministry, and from the ashes of kingdoms, fresh forms of beauty and virtue were beheld to arise; then, it was seen, that another invitation, a suit of a yet loftier strain, would be preferred to our country. It came, and thanks be to God, the country listened to the call! The authentic voice penetrated the bosom of prince and people. Our sovereign and his councillors hearkened to the cry; and their ready mind was more than met and seconded by the almost universal suffrage of a magnanimous people. Then at once ancient hostilities

hostilities were forgotten; past wrongs and injuries forgiven; differences in manners and religion no more remembered: none of these things pleaded in bar. No; the very reverse. Well might we help those that were in need, *though* they were our enemies. Nay, in the profound spirits of Christian love and Christian wisdom, we would help them, and *because* they were our enemies. At such an hour, those things could only give us a deeper dedication, and more rooted purposes. Therefore, our gallant armies went forth on a noble pilgrimage. If ever the work of war was consecrated from Heaven, it was then. And with what success the Almighty blest their labours—need I say—no human words can describe? Twice the tyrant was driven from his throne; once led in most ignominious and unblest captivity; once again hunted as a fugitive in the scene of all his former pride; and at length compelled to seek safety for his life from the clemency of England, which he had so much hated and injured. And now do we behold him condemned to drag out the remainder of his days on a scanty rock in the illimitable ocean; where, with a lamentable consistency, he will not suffer us to follow him even in his fall by an ingenuous compassion, but blights the kindlier feelings in our bosoms, and provokes our scorn, by persevering to the end in weaving the flimsy web of intrigue, and falsehood, which once was formidable, but has now lost its terrors to revive no more.

“And, O! how glorious was the day, when the choral song ascended from all the civilized nations of the world, like the voice of many waters, in one grand harmony, to the great King of Heaven and Earth. ‘Not by our might,’ they cried, ‘but *Thine*, O Lord, is the power, and the glory, and the victory. The horse and his rider hast thou thrown into the sea. Thou hast given victory unto kings; and hast delivered David thy servant from the peril of the sword.’ Glorious was the day, when our people with one voice gave thanks to God for the preservation of their own blessings; and for the deliverance of a fainting world. And glorious above all, when the voice of thankfulness was heard to arise from the other confederate nations, for that this our beloved country, in the hour of adversity and trial, had been the house of refuge to persecuted humanity; had been as the Mount Sion, the joy of the whole earth, the inviolable sanctuary of law, and religion, and happiness; ‘a hiding place from the wind; a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;’ and that she had been, in the day of conflict and triumph, the vanguard of the kingdoms of the earth.” P. 18.

The transition from this universal burst of triumphal gratitude and exultation, to that unavailing cry of discontent and lamentation, so degrading to our character as Britons, so unworthy of our faith as a nation of Christians, which has been since heard among us, calls forth from the preacher the language of
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appropriate exhortation ; and the iniquity of those, who, for the better accomplishment of their own selfish purposes, have produced or fostered these unmanly murmurings, is well described and censured.

“ But the sufferings of our country, our privations, our hardships, our burdens, our distresses, are extraordinary and grievous. They are so. We deny it not. We dissemble not. We seek not to extenuate the melancholy truth.

“ Still are we on that account to give up ourselves to unprofitable, reckless despair? Nay, are we therefore to make shipwreck likewise of faith and a good conscience? Because the body is ill at ease, shall we also destroy the immortal soul? Because we are in sorrow and trouble for this life, shall we also bring upon our own head the poverty, the tribulation, and anguish of that world which shall never end?

“ No: much rather, let this be our aim and argument. We are in sorrow and suffering: our distresses are grievous and manifold; and because they are so, because of the weight and magnitude of our difficulties, do we not perceive that there is yet another call upon us; yet another summons of duty; yet one more field of glory to be won? Yes. England has been great in action and enterprise; and therefore the more, let her fulfil her ministry; let her now accomplish what remains; let her be patient in tribulation likewise; let her be magnanimous and glorious in the austere duties of endurance and self-denial. At least, let us understand, that a nation's health can never be regained by breach of faith and plunder, by pillage and robbery, by civil dissension and riot, by treason, rebellion, and murder. Alas! there have been seducing spirits amongst us, and we have already listened to them more than enough; men seeking, in our degradation, their own selfish ends, the gratification of their revenge, their pride, their avarice, or their ambition; and let us now count our gains. Ye shall know them by their fruits; unhappily they have been but too successful amongst us. This then is what they have effected for us. They have blighted in our bosoms the delightful emotions of thankfulness to God, and to our fellow-creatures. They have checked the impulses, and infused their poison into the streams of ingenuous charity and ingenuous gratitude. They have scattered through the land the seeds of envy and suspicion, of discontent and disloyalty. They have deteriorated the value of the voice and suffrages of the people of England; and to close the reckoning of our gains, they have curtailed the measure of the privileges and the liberties of our country.

“ It is not, therefore, under auspices like these, that our national character and our national prosperity are to be regained, confirmed, and elevated. But thus it is to be effected: if we first thank God from the heart for all the past wonders of his love; if

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we understand and acknowledge, cherish, and improve, all our present blessings, infinitely surpassing any thing that we have deserved; if we look not on our own things only, but also on the welfare of all our brethren; if we bear one another's burdens, and so seek to fulfil the law of Christ." P. 26.

A sermon in which passages such as these are to be found, requires little to be said by us in its commendation. Few we are persuaded will read it, without feeling some portion of that spirit of a sound mind stirring within them, which it was the preacher's object to excite. And when the agents of evil are perseveringly labouring to dishearten a suffering people, and to chill every hope which reason or religion can supply; it is high time to awaken more healthy and vigorous feelings, to restore the influence of better principles, to recall the deluded to a sense of their duty, as citizens of a great and free country, as professors of the faith of Jesus Christ.

It has been said, that politics and the pulpit should have no connection. If by politics be meant the opinions or machinations of a party, the trifling distinctions or unnecessary disputations which distract the councils, and impede the prosperity of a state, the position is undeniable. To such politics the pulpit should ever be a stranger. But if we attach to the term a higher and more appropriate signification; if by politics we mean the relative duties of the governor and the governed; the justice and righteousness which should adorn the sceptre, and the dutiful obedience which becomes the subject; then the whole counsel of God will never be delivered from the pulpit, unless politics as well as faith and morals be, at least occasionally, the theme of its discourses.

In days of trouble and public calamity, when evils press upon us, and wicked men seek to work out of them an occasion of riot and disturbance, then will the Minister of Christ step forward, and charge those committed to his trust to remember, that national afflictions are the rod of God's anger; and that this rod will not be averted by ungrateful forgetfulness of former blessings, or by rebellion against lawful authority; but by humility, patience, and repentance; by quiet submission to deserved chastisements; by a careful discharge of relative duties; by fearing God, and honouring the King. Such is the lesson which Dr. Wordsworth has ably inculcated, and we trust that many will profit by his labours.

ART. XI. *An Attempt to establish Physiognomy upon scientific Principles. Originally delivered in a Series of Lectures. By John Cross, M. D. Svo. 272 pp. 8s. Longman and Co. 1817.*

DRS. Gall and Spurzheim have put us rather out of conceit with the science of physiognomy; nor do we think it would be easy to inoculate us again with any faith in the professors of the craft: a resolution we are the more likely to adhere to, as we find ourselves backed in it by an Act of Parliament. The statute Geo. II. c. 5. 1741, denounces "all persons" "pretending to have skill in physiognomy, palmistry, or like crafty science," to be "rogues and vagabonds," and as such to be liable to punishment. (Hutch. Just. Peace, vol. 4, page 157)—Now, we should be loth to subscribe to the opinion of the statute respecting the character of pretenders to the "crafty science," which Dr. Cross has taken under his protection: but, though it is unnecessary to say, that we do not look upon the author of the work before us, to be "a rogue and vagabond," yet we strongly suspect him to entertain some opinions, which "rogues and vagabonds" are not unfriendly to. We are told in the introduction, that

"Physiognomy has been hitherto studied and investigated as a distinct independent science, as if Nature had given all the endless variety of size, shape and colour, to the innumerable individuals of the animated world, for the sole purpose of letting them all into the knowledge of each other's character; whereas not one organ in the whole body has been constructed peculiarly for a physiognomical purpose. *The aim of Nature has been to create an animal; and all the parts of the body have been constituted primarily for animal purposes, and only secondarily for physiognomical. The human mind is just a part, and the grandest part of improved animality; hence mental qualities can be indicated only through the medium of animal functions. The brain is an animal as well as an intellectual organ; indeed it is an intellectual, that it may be a better animal organ; and conversely, it is an animal organ, that it may be better intellectual: the parts subservient to the brain, therefore, are not subjected to distinct physiognomical laws, but obey the same laws at once in their animal and physiognomical capacities. Every organ is physiognomically good in proportion to its aptitude for performing its function in the animal economy; and the whole assemblage of organs, in other words, the animal is physiognomically good in proportion to its aptitude for performing the whole vital and animal functions. It is in virtue of possessing by far the most complete system of organs that man stands so pre-eminent above the rest of the animated world; and it is in virtue of possessing superior organs that a man is enabled to surpass his fellows.* All living beings, in the great

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run of things, have their rank in the scale of life, on the same level of elevation with their physiognomical beauty ; indeed the correct associations, out of which true beauty arises, constitute the science of physiognomy. The animal machinery is too complicated, its parts are too intimately connected, and too closely and mutually dependent on each other, and its operations are too silent and invisible, to be scanned by a glance." P. 4.

As we confess ourselves to be quite unable to divine our author's meaning in the above passage, we are not unwilling to believe, that he is himself not aware of the tendency of such a manner of speaking concerning the nature of the human mind. Does our author, when he speaks of the human mind, as a mere piece of "improved animality," mean to say that it differs only in degree from the *unimproved animality* of the brute creation? And when he defines the human being to be a mere animal whose superiority over the rest of the creation, consists altogether in the superiority of his material organs, &c. &c. is he aware that this inconsiderate and very ignorant way of talking, leads directly to materialism, which is only another word for practical atheism? Our author's answers to these questions, will interest nobody except himself ; and therefore, we shall not trouble ourselves to discuss the matter with him ; for we think the following specimen, which we take literally, quite at random, will satisfy our readers that Dr. Cross's opinions, be they upon what subject they may, are not likely to create a revolution in any received systems of belief.

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" As the nose is the proper entrance into the respiratory organ, and as the energy is proportional to the respiration, so the size of the nostrils must stand indicative of the whole energy of the animal. Although the nose is less complicated in structure, in function, and in physiognomical expression, than the mouth, yet, as breath is more nearly connected with life than food, and as the chest is situated above the belly, and the nose above the mouth, so the nasal organ must indicate qualities of a stronger and more dignified nature, than animal appetites and passions—indicates, indeed, that very energy which it is the great business of the passions to rouse into action. While the mouth, not in virtue of itself, but of the alimentary organ to which it gives entrance, indicates the incitement to action, the nose tells what can be done, not in virtue of itself, but of the lungs to which it gives entrance. The nose then stands in a double relation—in the relation of porch, and sentinel to the lungs, and in the relation of assistant sentinel to the stomach, and assistant forager to the mouth. The nose, in its capacity of giving passage to the breath, indicates energy in general : and in its capacity of assisting and watching over the interests of the alimentary organ, indicates

dicates the external application of this energy, towards the acquirement of the necessities and comforts of life:

“ The larger the nostrils, the greater must be the current of breath, and consequently the more energetic the individual. The current of breath indeed determines the size of the nostrils, just as a river determines its own channel. As the nostrils, however, being part of an accurately adapted machine, were originally constituted sufficient for the breath, and gradually enlarge to the increasing current of respiration, so a person is apt to conclude, that the passages and channels determine the currents, as much as they determine the passages and channels. But when a flood carries down the banks, and an energetic enterprize throws wide the nostrils, then it is seen whether the channels determine the currents, or whether the mighty currents of a river, and of respiration, are willing to acknowledge any barriers, or any limits. As breath is indispensable to life, Nature has made more orifices than one into the lungs. The nostrils, however, are the proper entrance for the breath, and the more the breath passes through them, the more genuine is the energy, and the more does it pursue an active channel; whereas the more the breath passes through the mouth, the more does the energy take a passive channel, and expend itself in appetites and passions. Hence openness of mouth, much speech, and much blustering, are no tokens of either energy or courage. The nostrils, as conduits of air to the lungs, may enlarge in two directions—in width and in depth; but as it is a matter of little consequence to the lungs, whether the passages be deep or broad, provided they be sufficient for the current of air, so the shape of the nostrils, as well as the size and shape of all the rest of the nasal apparatus, belong not to respiration, but are devoted to foraging, and of course indicate not the quantity of energy, but its application in pursuit of prey.” P. 212.

The above is an exceedingly fair specimen of the “ attempt” of Dr. Cross upon the “ crafty science,” as the statute terms it, of physiognomy: the subject is a very foolish one, and Dr. Cross does justice to it.

ART. XII. *Time's Telescope for 1818; or a complete Guide to the Almanack; containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; and Sketches of comparative Chronology; astronomical Occurrences in every Month; and the Naturalist's Diary, explaining the various Appearances in the animal and vegetable Kingdoms. With an Introduc-*

tion, containing the *Outlines of Geology and Mineralogy*. Published annually. 12mo. pp. 322. 9s. Sherwood and Co. 1818.

WE have had occasion before to notice with approbation this interesting annual publication*; and are justified in again assuring our readers, that *Time's Telescope* for 1818, deserves the same praise, and is entitled to the same support and encouragement, which the former volumes have received from the public. The introduction contains outlines on geology and mineralogy, which subjects are treated with much clearness and perspicuity; the following extract on geology we subjoin as a specimen.

“The science of *geology*, independently of the healthy employment it affords, is of great importance in a practical point of view. It very nearly concerns the miner, engineer, and drainer, and even the farmer and architect; and discloses a variety of indications highly useful in their respective pursuits. To the *miner*, the rocks containing metallic veins and coals; to the *engineer*, the association of hard rocks with soft; to the *drainer*, the intersection of a country by hard dykes, or veins impermeable to water; to the *farmer*, the best places for finding lime-stone, marble, and clay; and to the *architect*, the most durable stones for buildings. The person who is attached to geological inquiries can scarcely ever want objects of employment and of interest. The ground on which he treads—the country which surrounds him—and even the rocks and stones, removed from their natural position by *art*, are all capable of affording some degree of amusement. Every new mine and quarry that is opened, every new surface of the earth that is laid bare, and every new country that is discovered, offers to him novel sources of information. In *travelling*, he is interested in a pursuit, which must constantly preserve the mind awake to the scenes presented to it; and the beauty, the majesty, and the sublimity of the great forms of nature, must necessarily be enhanced by the contemplation of their order, their mutual dependence, and their connexion as a whole.” P. xxviii.

The “*Comparative Chronology*” promises an annual series of novelties highly gratifying to those who have neither leisure nor inclination to peruse the numerous biographical volumes which daily teem from the press. To youth of both sexes we can safely recommend this work as containing much useful matter, which cannot fail of affording them amusement combined with instruction.

* See Brit. Crit. Vol. II. New Series, p. 662.

ART. XIII. *A System of Practical Mathematics; containing Geometrical Problems, Plane Trigonometry, Mensuration of Heights and Distances, of Surfaces and Solids, Conic Sections, Specific Gravity. Artificers Measuring, Land Measuring, Gauging Gunnery, and Spherical Trigonometry, with its Application to the Solution of some useful Geographical, Geodesic, and Astronomical Problems. To which are added, Tables of the Logarithms of Numbers, and of Lines, Tangents, and Secants. Designed for the Use of Schools. By John Davidson, A.M. Teacher, Burntisland. Svo. 12s. Longman and Co. 1817.*

THIS is a masterly and very judicious compendium of practical mathematics, and seems well calculated to supply to both teachers and pupils in this department, a species of school-book, long wanted, combining scientific knowledge and good arrangement, with small size and moderate price. The works of Hutton, so well known, and so deservedly esteemed, are not well adapted for beginners in the abstruse study of mathematics; whilst the expensive form in which they are published, will for ever preclude their introduction, to any great extent, into the seminaries of the United Kingdom. The Synopsis of Ewing, again, and M'Gregor's Mathematics, have been thought by many competent judges not a little defective both in plan and execution; and, at all events, they are now so seldom asked for at the booksellers, as to have been allowed to remain several years out of print. We have looked over the volume now before us with a critical eye; and can, both from what it contains and from what is left out, from the skill with which the problems are connected, and the numerous exercises construed, recommend it most cordially to the notice of those who, whether in public or in private, fill the important office of instructing the young. The parts of the works, as the author himself remarks, are so arranged, that they may be properly taken in succession; but they are in general so distinct, that a learner, who has not leisure to go over the whole, may select and study any particular branch. The logarithmical tables annexed, are extremely neat and accurate, and will answer every practical purpose, as well as the most expensive collections.

ART. XIV. *The Identity of Junius, with a distinguished living Character established.* 8vo. 366 pp. 12s. Taylor and Hessey. 1816.

THE many attempts that have been made to identify Junius create so strong a prejudice against the success of any particular attempt, that notwithstanding the confident assumption in the title page, we took up the present volume with little expectation of having our curiosity satisfied. After the perusal of it, however, we must acknowledge, that it has brought forward a stronger chain of evidence than any former production on the same argument. The Letters of Junius have been attributed in turns to writers who have differed from each other widely both in style and sentiment. Of these writers, the one who approaches nearest to the style of Junius is perhaps Boyd; and it is upon this similarity of style, supported by scarcely any circumstantial evidence, that Almon grounded his opinion, that Boyd was the real Junius. In comparing his claims with those of Sir Philip Francis, the Junius of the present editor, we shall find them defective even in point of style. In the Whig, which is the avowed production of Boyd, we shall discover the marks of direct imitation, rather than of casual resemblance.

A foreigner, at Athens, who wished to pass for an Athenian was detected in his imposture by too scrupulous an adherence to the Attic dialect. In the same manner Boyd has failed by having overshot his mark. One page of Boyd possesses more of the peculiarities of Junius, than ten of Junius himself. He is perpetually copying the style and the sentiments of Junius; but it is not likely that an author, who, like Junius wished to pass concealed, should perpetually repeat in his avowed works the very language and the very sentiments of his anonymous productions. But though he has caught the manner, he has missed the spirit of Junius, and his imitations remind us of certain Latin Prize Odes, that were said to contain much of Horace, and much of Virgil, but nothing Horatian and nothing Virgilian.

Before we give our readers a specimen of the style of Sir Philip Francis, we shall present them, in a more contracted form, with the summary of arguments in favour of his being Junius, which is contained in the last chapter of this work.

1. There is a perfect conformity in the general character of Junius and Sir Philip as authors. The language of both is figurative and expressive.

2. Both Junius and Sir Philip Francis shew an equal partiality for certain phrases or forms of expression seldom to be met with elsewhere.

3. Both employ similar metaphorical language of an unusual kind; sometimes whole sentences are given word for word the same.

4. Both express the same opinions, cautions, maxims, and rules of conduct in nearly the same words.

5. The leading political views of Sir Philip Francis are the same as those of Junius.

6. Without being educated to the profession each had a considerable knowledge of the law.

7. Sir P. Francis was peculiarly qualified for writing the letters of Junius by his access to the best sources for political instruction.

8. Both were of ardent and irritable dispositions.

9. Junius had a personal regard for Woodfall, and Sir P. Francis entertained for him a similar regard, founded on an acquaintance formed when they were boys.

10. Junius makes reference in his private letters to portions of Lord Chatham's speeches then unpublished, though afterwards reported by Sir P. Francis.

11. Junius designedly spared Lord Holland and his family, for some very cogent reasons; and to that nobleman Sir Philip and his father were under the strongest obligations.

12. Junius avows his acquaintance with the Secretary of State's Office, mentions a circumstance which occurred when Lord Egremont was secretary, and speaks of him as if he knew him thoroughly. Sir Philip was brought up in the same office, possessed the favour of the same nobleman, and held a place under him at the time that circumstance happened.

13. From the minute military observations, introduced in the controversy with Sir William Draper, and from the premature announcement of Colonel Luttrell's appointment to be adjutant-general in Ireland, it appears that Junius was in some degree connected with the Horse Guards, and in this circumstance the resemblance between him and Sir Philip holds good.

14. From the commencement to the termination of the Letters of Junius, Sir Philip Francis held a situation in the War Office. When he quitted that office, and went abroad in 1772, the letters ceased; and when he returned to England, at the beginning of 1773, a note, finally closing the correspondence, was transmitted to Woodfall. From that time till 1781, Sir Philip was engaged in the government of India.

15. Sir P. Francis lost his situation at the War Office, in consequence of a quarrel with Lord Barrington, against whom Junius, at the same time, expressed the most violent animosity.

Lastly, Junius is brought in close contact with Sir P. Francis by writing most vehemently in his favour.

The Supplement to Junius identified, consists of *fac similes* of hand-

hand-writing; and other illustrations. For the benefit of physiognomists, prefixed to the work itself is a portrait of Sir P. Francis, which the editor thinks is exactly like what we may imagine Junius to have been.

We subjoin a specimen of Sir Philip's style, from his Essay on the Regency Question.

"I set out with asserting that the Lords and Commons, granting them to be still the two Houses of Parliament, have no right to abridge or alter any one of the acknowledged rights or prerogatives of the crown in the absence of the king, or of his true representative. I now mean to go much beyond that proposition, and, in doing so, I stand on the constitution of my country, which I have studied as long, and I believe as carefully, as any man in it. I affirm, because I am convinced of it, that, if every man in the three kingdoms could be called upon to give his vote for doing that, which I say cannot be done by the Lords and Commons, or otherwise than in full Parliament, and gave it so accordingly, no consequent act could of right be founded on that vote. Why? Because the laws and constitution of England forbid it. I am not talking of desperate or extreme cases. Necessity, unavoidable and irresistible, must be left to provide for itself. True wisdom even then will do nothing beyond what the instant exigency requires, and will return as soon as possible to its regular established courses. Neither do I deny the *power* of the people to do what they will. Undoubtedly they may tear down their temples and tribunals, and murder their teachers and their magistrates. They have a physical force to abolish their laws, and to trample on the institutions of their forefathers. But, remember, the man who pulled down the building, and buried himself in its ruins, was blind as well as strong. The quality of an immoral act is not altered, the guilt of an enormous crime is not diminished, by the numbers that concur in it. The moment the people did these things, they would cease to be a nation. To destroy their constitution is beyond their competence. It is the inheritance of the unborn as well as theirs. What we received from our ancestors, we are morally and religiously bound, as well as by our laws, to transmit to our posterity. Of such enormous violence on the part of the people, I know there is no danger. Will they suffer any other power to do that in their name, which they cannot and ought not to do for themselves? I heard it from Lord Chatham, 'that power without right is the most odious and detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination. It is at once *res detestabilis et caduca*.' Let who will assume such power, it ought to be resisted. Brave men meet their fate; cowards take flight and die for fear of death." P. 221.

In the extracts that are made from the works of Sir P. Francis, there is undoubtedly the strongest resemblance to the style of Junius,

Junius. It must be allowed, upon weighing the evidence of the present volume, that Sir Philip Francis might have written the Letters of Junius, and that it is very probable that he did write them. The mutilated state in which we have necessarily given the editor's arguments, and the many which we have been obliged to omit, can give the reader but an inadequate idea of their collective force, and if he wishes to make himself complete master of the question, we must refer him to the work itself. Upon a subject which has been so often brought before the public, and which has long lost the gloss of novelty, it is impossible to be minute without being tedious, and we might have altogether omitted the discussion of it, were we not of opinion that the evidence brought forward in the present volume, is far stronger and more convincing than that of any antecedent publication on the same question.

ART. XV. *Thoughts on our National Calamity; in a Letter to a Friend in Ireland. By a Lady.* 8vo. pp. 66. 2s. Rivingtons. 1817.

THE extraordinary merit of this little pamphlet, has induced us to deviate from a resolution which we had formed, of omitting, at least for the present, any notice of the vast mass of temporary matter to which the late overwhelming misfortune has given birth.

Simple and unpretending as is the title of this *brochure*, and modestly as it is ushered into the world, (for we have reason to think it suffers no slight disadvantage from the concealment of the name of its Authoress,) we have rarely met, in the same small compass, with more eloquent passages, or more sound and practical reasonings.

The favorable opinion which we have here expressed, will be best confirmed by an extract from the pamphlet itself. After an able statement of the total want of apprehension which pervaded the kingdom before the blow was struck, we meet with the following masterly sketch of the lamented Princess.

“ To make a right use of our misfortune, let us look it in the face and see what it means. A Princess, whom circumstances, ever to be regretted, had made presumptive heir to the throne and dominions of Great Britain, a fine lovely young woman, in whose very errors of childhood might be discovered the germs of great
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and useful qualities fitted to her insulated station, had, with a decision that claimed respect, declined marrying without the leading of her affections; and, equally to her honour, and contrary, to what might have been expected from youthful levity, curiosity, and vanity, had made the *not* being taken out of her own country, a point which she could not relinquish in any disposal of her hand.

“Led by an affection which this firmness rendered still more inestimable, our ingenuous Princess had chosen for herself the man whom the nation might have been most proud of choosing for her. Whatever the personal advantages of him so honoured, it never has been for a moment necessary to plead in her excuse either them or the youthful disposition of the female heart to deck with virtues him whom the graces adorn and the refinements of polished life distinguish. Her love was not blind; it was sagacious: the exterior might be an index; but there was neither deception nor disagreement, when compared with that to which it directed. Under the severe ordeal of jealous opinion, the Prince Leopold has obtained unqualified respect; and neither wit, prejudice, nor malice, has been able to report or to invent any thing that has not tended to gain for this illustrious foreigner the hearts of the British people.

“From the moment of this union, an example of conjugal attachment and domestic virtue, for which indeed the Princess’s deportment in her marriage hour prepared us, was held up to the country, and there was every reason to hope it might bring something, better even than mere decency, back again into estimation. The setting-out was admirable: a regular plan was formed: we were told that the income granted by the country should be made to suffice; and, instead of indulgence, forbearance was instantly put in practice.

“Our venerable monarch has been heard to say, that he thought an English gentleman of five thousand a-year landed property, was in the happiest situation society offers. Perhaps, allowing for various differences, the situation of the Prince Leopold with our Princess, approached as nearly to this as any could; and the short specimen we have had, may suffice to convince us, that the use made of the advantage, was such as our good King would conscientiously have approved.

“But I am not writing eulogy; though it is very difficult to withhold praise thus rarely claimed. I will, however, only say, that the young couple lived in the outset of life as they might have closed it; and that ‘*Esto perpetua*’ was the wish in every warm heart, when their happiness was thought on. We have now only to hope and pray, that the experiment and its success may be recorded and remembered, and that no return to folly, or even to cheerfulness, may obliterate from our recollection, the proved possibility of doing right, even in a corrupt generation, or, which may be more attractive, the undeniable fact, that the Prince Leopold
and

and our Princess Charlotte were happy, and peculiarly happy, because they submitted to the restraints of virtue, morality, and religion. Here was no incurring of debts, to be met by meanness, or liquidated by scandalous arrangements; here were no departures from right of any kind, to be atoned for by that retrogradation which robs the meridian of life of its splendour, and compels us to seek peace when we might be enjoying it.

“In a state of felicity which was too complete to admit extraneous increase, and on which neither the few who could appreciate it, wished, nor the many who could not feel it, dared to obtrude the more common ideas of enjoyment, when expectation was at last drawn to a focus, and the only joy that could be asked, was ready to kindle into the most interesting existence—a blow, that disdained to be satisfied with bough or branch, severed the root of this goodly cedar-tree, and laid low, in the dead of night, and ‘when men slept,’ the pride and the hope of Britain. Thus are we called to an acknowledgment of what we possessed, by what we have ceased to possess; and, unless we would dare the destroying angel to repeat his visitation, this call must not be uttered in vain:—what we have suffered may have been mercy; what we may suffer may be wrath.” P. 12.

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We feel obliged to a valuable correspondent for calling our attention to some remarks on the ministry of irregular teachers, made by Archdeacon Parkinson towards the end of his Ordination Sermon. These, he presumes, we did not mean to include in our approbation of that discourse. (See Review for November, Article VI.) We answer, certainly not: we read these remarks at the time with pain; and were only restrained from pointing out their tendency, by our sense of the general merit and usefulness of the larger part of the Sermon, and our respect for the personal and official character of the preacher.

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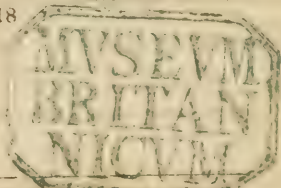
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